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SCRIPTURE PORTRAITS.

SCRIPTURE PORTRAITS

AND OTHER MISCELLANIES

Collected from the Published Writings of

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, D.D.

DEAN OF WESTMINSTER

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PREFACE.

In giving this volume to the public, it is necessary to say, that Dean Stanley, though approving of its publication, has taken no active part in making the selection. It is possible that students of his works may miss some of their favourite passages; but it was the compiler's aim to bring the Dean's writings within the reach of many who could not be expected to read the larger volumes, and in this fact is to be found the explanation of the prevailing character of the passages selected.

October 1st, 1867.

CONTENTS.

SCRIPTURE PORTRAITS.

	PAGE
JACOB	3
DEBORAH	23
BALAAM	36
JEPHTHAH	46
SAMSON	53
SAMUEL	61
SAUL	75
JONATHAN	91
JOAB	100
SOLOMON	110
ELIJAH	119
JONAH	148
ISAIAH	155
ST. PETER	166
ST. PAUL	178
ST. JOHN	186

MEMORABLE SCRIPTURE EVENTS.

THE PASSOVER	195
THE BATTLE OF JEZREEL	208
PLAGUES OF UZZIAH'S REIGN	215
INVASION OF SENNACHERIB	220

SACRED SCENES.

PAGE
APPROACH TO PALESTINE 239
JERUSALEM AND ITS ENVIRONS 245
THE MOUNT OF OLIVET AND ITS MEMORIES 250
NATURAL MEMORIALS 255

DESCRIPTIVE.

VARIED CHARACTER OF THE SCENERY OF PALESTINE ... 267
LEBANON AND ITS CEDARS 272
THEBES AND ITS COLOSSAL STATUES 284
THE GREEK EASTER 295

HISTORICAL.

THE RELATIONS OF CIVIL AND ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY 307
AIDS TO STUDY OF ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY 314
THE EARLY YEARS OF THE BLACK PRINCE 321
THE TOMB OF THE BLACK PRINCE 332
DEDICATION OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY 342
THE MURDER OF BECKET 347

BIOGRAPHICAL.

THE DEATH OF DR. ARNOLD 377
CONSTANTINE 390
IVAN THE TERRIBLE 404

EXPOSITORY.

DAVID AND HIS PSALTER 417
THE CORINTHIANS 426

PRACTICAL.

HEAVEN 441
THE CONFLICT OF THE SOUL 445
THE BEAST IN MAN 452

SCRIPTURE PORTRAITS

JACOB.

"ABRAHAM was a hero, Jacob was 'a plain man, dwelling in tents.' Abraham we feel to be above ourselves, Jacob to be like ourselves." So the distinction between the two great patriarchs has been drawn out by a celebrated theologian.* "*Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been, and have not attained unto the days of the years of the life of my fathers in the days of their pilgrimage.*" So the experience of Israel himself is summed up in the close of his life. Human cares, jealousies, sorrows, cast their shade over the scene,—the golden dawn of the Patriarchal age is overcast; there is no longer the same unwavering faith; we are no longer in communnion with the "High Father," the "Friend of

* Newman's Sermons.

God;" we at times almost doubt whether we are not with His enemy. But for this very reason the interest attaching to Jacob, though of a less lofty and universal kind, is more touching, more penetrating, more attractive. Nothing but the perverse attempt to demand perfection of what is held before us as imperfect could blind us to the exquisite truthfulness which marks the delineation of the Patriarch's character.

Look at him, as his course is unrolled through the long vicissitudes which make his life a faithful mirror of human existence in its many aspects. Look at him, as compared with his brother Esau. Unlike the sharp contrast of the earlier pairs of Sacred history, in these two the good and evil are so mingled, that at first we might be at a loss which to follow, which to condemn. The distinctness with which they seem to stand and move before us against the clear distance, is a new phase in the history. Esau, the shaggy, red-haired huntsman, the man of the field, with his arrows, his quiver, and his bow, coming in weary from the chase, caught as with the levity and eagerness of a child, by the sight of the lentile soup—"Feed me, I pray thee, with the red, red pottage,"—yet so full of generous impulse, so affectionate towards his aged father, so forgiving towards his brother, so open-hearted, so chivalrous who has not at times felt his heart warm toward the poor rejected Esau; and been tempted to join with him as he

cries with "a great and exceeding bitter cry," "Hast thou but one blessing, my father? bless me, even me also, O my father!" And who does not in like manner feel at times his indignation swell against the younger brother? "Is he not rightly named Jacob, for he hath supplanted me these two times?" He entraps his brother, he deceives his father, he makes a bargain even in his prayer; in his dealings with Laban, in his meeting with Esau, he still calculates and contrives; he distrusts his neighbours, he regards with prudential indifference the insult to his daughter, and the cruelty of his sons; he hesitates to receive the assurance of Joseph's good will; he repels, even in his lesser traits, the free confidence that we cannot withhold from the Patriarchs of the elder generation.

But yet, taking the two from first to last, how entirely is the judgment of Scripture and the judgment of posterity confirmed by the result of the whole! The mere impulsive hunter vanishes away, light as air: "he did eat and drink, and rose up, and went his way. Thus Esau despised his birthright." The substance, the strength of the Chosen family, the true inheritance of the promise of Abraham, was interwoven with the very essence of the character of the "plain man dwelling in tents," steady, persevering, moving onward with deliberate settled purpose, through years of suffering and prosperity, of exile and return, of

bereavement and recovery. The birthright is always before him. Rachel is won from Laban by hard service, "and the seven years seemed unto him but a few days for the love he had to her." Isaac, and Rebekah, and Rebekah's nurse, are remembered with a faithful, filial remembrance; Joseph and Benjamin are long and passionately loved with a more than parental affection—bringing down his grey hairs for their sakes "in sorrow to the grave." This is no character to be contemned or scoffed at: if it was encompassed with much infirmity, yet its very complexity demands our reverent attention; in it are bound up, as his double name expresses, not one man, but two; by toil and struggle, Jacob, the Supplanter, is gradually transformed into Israel, the prince of God; the harsher and baser features are softened and purified away: he looks back over his long career with the fulness of experience and humility. "I am not worthy of the least of all thy mercies and of all the truth which Thou hast shown unto Thy servant." Alone of the Patriarchal family, his end his recorded as invested with the solemnity of warning and of prophetic song. "Gather yourselves together, ye sons of Jacob, and hearken unto Israel your father." We need not fear to acknowledge that the God of Abraham and the God of Isaac was also the God of Jacob.

Most unworthy indeed should we be of the gift of the Sacred narrative, if we failed to appreciate it in this, its

full, its many-sided aspect. Even in the course of the Jewish history, what a foreshadowing of the future! We may venture to trace in the wayward chieftain of Edom the likeness of the fickle uncertain Edomite, now allied, now hostile to the seed of promise; the wavering, unstable dynasty, which came forth from Idumæa; Herod the magnificent and the cruel; Herod Antipas, who "heard John gladly" and slew him; Herod Agrippa, "almost a Christian"—half Jew and half heathen. "A turbulent and unruly race," so Josephus describes the Idumæans of his day: "always hovering on the verge of revolution, always rejoicing in changes, roused to arms by the slightest motion of flattery, rushing to battle as if they were going to a feast." But we cannot mistake the type of the Israelites in him whom, beyond even Abraham and Isaac, they recognised as their father Israel. His doubtful qualities exactly recall to us the meanness of character, which, even to a proverb, we call in scorn, "*Jewish*." By his peculiar discipline of exile and suffering, a true counterpart is produced of the special faults and special gifts, known to us chiefly through his persecuted descendants in the middle ages. In Jacob we see the same timid, cautious watchfulness that we know so well, though under darker colours, through our great masters of fiction, in Shylock of Venice and Isaac of York. But no less, in the nobler side of his career do we trace the germs of the unbroken

endurance, the undying resolution, which keeps the nation alive still even in its present outcast condition, and which was the basis, in its brightest days, of the heroic zeal, long-suffering, and hope of Moses, of David, of Jeremiah, of the Maccabees, of the twelve Jewish Apostles, and the first martyr, Stephen.

We cannot, however, narrow the lessons of Jacob's history, to the limits of the Israelite Church. All ecclesiastical history is the gainer by the sight of such a character so delineated. It is a character not all black, nor all white, but chequered with the mixed colours which make up so vast a proportion of the double phases of the leaders of the Church and the world in every age. The neutrality (so to speak) of the Scripture narrative may be seen by its contrast with the dark hues in which Esau is painted by the Rabbinical authors. He is hindered in his chase by Satan; Hell opens as he goes in to his father; he gives his father dogs' flesh instead of venison; he tries to bite Jacob on his return; he commits five sins in one day. This is the difference between mere national animosity and the high impartial judgment of the Sacred story, evenly balanced and steadily held, yet not regardless of the complicated and necessary variations of human thought and action. For students of theology, for future pastors, for young men in the opening of life, what a series of lessons is opened in the history of these

two youths, issuing from their father's tent in Beersheba! The free, easy, frank good nature of the profane Esau is not overlooked; the craft, duplicity, timidity of the religious Jacob is duly recorded. Yet, on the one hand, fickleness, unsteadiness, weakness, want of faith, and want of principle, ruin and render useless the noble qualities of the first; and on the other hand, steadfast purpose, resolute sacrifice of present to future, and fixed principle, purify, elevate, turn to lasting good even the baser qualities of the second. And, yet again, whether in the two brothers or their descendants, we see how in each the good and evil strove together and worked their results almost to the end. Esau and his race cling still to the outskirts of the Chosen people. "Meddle not," it was said in after times, "with your brethren the children of Esau, for I will not give you of their land, because I have given Mount Seir to Esau for a possession." Israel, on the other hand, is outcast, thwarted, deceived, disappointed, bereaved—"all these things are against me;" in him, and in his progeny also, the curse of Ebal is always blended with the blessings of Gerizim. How hardly Esau was condemned, how hardly Jacob was saved! We are kept in long and just suspense; the prodigal may, as far as human eye can see, be on his way home; the blameless son, who "has been in his father's house always," may be shutting himself out. Yet

the final issue, to which on the whole this primitive history calls our attention, is the same which is borne out by the history of the Church even in these latter days of complex civilization. There is, after all, a weakness in selfish worldliness, for which no occasional impulse can furnish any adequate compensation, even though it be the generosity of an Arabian chief, or the inimitable good nature of an English king. There is a nobleness in principle and faith which cannot be wholly destroyed, even though it be marred by the hardness or the duplicity of the Jew, or the Jesuit, or the Puritan.

Jacob's going out from Beersheba towards Haran, is, if one may so say, the first retrograde movement in the history of the Church. Was the migration of Abraham to be reversed? Was the westward tide of events to roll back upon itself? Was the Chosen Race to sink back into the life of Mesopotamian deserts? But the first halt of the wanderer revealed his future destinies. "The sun went down;" the night gathered round; he was on the central thoroughfare, on the hard backbone of the mountains of Palestine; the ground was strewn with wide sheets of bare rock; here and there stood up isolated fragments like ancient Druidical monuments. On the hard ground he lay down for rest, and in the visions of the night the rough stones formed themselves into a vast staircase, reaching into the depth of the wide and open

sky, which, without any interruption of tent or tree, was stretched over the sleeper's head. On that staircase were ascending and descending the messengers of God; and from above there came the Divine Voice which told the houseless wanderer that, little as he thought it, he had a protector there and everywhere; that even in this bare and open thoroughfare, in no consecrated grove or cave, "The LORD was in this place, though he knew it not." "This was BETHEL, the House of God, and this was the gate of Heaven."

The monument, whatever it was, that was still in after ages ascribed to the erection of Jacob, must have been, like so many described or seen in other times and countries, a rude copy of the natural features of the place, as at Carnac in Brittany, the cromlechs of Wales or Cornwall, or the walls of Tiryns, where the play of nature and the simplicity of art are almost undistinguishable. In all ages of primitive history, such monuments are, if we may so call them, the earliest ecclesiastical edifices. In Greece there were rude stones at Delphi, still visible in the second century, anterior to any temple, and, like the rock of Bethel, anointed with oil by the Pilgrims who came thither. In Northern Africa, Arnobius, after his conversion, describes the kind of fascination which had drawn him towards one of these aged stones, streaming and shining with the sacred oil which had been poured upon it. The black stone of

the Arabian Caaba reaches back to the remotest antiquity of which history or tradition can speak.

In all these rough anticipations of a fixed structure or building, we trace the beginnings of what in the case of Jacob is first distinctly called "Bethel," the *house* of God, "the *place* of worship,"—the "Beit-allah" of Mecca, the "Bætulia" of the early Phœnician worship. When we see the rude remains of Abury in our own country, there is a strange interest in the thought that they are the first architectural witness of English religion. Even so the pillar or cairn or cromlech of Bethel, must have been looked upon by the Israelites, and may still be looked upon in thought by us, as the precursor of every "House of God," that has since arisen in the Jewish or Christian world—the temple, the cathedral, the church, the chapel; nay, more, of those secret places of worship that are marked by no natural beauty and seen by no human eye—the closet, the catacomb, the thoroughfare, of the true worshipper. There was neither in the aspect, nor in the ground of Bethel any "*Religio loci*," but the place was no less "dreadful," "full of awe." The stone of Bethel remained as the memorial that an all-encompassing Providence watches over its chosen instruments, however unconscious at the time of what and where they are. "The shepherd of the *stone* of Israel was one of the earliest names by which the 'God of Jacob' was known."

The vision of the way reaching from heaven to earth received its highest application in a Divine manifestation, yet more universal and unexpected. Not in the temple or on the High Priest, but on the despised Nazarene, the SON OF MAN, was Nathanael to see the fulfilment of Jacob's vision, "the angels of God ascending" into the open heaven, and "descending" on the common earth.

The chief interest of the story of Jacob's twenty years' service with Laban, lies in its re-opening of the relations between the settlers in Palestine and the original tribe of Mesopotamia, which appeared on Abraham's migration to have been closed. . . . . "Then Jacob 'lifted up his feet' and came into the land of the 'children' of the east. And he looked and behold a well in the field; and lo! three flocks of sheep lying by it, and a great stone was on the well's mouth." The shepherds were there; they had advanced far away from "the city of Nabor." It was not the well outside the walls, with the hewn staircase down which Rebekah descended with the pitcher on her head. Rachel comes, guiding her father's flocks, like the daughter of the Bedouin chiefs at the present day; and Jacob claims the Bedouin right of cousinship: "And it came to pass when Jacob saw Rachel, the daughter of Laban his mother's brother, and the *sheep* of Laban his mother's brother, [observe the simplicity of the juxtaposition], that Jacob went near and rolled

the stone from the well's mouth, and watered the flock of Laban his mother's brother; and Jacob kissed Rachel, and lifted up his voice and wept." Then begins the long contest of cunning and perseverance, in which true love wins the game at last against selfish gain. Seven years, the service of a slave, thrice over, did Jacob pay. He is the faithful eastern "good shepherd;" that which was torn of beasts he brought not unto his master; he bare the loss of it; of his hand "did his hard taskmaster" require it, whether stolen by day or stolen by night; in the day the drought "of the desert" consumed him, and the frost in the cold eastern nights, "and his sleep departed from him." In Edessa was laid up for many centuries what professed to be the tent in which he had guarded his master's flocks. And at last his fortunes were built up; the slave became a prince; and the second migration took place from Mesopotamia into Palestine, "with much cattle, 'with male and female slaves,' with camels and with asses." . . . . .

It was the termination of the dark and uncertain prelude of Jacob's life. He is now the exile returning home after years of wandering. He is the chief, raised by his own efforts and God's providence to a high place amongst the tribes of the earth. He stands like Abraham on the heights of Bethel; like Moses in the heights of Pisgah; overlooking from the watch-tower, "the Mizpeh" of Gilead,

the whole extent of the land, which is to be called after his name. The deep valley of the Jordan, stretched below, recalls the mighty change of fortune. "With my staff I passed over the Jordan, and now I am become two bands." The wide descent of the valley southward towards the distant mountains of Seir, reminds him of the contest which may be in store for him from the advancing tribe of his brother of Edom. But the story sets before us a deeper than any mere external change of struggle. It is as though the twenty years of exile and servitude had wrought their work. Every incident and word is fraught with a double meaning; in every instance earthly and spiritual images are put one over against the other, hardly to be seen in our English version, but in the original clearly intended. Other forms than his own company are surrounding him; another Face than that of his brother Esau is to welcome his return, to the land of his birth and kindred. He was become two "bands" or "hosts;" he had divided his people, his flocks and herds and camels into two "hosts;" he had sent "messengers" before to announce his approach. But as Jacob went on his way, the "messengers" of GOD met him; as when he had seen them ascending and descending the stair of heaven at Bethel; and "when Jacob saw them he said, This is God's host and he called the name of that place Mahanaim;" that is "The Two hosts." The name

was handed on to after ages, and the place became the sanctuary of the Transjordanic tribes, he was still on the heights of the Transjordanic hills beyond the deep defile where the Jabbok, as its name implies, "wrestles" with the mountains through which it descends to the Jordan. In the dead of night he sent his wives and sons, and all that he had across the defile, and he was left alone; and in the darkness and stillness, in the crisis of his life, in the agony of his fear for the issue of the morrow, there "wrestled" with him one whose name he knew not until the dawn rose over the hills of Gilead. They "wrestled," and he prevailed; yet not without bearing away marks of the conflict. He is saved, as elsewhere, in his whole career, so here; "saved, yet so as by fire?" In that struggle, in that seal and crown of his life, he wins his new name. "Thy name shall be called no more Jacob "the supplanter,"—but Israel "the prince of God,"—for as a prince hast thou power with God and with man, and hast prevailed." The dark crafty character of the youth, though never wholly lost—for "Jacob" he still was called to the end of his days—has been by trial and affliction changed into the princelike, godlike character of his manhood. And what was he with whom he had wrestled in the visions of the night, and who had vanished from his grasp as the day was breaking? "Tell me, I pray thee, *thy* name." And He

said, "wherefore is it that thou dost ask after my name?" And he blessed him there, and Jacob called the name of the place Peniel (that is "the face of God");—for I have seen God face to face and my life is preserved. And as he passed over Penuel, the sun, of which the the dawn had been already breaking, "burst" upon him; and he "halted upon his thigh." . . . . . .

The dreaded meeting with Esau has passed; the two brothers retain their characters throughout the interview: the generosity of the one, and the caution of the other. And for the last time Esau retires to make room for Jacob; he leaves to him the land of his inheritance, and disappears on his way to the wild mountains of Seir. In those wild mountains, in the red hills of Edom, in the caves and excavations to which the soft sandstone rocks so readily lend themselves, in the cliffs which afterwards gave to the settlement, the name of "Sela" or "Petra," lingered the ancient aboriginal tribe of the Horites or dwellers in the holes of the rock. These "the children of Esau succeeded and destroyed from before them and dwelt in their stead." It was the rough rocky country described in their father's blessing: a savage dwelling, "away from the fatness of the earth and the dew of heaven;" by the sword they were to live; a race of hunters among the mountains; their nearest allies, the Arabian tribe Nebaioth. Petra, the mysterious secluded city,

with its thousand caves, is the lasting monument of their local habitation. . . . . .

So we part from the house of Esaü, and return to the latter days of Jacob. He, too, moves onward. From the summit of Mount Gerizim the eye rests on the wide opening in the Eastern hills beyond the Jordan, which marks the issue of the Jabbok into the Jordan Valley. Through that opening, straight toward Gerizim and Shechem, Jacob descends "in peace and triumph."

At every stage of his progress henceforward we are reminded that it is the second, and not the first settlement of Palestine, that is now unfolding itself. It is no longer as in the case of Abraham, the purely pastoral life; it is the gradual transition from the pastoral to the agricultural. Jacob, on his first descent from the downs of Gilead, is no longer a mere dweller in tents; he "builds him an *house*;" he makes "*booths*" or "*huts*" for his cattle, and therefore the name of the place is called "Succoth." He advances across the Jordan; he comes to Shechem in the heart of Palestine, whither Abraham had come before him. But it is no longer the uninhabited "place" and grove; it is "the city" of Shechem,and "before the city" his tent is pitched. And he comes not merely as an Arabian wanderer, but as with fixed aim and fixed habitation in view. He sets his eye on the rich plain which stretches eastward of the city,

now, as eighteen hundred years ago, and then as twenty centuries before, "white already to the harvest," with its waving cornfields. This, and not a mere sepulchre like the cave of Machpelah, is the possession which he purchases from the inhabitants of the land. The very piece of money with which he buys the land are not merely weighed, as in the bargain with Ephron; they are stamped with the earliest mark of coinage, the figure of the lambs of the flocks. In this vale of Shechem the Patriarch rests, as in a permanent home. Beersheba, Hebron, even Bethel, are nothing to him in comparison with this one chosen portion, which is to descend to his favourite son. . . . . .

It is with the latest portion of Jacob's life that are most clearly interwoven those cords of natural and domestic affection which so bind his name round our hearts. He revisits then his old haunts at Bethel and Beersheba. The ancient servant of his house, Deborah, his mother's nurse, the only link which survived between him and the face which he should see no more, dies, and is not forgotten, but is buried beneath the hill of Bethel, under the oak well known to the many who passed that way in later times as Allonbachuth, "The Oak of Tears." They draw near to a place then known only by its ancient Caananite name, and now for the first time mentioned in history, "Ephratah, which is Bethlehem." The village

appears spread along its narrow ridge, but they are not to reach it. "There was but a little way to come to Ephrath, and Rachel travailed, and she had hard labour? . . . . . And it came to pass, as her soul was in departing, for she died, that she called the name of the child Ben-oni (that is, "the son of sorrow"); but his father called him Ben-jamin (that is, "the son of my right hand"). And Rachel died and was buried in the way to Ephrath. And Jacob set a pillar on her grave, that is the pillar of Rachel's grave unto this day." The pillar has long disappeared, but her memory long remained. She still lived on, in Joseph's dreams. Her name still clung to the nuptial benediction of the villagers of Bethlehem. After the allotment of the country to the several tribes, the territory of the Benjamites was extended by a long strip far into the south, to include the sepulchre of their beloved ancestress. When the infants of Bethlehem were slaughtered by Herod, it seemed to the Evangelist as though the voice of Rachel were heard weeping for her children from her neighbouring grave.

In the mixture of agricultural and pastoral life which now gathers round him, is laid the train of the last and most touching incidents of Jacob's story. It is whilst they are feeding their father's flocks together, that the fatal envy arises against the favourite son. It is whils they are binding the sheaves in the well-known cornfield

that Joseph's sheaf stands upright in his dream. On the confines of the same field at Shechem, the brothers were feeding their flocks, when Joseph was sent from Hebron to "see whether it were well with his brethren and well with the flocks, and to bring his father word again." And from Shechem he followed them to the two wells of Dothan, in the passes of Manasseh, when the caravan of Arabian merchants passed by, and he disappeared from his father's eyes. His history belongs henceforth to a wider sphere. The glimpse of Egypt, opened to us for a moment in the life of Abraham, now spread into a vast and permanent prospect.

The story of the descent into Egypt, too simple to need any elaborate elucidation, is a fitting close to the life of Jacob. Once more he is to set forth on his pilgrimage. He came to the frontier plain of Beersheba; he received the assurance that beyond that frontier he was to descend yet further into Egypt. He "went down" from the steppes to Beersheba; he crossed the desert and met his son on the border of the cultivated land; he was brought into the presence of the great Pharaoh; he saw his race established in the land of Egypt. And then the time drew near that Israel must die, and his one thought, oftentimes repeated, was that his bones should not rest in that strange land, not in pyramid or painted chamber, but in the cell that he had "digged for himself" in the

primitive sepulchre of his fathers. So his body was embalmed after the manner of the Egyptians; and a vast funeral procession bore it away; the asses and the camels of the pastoral tribe mingling with the chariots and horsemen characteristic of Egypt. They came (so the narrative seems to imply) not by the direct road which the Patriarch's had hitherto traversed on their way to Egypt by El-Arish, but round the long circuit by which Moses afterwards led their descendents, till they arrived on the banks of the Jordan. Further than this the Egyptian escort came not. But the Valley of the Jordan resounded with the loud shrill lamentations peculiar to their ceremonial of mourning, and with the funeral games with which, then as now, the Arabs encircle the tomb of a departed chief. From this double tradition the spot was known in after times as "the meadow," or "the mourning," of the Egyptians, *Abel-Mizraim;* and as *Beth-hogla*, "the house of the encircling dance." And his sons carried him into the land of Canaan and buried him in the cave of the field of Machpelah. . . . . And Joseph returned into Egypt, he and all his brethren, and all that went up with him, after he had buried his father.

Jewish Church, i., p. 53.

DEBORAH.

THE victory of Deborah and Barak is one of the crowning events of early Jewish history. It is told both in prose and poetry, and the poem is one of the most incontestible remains of antiquity that the Sacred Records contain, and the increased pleasure and instruction with which we are enabled to read it furnish a signal proof of the gain added to our Biblical knowledge by the advance of Biblical criticism. In the story of Deborah and Sisera, we come across the tragic vein of the sacred history in its grandest style. The power of the northern kings, which Joshua had broken down at the waters of Merom, revived under a second Jabin, also king of Hazor. The formidable chariots, as before, overran the territories of the adjacent tribes. The whole country was disorganised with

terror. The obscure tortuous paths, became the only means of communication. As long afterwards, in the time of Saul, regular weapons disappeared from the oppressed population. "There was not a spear or shield seen among forty thousand in Israel." In this general depression the national spirit was revived by one whose appearance is full of significance. On the heights of Ephraim, on the central thoroughfare of Palestine, near the sanctuary of Bethel, stood two famous trees, both in after-times called by the same name. One was "the oak-tree," or "Terebinth" "of Deborah," underneath which was buried with many tears, the nurse of Rebekah. The other was a solitary palm, known in after-times as "the palm-tree of Deborah." Under this palm, as Saul afterwards under the pomegranate tree of Migron, as S. Louis under the oak-tree of Vincennes, dwelt Deborah the wife of Lapidoth, to whom the sons of Israel came up to receive her wise answers. She is the magnificent impersonation of the free spirit of the Jewish people and of Jewish life. On the coins of the Roman empire, Judæa is represented as a woman seated under a palm-tree, captive and weeping. It is the contrast of that figure which will best place before us the character and call of Deborah. It is the same Judæan palm, under whose shadow she sits, but not with downcast eyes and folded hands, and extinguished hopes; with all the fire of

faith, and energy, eager for the battle, confident of the victory. As the German prophetess Velleda roused her people against the invaders from Rome, as the simple peasant girl of France, who by communing with mysterious angels' voices roused her countrymen against the English dominion, when princes and statesmen had well-nigh given up the cause,—so the heads of Israel "ceased, and ceased, until that she, Deborah, arose, that she arose a mother in Israel." Her appearance was like a new epoch. They chose new chiefs, that came as new gods among them (Judg. v. 8). It was she who turned her eyes and the eyes of the nation to the fitting leader. As always in these wars, he was to come from the tribe that most immediately suffered from the yoke of the oppressor. High up in the north was the sanctuary of the tribe of Naphtali—Kadesh-Naphtali. . . . . In this remote sanctuary lived a chief who bore the significant name—"Barak"—lightning! His fame must have been widespread to have reached the prophetess in her remote dwelling at Bethel. From his native place she summoned him to her side, and delivered to him her prophetic command. He, as if oppressed by the presence of a loftier spirit than his own, refuses to act, unless she were with him to guide his movements, and to name the very day which should be auspicious for his effort: "For I know not the day on which the Lord will

send his good angel with me." She replies at once with the Hebrew emphasis: "I will go. I will go!" adding the reservation, that the honour should not rest with the man who thus leaned upon a woman, but that a woman should reap the glory of the day of which a woman had been the adviser. It was from Kedesh that the insurrection, thus organised, spread from tribe to tribe .... It was a general revival of the national spirit, such as rarely occurred. The leaders are described as filling their places with an ardour worthy of their position. "The chiefs became the chiefs" in deed, as well as in name. "The lawgivers of Israel willingly offered themselves for the people." "The Lord came down amongst the mighty." And to this the nation responded with a readiness, unlike their usual sluggishness, as under Gideon and Saul. "The people willingly offered themselves." "They that rode on white asses, they that sate on rich carpets of state, they that humbly walked by the way" (Judg. v. 2), all joined in the solemn enterprise.

The muster-place was Mount Tabor. The enemy were not without tidings of this insurrection. Close beside Kadesh-Naphtali was a tribe, hovering between Israel and Canaan, through which thisinformation came (Judg. iv. 11). From Harosheth of the Gentiles came down the Canaanite host, with the chariots of iron, in which, after the manner of their countrymen, they trusted as invincible. Their leader,

the first, indeed the only, commander of whom we hear by name on the adverse side of these long wars, was himself a native of Harosheth, and a potentate of sufficient grandeur to have his mother recognised in the surrounding tribes as a kind of queen-mother of the place; and whose family traditions had struck such root, that the name of "Sisera" occurs long afterwards in the history, and the great Jewish rabbi, Akiba, claimed to be descended from him .... From the arched summit of Tabor, Deborah must have watched the gradual drawing of the enemy towards the spot of her predicted triumph. She raised the cry, which twice over occurs in the story of the battle, "Arise, Barak." She gave with unhesitating confidence to the doubting troops the augury which he had asked before the insurrection began—"*This!* this and no other, is the day when the Lord shall deliver Sisera into thy hand." Down from the wooded heights descended Barak and his ten thousand men. The accounts of his descent emphatically repeat that he was "on foot," and thus forcibly contrast his infantry with the horses and chariots of his enemies.

The final encampment of the Canaanitish army was beside the numerous rivulets which, descending from the hills of Megiddo into the Kishon, as it flows in a broader stream through the corn-fields below, may well have been known as "the waters of Megiddo." It was at this criti-

cal moment that a tremendous storm of sleet and hail gathered from the east, and burst over the plain, driving full in the faces of the advancing Canaanites. "The stars," in their courses, fought "with Sisera." As in like case in the battle of Cressy, the slingers and the archers were disabled by the rain, the swordsmen were crippled by the biting cold. The Israelites, on the other hand, having the storm on their rear, were less troubled by it, and derived confidence from the consciousness of this Providential aid. The confusion became great. The "rain descended," the four rivulets of Megiddo were swelled into powerful streams, the torrent of the Kishon rose into a flood, the plain became a morass. The chariots and the horses, which should have gained the day for the Canaanites, turned against them. They became entangled in the swamp; the torrent of Kishon—the torrent famous through former ages—swept them away in its furious eddies; and in that wild confusion "the strength" of the Canaanites "was trodden down," and "the horsehoofs stamped and struggled by the means of the plungings and plungings of the mighty chiefs" in the quaking morass and the rising streams. Far and wide the vast army fled, far through the eastern branch of the plain by Endor. There, between Tabor and the Little Hermon, a carnage took place, long remembered, in which the corpses lay fattening the ground. Onwards from thence they still fled

over the northern hills to the city of their great captain—Harosheth of the Gentiles. Fierce and rapid was the pursuit. One city, by which the pursuers and pursued passed, gave no help. "Curse ye Meroz, curse ye with a curse its inhabitants, because they came not to the help of Jehovah." So, as it would seem, spoke the prophetic voice of Deborah. We can imagine what was the crime and what the punishment from the analogous case of Succoth and Penuel, which, in like manner, gave no help when Gideon pursued the Midianites. The curse was so fully carried out that the name of Meroz never again appears in the sacred history. Of the Canaanite fugitives, none reached their own mountain fortress: even the tidings of the disaster were long delayed. From the high latticed windows of Harosheth, the inmates of Sisera's harem, his mother, and her attendant princesses, are on the stretch of expectation for the sight of the war-car of their champion, with the lesser chariots around him. They sustain their hopes by counting over the spoils that he will bring home,—rich embroidery for themselves; female slaves for each of the chiefs. The prey would never come. That well-known chariot of iron would never return. It was left to rust on the banks of the Kishon, like Roderick's by the shores of the Guadalete. In the moment of the general panic, Sisera had sprung from his seat, and escaped on foot over the northern mountains

towards Hazor. It must have been three days after the battle that he reached a spot, which seems to gather into itself, as in the last scene of an eventful drama, all the characters of the previous acts. Between Hazor and Kadesh Naphtali, the birth-place of Barak, lies a green plain which joins almost imperceptibly with that overhung by Kadesh-Naphtali itself. This plain is still, and was then, studded with massive terebinths. These trees were marked in that early age by a sight unusual in this part of Palestine. Underneath the spreading branches of one of them there dwelt, unlike the inhabitants of the surrounding villages, a settlement of Bedouins, living, as if in the desert, with their tents pitched, and their camels and asses around them, whence the spot had acquired the name of "The Terebinth," or "Oak, of the Unloading of tents." Between Heber, the chief of this little colony, and the King of Hazor, there was peace. It would even seem that from him, or from his tribe, thus planted on the debateable ground between Kedesh and Hazor, Sisera had derived the first intelligence of the insurrection (Judg. iv. 12). Thither, therefore, it was that, confident in Arab fidelity, the wearied general turned his steps. He approached the tent, not of Heber, but for the sake of greater security, the harem of the chieftainess Jael, the "Gazelle." It was a fit name for a Bedouin's wife—especially for one whose family had come from the rocks of Engedi, "the

spring of the wild goat," or "chamois." The long, low tent was spread under the tree, and from under its cover she advanced to meet him with the accustomed reverence. "Turn in, my Lord, and fear not." She covered him with a rough wrapper or rug, on the slightly raised divan inside the tent; and he, exhausted with his flight, lay down, and then, lifting up his head, begged for a drop of water to cool his parched lips. She brought him more than water. She unfastened the mouth of the large skin, such as stand by Arab tents, which was full of sweet milk from the herds or the camels. She offered, as for a sacrificial feast in the bowl used for illustrious guests, the thick curded milk, frothed like cream, and the weary man drank, and then (secure in the Bedouin hospitality, which regards as doubly sure the life of one who had eaten and drunk at the hands of his host) he sank into a deep sleep, as she again drew round him the rough covering which for a moment she had withdrawn. Then she saw that her hour was come. She pulled up from the ground the large pointed peg or nail which fastened down the ropes of the tent, and held it in her left hand; with her right hand she grasped the ponderous hammer or wooden mallet of the workmen of the tribe. Her attitude, her weapon, her deed, are described both in the historic and poetic account of the event, as if fixed in the national mind. She stands like the personification

of the figure of speech, so famous in the names of Judas the *Maccabee*, (the word *Maccab*—"Hammer"—is the very one used in Judges iv. 21), and Charles *Martel;* the Hammer of her country's enemies. Step by step we see her advance; first, the dead silence with which she approaches the sleeper, "slumbering with the weariness of one who has run far and fast," then the successive blows with which she "hammers, crushes, beats, and pierces through and through" the temples of the upturned face, till the point of the nail reaches the very ground on which the slumberer is stretched; and then comes the one convulsive bound, the contortion of agony with which the expiring man rolls over from the low divan, and lies weltering in blood between her feet, as she strides over the lifeless corpse.

At this moment Barak, the conqueror, appeared. He might be in direct pursuit of the fugitive chief. He might be approaching his native place, now hard by. Out from the tent, as before, came the undaunted chieftainess, and showed the dead corpse, as it lay with the stake or tent-pin fixed firmly in the shattered head. With this ghastly scene of the Three Neighbours of the hills of Naphtali, thus, at last, brought face to face, under the Terebinth of Kedesh, the direct narrative suddenly closes, as though its work were done. But Deborah's song of victory breaks in and continues in its highest strains the echo of that day.

In company with the returning conqueror, or herself leading the chorus, after the manner of Hebrew women, the prophetess poured forth the hymn which marks the greatness of the crisis. It could be compared to nothing short of the day when Israel passed through the desert. The storm which had been sent to discomfort the Canaanite host, recalled the trembling of the earth, the heavens and the clouds dropping water, the mountains melting from before the Lord. Barak, with his long train of spoils and prisoners, had "led captivity captive." The sentiment even of the woman's delight in the dresses won in the spoils transpires through the warlike rejoicing: the pieces of embroidery are counted over in imagination as they are torn away from the mother and the harem of Sisera for the women of Israel. The feelings and the words of the song rang on through subsequent times, and in the prophet Habakkuk, and still more in the 68th Psalm, we catch again the very same strains; the march through the desert; the flight of kings; the dividing of the spoil by those who tarried at home. It was, as the close of the hymn expresses it, like the full burst of the sun out of the darkness of the night, or the blackness of a storm, "a hero in his strength."

But, in its moral aspect, the triumph of Barak over Sisera was very great. It was the enemies of *Jehovah* who had perished. It was the securing of the true religion

from the attempt of the old paganism to recover its ascendency in the Holy Land. It ranks, in the sacred history, next after the battle of Beth-horon, amongst the religious battles of the world.

And, therefore, not unworthily of this object in the song of Deborah we have the only prophetic utterance that breaks the silence between Moses and Samuel. Hers is the one voice of inspiration (in the true sense of the word) that breaks out in the Book of Judges. In her song are gathered up all the lessons which the rest of the book teaches indirectly. Hers is the life, both in her own history and in the whole period, that expresses the feelings and thoughts of thousands, who were silent till "she, Deborah, arose a mother in Israel." Hers is the prophetic word that gives an utterance and a sanction to the thoughts of freedom, of independence, of national unity, such as they had never had before in the world, and have rarely had since.

In this religious aspect of the battle, this prophetic character of its chief leader, lies the difficulty or the instruction, suggested by her benediction of the assasination of Sisera..... Deborah it is true, spoke as a prophetess, but it was as a prophetess enlightened only with a very small portion of that divine light which was to go on brightening ever more and more unto the perfect day. She saw clearly for a little way—but it was only for

a little way. Beyond that, the darkness of the time still rested upon her vision.

And when, from the inspiration of Deborah, we pass to the deed of Jael, we must be content there also to admit the same imperfection of moral perceptions, which the Highest authority has already recognised in the clearest terms. "Ye have heard that it hath been said, thou shalt love thy neighbour and hate thine enemy;" Jael did hate her enemy with a perfect hatred. For the sake of destroying him, she broke through all the bonds of hospitality, of gratitude and of truth. But then it must not be forgotten that if there is any portion of the Sacred History where we should expect these bonds to be loosened, and a higher light obscured, it would be in this period of disorder, "When there was no king in Israel, and when every one"—the Israelite warrior here —the Arabian chieftainess there—"did what was right in his or her eyes."

Why should not a blessing, even a divine blessing, according to the only light which they were then able to bear, be bestowed on an act, such as the most philosophic observer does not scruple to commend, as he looks back on the various imperfect acts of heroism and courage that have been wrought in troubled and violent times.

Jewish Church, i. 317.

BALAAM.

IT is one of the striking proofs of the Divine universality of the Old Testament, that the veil is from time to time drawn aside, and other characters than those which belonged to the chosen people appear in the distance, fraught with an instruction which transcends the limits of the Jewish Church, and not only in place, but in time, far outruns the teaching of any peculiar age or nation. Such is the discussion of the profoundest questions of religious philosophy in the book of the Gentile Job. Such is the appearance of the Gentile Prophet Balaam. He is one of those characters of whom, while so little is told that we seem to know nothing of him, yet that little raises him at once to the highest pitch of interest. His home is beyond the Euphrates, amongst the mountains where the vast streams of Mesopotamia

have their rise. But his fame is known across the Assyrian desert, through the Arabian tribes, down to the very shores of the Dead Sea. He ranks as a warrior-chief (by that combination of soldier and prophet, already seen in Moses himself) with the five kings of Midian. He is regarded throughout the whole of the East as a Prophet, whose blessing or whose curse is irresistible, the rival, the possible conqueror of Moses. In his career is seen that recognition of Divine inspiration outside the chosen people, which the narrowness of modern times has been so eager to deny, but which the Scriptures are always ready to acknowledge, and, by acknowledging, admit within the pale of the teachers of the Universal Church the higher spirits of every age and of every nation.

His character, Oriental and Primeval though it be, is delineated with that fineness of touch which has rendered it the store-house of theologians and moralists in the most recent ages of the Church. Three great divines have from different points of view drawn out, without exhausting, the subtle phases of his greatness and of his fall. The self-deception which persuades him in every case that the sin which he commits may be brought within the rules of conscience and revelation; the dark shade cast over a noble course by standing always on the ladder of advancement, and by the suspense of a worldly ambition never

satisfied; the combination of the purest form of religious belief with a standard of action immeasurably below it; these have given to the story of Balaam, the son of Beor, a hold over the last hundred years which it never can have had over any period of the human mind less critical or less refined.

One feels a kind of awe in the gradual preparation with which he is brought before us, as if in the forboding of some great catastrophe. The King of the civilized Moabites unites with the elders, or sheykhs, of the Bedouin Midianites, to seek for aid against the powerful nation who (to use their own peculiarly pastoral image) "licked up all that were round about them, as the ox licked up the grass of the field" of Moab. Twice, across the whole length of the Assyrian desert, the messengers, with the oriental bribes of divination in their hands, are sent to conjure forth the mighty seer from his distant home. In the permission to go, when, once refused, he presses for a favourable answer, which at last comes, though leading him to ruin, we see the peculiar turn of teaching which characterises the purest of the ancient heathen oracles. It is the exact counterpart of the elevated rebuke of the oracle at Cumæ to Aristodicus, and of the oracle of Delphi to Glaucus. Reluctantly, at last, he comes. The dreadful apparition on the way, the desperate resistance of the terrified animal, the ferocious

determination of the prophet to advance, the voice, however explained, which breaks from the dumb creature that has saved his life, all heighten the expectation of the message that he is to deliver. When Balaam and Balak first meet, the short dialogue, preserved not by the Mosaic historian but by the Prophet Micah, at once exhibits the agony of the king, and the lofty conceptions of the great seer. "O my people, remember what Balak, King of Moab, consulted, and what Balaam, the son of Beor, answered."—"*Wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the High God? Shall I come before Him with burnt offerings, with calves of a year old? Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? Shall I give my first-born for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?*" So speaks the superstitious feeling of all times, but, in a literal sense, of the royal house of Moab, always ready, in a national crisis, to appease offended heaven by the sacrifice of the heir to the throne. The reply is such as breathes the very essence of the Prophetic spirit, such as had at that early time hardly expressed itself distinctly even within the Mosaic revelation itself. "*He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?*"

If this is, indeed, intended to describe the first meeting

of the king and the seer, it enhances the pathos of the struggle which continues through each successive interview. Sometimes the one only, sometimes both together, are seen striving to overpower the voice of conscience and of God with the fumes of sacrifice, yet always failing in the attempt, which the Prophet had himself in the outset declared to be vain. The eye follows the Two, as they climb upwards from height to height along the extended range, to the "high places" dedicated to Baal, on "the top of the rocks,"—"the bare hill" close above it—the "cultivated field" of the watchmen on the top of Pisgah—to the peak where stood "the sanctuary of Peor, that looketh toward the waste." It is at this point that the scene has been caught in the well-known lines of the poet Keble:—

"O for a sculptor's hand,
That thou might'st take thy stand,
Thy wild hair floating on the eastern breeze,
Thy tranced yet open gaze,
Fixed on the desert haze,
As one who deep in heav'n some airy pageant sees.

"In outline dim and vast,
Their fearful shadows cast
The giant forms of empire on their way
To ruin: one by one
They tow'r and they are gone.
Yet in the Prophet's soul the dreams of avarice stay."

Behind him lay the vast expanse of desert extending

to the shores of his native Assyrian river. On his left were the red mountains of Edom and Seir: opposite were the dwelling-places of the Kenite, and the rocky fastnesses of Engedi; further still was the dim outline of the Arabian wilderness, where ruled the then, powerful tribe of Amalek; immediately below him lay the vast encampment of Israel amongst the acacia-groves of Abel Shittim —like the watercourses of the mountains, like the hanging gardens beside his own river Euphrates, with their aromatic shrubs and their wide-spreading cedars. Beyond them, on the western side of Jordan, rose the hills of Palestine, with glimpses through their valleys of ancient cities towering on their crested heights. And beyond all, though he could not see it with his bodily vision, he knew well that there rolled the deep waters of the great sea, with the Isles of Greece, the Isle of Chittim,—a world of which the first beginnings of life were just stirring, of which the very name here first breaks upon our ears.

These are the points indicated in the view which lay before the Prophet as he stood on the watchers' field, on the top of Pisgah. What was the vision which unrolled itself as he heard the words of God, as he saw the vision of the Almighty, "falling" prostrate in the prophetic trance, "but having the eyes" of his mind and spirit "open?" The outward forms still remained. He still saw the tents below, goodly in their array; he still saw

the rocks and hills, and distant desert; but, as his thought glanced from height to height, and from valley to mountain, the future fortunes of the nations who dwelt there unfolded themselves in dim succession, revolving round and from the same central object.

From the midst of that vast encampment he seemed to see streams as of water flowing to and fro over the valleys, giving life to the dry desert and to the salt sea. He seemed to see a form as of a mighty lion couched amidst the thickets, or on the mountain fastnesses of Judah, "and none should rouse him up;" or the "wild bull" raging from amidst the archers of Ephraim, trampling down his enemies, piercing them through with the well-known arrows of the tribe. And yet again, in the more distant future, he "saw, but not now,"—he "beheld, but not nigh,"—as with the intuition of his Chaldean art,—"a star," bright as those of the far eastern sky, "come out of Jacob;" and "a sceptre," like the shepherd's staff that marked the ruler of "the tribe," rise out of "Israel;" and then, as he watched the course of the surrounding nations, he saw how, one by one, they would fall, as fall they did, before the conquering sceptre of David, before the steady advance of that star which then, for the first time, rose out of Bethlehem. And, as he gazed, the vision became wider and wider still. He saw a time when a new tempest would break over all these countries

alike, from the remote east—from Assur, from his own native land of Assyria, "Assur shall carry thee away captive." But at that word another scene opened before him, and a cry of horror burst from his lips: "Alas! who shall live when God doeth this?" For his own nation, too, was to be at last overtaken. "For ships shall come from the coast of Chittim,"—from the island of Cyprus, which, as the only one visible from the heights of Palestine, was the one familiar link with the Western world—" and shall crush Assur and shall crush Eber, 'the people beyond the Euphrates,' and, he also shall perish for ever."

We know not to what precise events these words allude. But they indicate the first rise of the power of Greece and of Europe—the first conviction, as it has been well expressed, *ut valesceret Occidens,*—the first apprehension that the tide of Eastern conquest was rolled back, and at last from the Western Isles would come a power before which Asshur and Babylon, Assyria and Chaldæa, and Persia, no less than the wild hordes of the desert, would fade and "perish for ever" from the earth.

It has often been debated, and no evidence now remains to prove, at what precise time this grandest of all its episodes was introduced into the Mosaic narrative. But, however this may be determined, the magnificence of the vision remains untouched; and it stands in the

sacred record, the first example of the prophetic utterances respecting the destinies of the world at large; founded, like all such utterances, on the objects immediately in the range of the vision of the seer, but including within their sweep a vast prospect beyond. Here first the Gentile world, not of the east only but of the west, bursts into view; and here is the first sanction of that wide interest in the various races and empires of mankind, not only as bearing on the fortunes of the chosen people, but for their own sakes also, which the narrow spirits of the Jewish Church first, and of the Christian Church since, have been so slow to acknowledge. Here, too, is exhibited, in its most striking form, the irresistible force of the prophetic impulse, overpowering, the baser spirit of the individual man. The spectacle of the host of Israel, even though seen only from its utmost skirts, is too much for him. The Divine message struggling within him is delivered in spite of his own sordid resistance. Many has been the Balaam, whom the force of truth or goodness from without, or the force of genius or conscience from within, has compelled to bless the enemies whom he was hired to curse,

> Like the seer of old,
> Who stood on Zophim, heaven controll'd.

" And Balaam rose up and went, and returned to his

his own place." The sacred historian, as if touched with a feeling of the greatness of the Prophet's mission, drops the veil over its dark close. Only by the incidental notice (Numb. xxxi. 8, 16) of a subsequent part of the narrative, are we told how Balaam endeavoured to effect, by the licentious rites of the Arab tribes, the ruin which he had been unable to work by his curses; and how, in the war of vengeance which followed, he met with his mournful end. *Jewish Church*, i. 189.

JEPHTHAH.

JEPHTHAH is the wild lawless freebooter. His irregular birth in the half civilised tribes beyond the Jordan, is the key-note to his life. The whole scene is laid in those pastoral uplands. Not Bethel, or Shiloh, but Mizpeh, the ancient watch-tower which witnessed the parting of Jacob and Laban, is the place of meeting. Ammon, the ancient ally of Israel against Og, is now the assailant. The war springs out of the disputes of that first settlement. The battle sweeps over that whole tract of forest, from Gilead to the borders of Moab. The quarrel which arises after the battle between the Transjordanic tribe and the proud Western Ephraimites is embittered by the recollection of taunts and quarrels, then, no doubt, full of gall and wormwood, now hardly intelligible. "Fugitives of Ephraim are ye: Gilead is

among the Ephraimites and among the Manassites." Was it, as Ewald conjectures, some allusion to the lost history of the days when the half-tribe Manasseh separated from its Western brethren? If it was, the Gileadites had now their turn—"the fugitives of the Ephraimites," as they are called in evident allusion to the former taunt, are caught in their fight at the fords of the Jordan, the scene of their victory over the Medianites, and ruthlessly slain.

In the savage taunt of Jephthah to the Ephraimites, compared with the mild reply of Gideon to the same insolent tribe, we have a measure of the inferiority of Eastern to Western Palestine—of the degree to which Jephthah sank below his age, and Gideon rose above it. But in his own country, as well as in the Church at large, it is the other part of Jephthah's story which has been most keenly remembered. The fatal vow at the battle of Aroer belongs naturally to the spasmodic efforts of the age; like the vows of Samson or Saul in the Jewish Church of this period, or of Clovis or Bruno in the middle ages. But its literal execution could hardly have taken place had it been undertaken by any one more under the moral restraints, even of that lawless age, than the freebooter Jephthah, nor in any other part of the Holy Land than that separated by the Jordan valley from the more regular institutions of the country. Moab

and Ammon, the neighbouring tribes to Jephthah's native country, were the parts of Palestine where human sacrifice lingered longest. It was the first thought of Balak in the extremity of his terror (Micah vi. 7); it was the last expedient of Balak's successor in the war with Jehoshaphat (2 Kings iii. 27). Moloch, to whom even before they entered Palestine the Israelites had offered human sacrifices (Ezek. xx. 26), and who is always spoken of as the deity who was thus honoured, was especially the God of Ammon. It is but natural that a desperate soldier like Jephthah, breathing the same atmosphere, physical and social, should make the same vow, and, having made it, adhere to it. There was no High Priest or Prophet at hand to rebuke it. They were far away in the hostile tribe of Ephraim. He did what was right in his own eyes, and as such the transaction is described. Mostly it is but an inadequate account to give of these doubtful acts, to say that they are mentioned in the sacred narrative without commendation. Often where no commendation is expressly given, it is distinctly implied. But here the story itself trembles with the mixed feeling of the action. The description of Jephthah's wild character prepares us for some dark catastrophe. The admiration for his heroism and that of his daughter struggles for mastery in the historian with indignation at the dreadful deed. He is overwhelmed by the natural

grief of a father. "Oh! oh! my daughter, thou hast crushed me, thou hast crushed me!" She rises at once to the grandeur of her situation as the instrument whereby the victory had been won. If the fatal word had escaped his lips, she was content to die, "forasmuch as the Lord hath taken vengeance of thee upon thine enemies, even the children of Ammon." It is one of the points of Sacred History, where the likeness of classical times mingles with the Hebrew devotion. It recalls to us the story of Idomeneus and his son, of Agamemnon and Iphigenia. And still more closely do we draw near, as our attention is fixed on the Jewish maiden, to a yet more pathetic scene. Her grief is the exact anticipation of the lament of Antigone, sharpened by the peculiar horror of the Hebrew women at a childless death—descending with no bridal festivity, with no nuptial torches, to the dark chambers of the grave. Into the mountains of Gilead she retires for two months—plunging deeper and deeper into the gorges of the mountains, to bewail her lot, with the maidens who had come out with her to greet the returning conqueror. Then comes the awful end, from which the sacred writer, as it were, averts his eyes. "He did with her according to his vow?" In her the house of Jephthah became extinct. But for years afterwards, even to the verge of the monarchy, the dark deed was commemorated. Four days in every year

the maidens of Israel went up into the mountains of Gilead—and here the Hebrew language lends itself to the ambiguous feeling of the narrative itself, "to praise," or "to lament" "the daughter of Jephthah the Gileadite."

The deep pathos of the original story, and the lesson which it reads of the heroism of the father and daughter, is to be admired and loved in the midst of the fierce superstitions across which it plays, like a sunbeam on a stormy sea. So regarded, it may still be remembered with a sympathy at least as great as is given to the heathen immolations, just cited, which awaken a sentiment of compassion wherever they are known. The sacrifice of Jephthah's daughter, taking it at its worst, was not a human sacrifice in the gross sense of the word—not a slaughter of an unwilling victim, as when the Gaul and Greek were buried alive in the Roman Forum; but the willing offering of a devoted heart, to free, as she supposed, her father and her country from a terrible obligation. It was, indeed, as Josephus says, an act in itself hateful to God. But, nevertheless, it contained just that one redeeming feature of pure obedience and love, which is the distinguishing mark of all true Sacrifice, and which communicates to the whole story those elements of tenderness and nobleness well drawn out of it by two modern poets, to each of whom, in their different ways, may be applied what was said by Göethe of the first—that at

least one function committed to him was that of giving life and form to the incidents and characters of the Old Testament :—

"Though the virgins of Salem lament,
Be the judge and the hero unbent ;
I have won the great battle for thee,
And my father and country are free.

When this blood of thy giving has gush'd,
When the voice that thou lovest is hush'd ;
Let my memory still be thy pride,
And forget not I smiled as I died."

BYRON'S HEBREW MELODIES.

Or, in the still more exact language of the more recent poet—Tennyson :—

"The daughter of the warrior Gileadite,
A maiden pure ; as when she went along
From Mizpeh's tower'd gate with radiance light,
With timbrel and with song.

* * * * * *

'My God, my land, my father—these did move
Me from my bliss of life, that Nature gave,
Lower'd softly with a threefold cord of love,
Down to a silent grave.

'And I went mourning, "No fair Hebrew boy
Shall smile away my maiden blame among
The Hebrew mothers"—emptied of all joy,
Leaving the dance and song.

'Leaving the olive-gardens far below,
Leaving the promise of my bridal bower,
The valleys of grape-loaded vines that glow
Beneath the battled tower.'

* * * * * *

'When the next moon was roll'd into the sky,
Strength came to me that equall'd my desire.
How beautiful a thing it was to die
For God and for my sire!

'It comforts me in this one thought to dwell,
That I subdued me to my father's will;
Because the kiss he gave me, ere I fell,
Sweetens the spirit still.

* * * * * *

'Moreover it is written that my race
Hew'd Ammon, hip and thigh, from Aroer
On Arnon unto Minnith!'"

Jewish Church, i. 356.

SAMSON.

FROM the lawlessness of Jephthah on the extreme eastern frontier of Palestine, we pass at once to a manifestation of the same tendency in a different, but not less incontestable form, on the extreme western frontier. At the same time the new enemies, in whose grasp we now find the Israelites, remind us that we are approaching a new epoch in their history.

"The Philistines" now present themselves to our notice, if not absolutely for the first time, yet for the first time as a powerful and hostile nation. In the original conquest by Joshua they are hardly mentioned. Their name appears to indicate their late arrival—"the strangers;" and the scattered indications of their origin lead to the conclusion that they were settlers from some foreign country. Unlike the rest of the inhabitants of Canaan, they were

uncircumcised, and appear to have stood on a lower level of civilization. They were almost, it may be said, the laughing-stock of their livelier and quicker neighbours, from their dull, heavy stupidity; the easy prey of the rough humour of Samson, or the agility and cunning of the diminutive David.

Possibly the Philistines may have been called in by the older Avites, as allies against the invading Israelites, and then, as in the ancient fable, made themselves their masters. Be that as it may, the Philistines were the longest, and deadliest enemies of the Chosen People, whose hostilities, commencing in the close of the period of the Judges, lasted through the two first reigns of the monarchy, and were not finally extinguished till the time of Hezekiah.

Of all the tribes of Israel, that on which these new comers pressed most heavily, was the small tribe of Dan, already straitened between the mountains and the sea, and communicating with its seaport, Joppa, only by passing through the Philistine territory. Out of this tribe, accordingly, the deliverer came. It was in Zorah, planted on a high conical hill overlooking the plain, which, from its peculiar relation to these hills, was called "the root of Dan," that the birth of the child took place, who was by a double tie connected with the history of this peculiar period, as the first conqueror of the Philistines, and as the

first recorded instance of a Nazarite. In both respects he was the beginner of that work which a far greater than he, the Prophet Samuel, carried to a completion. But what in Samuel were but subordinate functions, in Samson were supreme, and in him were further united with an eccentricity of character and career that gives him his singular position amongst the Israelite heroes.

This was the age of vows, and it is implied in the account that such special vows as that which marked the life of Samson were common. The order of Nazarites, which we find described in the code of the Mosaic law, was already in existence. It was the nearest approach to a monastic institution that the Jewish Church contained. It was, as its name implies, a separation from the rest of the nation, partly by the abstinence from all intoxicating drink, partly by the retention of the savage covering of long flowing tresses of hair. The order thus begun continued till the latest times. It was as the first fruits of this institution, no less than as his country's champion, that the birth of Samson is ushered in with a solemnity of inauguration which, whether we adopt the more coarse and literal representation of Josephus, or the more shadowy and refined representation of the Sacred narrative, seems to announce the coming of a greater event than that which is comprised in the merely warlike career of the conqueror of the Philistines.

Wherever the son of Manoah appeared in later life, he was always known by the Nazarite mark. The early vow of his mother was always testified by his shaggy, untonsured head, and by the seven sweeping locks, twisted together yet distinct, which hung over his shoulders; and in all his wild wanderings and excesses amidst the vineyards of Sorek and Timnath, he is never reported to have touched the juice of one of their abundant grapes.

But these were his only indications of an austere life. It is one of the many distinctions between the manners of the East and West, between ancient and modern forms of religious feeling, that the Jewish chief, whose position most nearly resembles that of the founder of a monastic order, should be the most frolicsome, irregular, uncultivated creature that the nation ever produced. Not only was celibacy no part of his Nazarite obligations, but not even ordinary purity of life. He was full of the spirits and the pranks, no less than of the strength, of a giant. His name, which Josephus interprets in the sense of "strong," was still more characteristic. He was the "Sunny,"—the bright and beaming, though wayward likeness of the great luminary which the Hebrews delighted to compare to a "giant rejoicing to run his course," "a bridegroom coming forth out of his chamber." Nothing can disturb his radiant good humour. His most

valiant, his most cruel actions, are done with a smile on his face, and a jest in his mouth. It relieves his character from the sternness of Phœnician fanaticism. As a peal of hearty laughter breaks in upon the despondency of individual sorrow, so the joviality of Samson becomes a pledge of the revival of the greatness of his nation. It is brought out in the strongest contrast with the brute coarseness and stupidity of his Philistine enemies, here, as throughout the sacred history, the butt of Israelitish wit and Israelitish craft.

Look at his successive acts in this light, and they assume a fresh significance. Out of his first achievement he draws the materials for his playful riddle. His second and third achievements are practical jests on the largest scale. The mischievousness of the conflagration of the cornfields, by means of the jackals, is subordinate to the ludicrous aspect of the adventure, as, from the hill of Zorah, the contriver of the scheme watched the streams of fire spreading through cornfields and orchards in the plain below. The whole point of the massacre of the thousand Philistines lies in the cleverness with which their clumsy triumph is suddenly turned into discomfiture, and their discomfiture is celebrated by the punning turn of the hero, not forgotten even in the exaltation or the weariness of victory: "With the jawbone of an *ass* have I slain one *mass*, two *masses;* with the jawbone of

an ass I have slain an *ox*load of men." The carrying off the gates of Gaza derives all its force from the neatness with which the Philistine watchmen are outdone, on the very spot where they thought themselves secure. The answers with which he puts off the inquisitiveness of Delilah derive their vivacity from the quaintness of the devices which he suggests, and the ease with which his foolish enemies fall into trap after trap, as if only to give their conqueror amusement. The closing scenes of his life breathe throughout the same terrible, yet grotesque, irony. When the captive warrior is called forth, in the merriment of his persecutors, to exercise for the last time the well-known raillery of his character, he appears as the great jester or buffoon of the nation; the word employed expresses alike the roars of laughter, and the wild gambols by which he "made them sport;" and as he puts forth the last energy of his vengeance, the final effort of his expiring strength, it is in a stroke of broad and savage humour that his indignant spirit passes away. "O Lord Jehovah, remember me now; and strengthen me now, only this once, O God, that I may be avenged of the Philistines" [not for both of my lost eyes, but] "for *one* of my two eyes." That grim playfulness, strong in death, lends its paradox even to the act of destruction itself, and overflows into the touch of triumphant satire, with which the pleased historian closes his story: "The

dead which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life."

There is no portion of the sacred narrative more stamped with a peculiar local colour than the account of Samson. Unlike the heroes of Grecian, Celtic, or Teutonic romance, whose deeds are scattered over the whole country, or the whole continent where they lived—Hercules, or Arthur, or Charlemagne,—the deeds of Samson are confined to that little corner of Palestine in which was pent up the fragment of the tribe to which he belonged. He is the one champion of Dan. To him, if to any one, must be the reference in the blessing of Jacob; "Dan shall judge his people as one of the tribes of Israel." In his biting wit and cunning ambuscades, which baffled the horses and chariots of Philistia, may probably be seen "the serpent by the way, the adder in the path, that biteth the horses heels, so that his rider shall fall backwards." . . . . . .

The scene of his death is the great Temple of the Fish-God at Gaza, in the extremity of the Philistine district. But his grave was in the same spot which had nourished his first youthful hopes. From the time of Gideon downwards, the tombs of the judges have been carefully specified. In no case, however, does the specification suggest a more pathetic image than in the description of the funeral procession, in which the dead hero is

borne by his brothers and his kinsmen "up" the steep ascent to his native hills, and laid, as it would seem, beside the father who had watched with pride his early deeds, "between Zorah and Eshtaol, in the burial place of Manoah his father.

* *Jewish Church*, i. 362.

SAMUEL.

DIFFERENT derivations have been given of the name of Samuel—"Name of God," "placed by God," "asked of God." Josephus makes it correspond to the well-known Greek name *Theaetetus*, "heard of God." This, which may have the same meaning as the previous derivation, is the most obvious. He was the last Judge, the first of the regular succession of Prophets, and the founder of the monarchy. So important a position did Samuel hold in Jewish history as to have given his name to the sacred book, now divided into two, which covers the whole period of the first establishment of the kingdom, corresponding to the manner in which the name of Moses has been assigned to the sacred book, now divided into five, which covers the period of the foundation of the Jewish Church itself. In fact, no cha-

racter of equal magnitude had arisen since the death of the great Lawgiver.

He was the son of Elkanah, an Ephrathite or Ephraimite, and Hannah or Anna. His father is one of the few private citizens in whose household we find polygamy. It may possibly have arisen from the irregularity of the period. All that appears with certainty of his birthplace is that it was in the hills of Ephraim. At the foot of the hill was a well (1 Sam. xix. 22). On the brow of its two summits was the city. It never lost its hold on Samuel, who in later life made it his fixed abode.

It is on the mother of Samuel that our chief attention is fixed in the account of his birth. She is described as a woman of a high religious mission. Almost a Nazarite by practice (1 Sam. i. 15), and a prophetess in her gifts (1 Sam. ii. 1), she sought from God the gift of a child for which she longed with the passionate devotion of silent prayer, of which there is no other example in the Old Testament, and when the son was granted, the name which he bore, and thus first introduced into the world, expressed her sense of the agency of her entreaty—Samuel—"the asked or Heard of God."

Living in the great age of vows, she had before his birth dedicated him to the office of a Nazarite. As soon as he was weaned, she herself with her husband brought him to the Tabernacle of Shiloh, where she had re-

ceived the first intimation of his birth, and there solemnly consecrated him. Then his mother made him over to Eli (1 Sam. i. 25, 28). . . . . From this time the child is shut up in the Tabernacle. The priests furnished him with a sacred garment, an ephod, made, like their own, of white linen, though of inferior quality, and his mother every year, apparently, at the only time of their meeting, gave him a little mantle reaching down to his feet, such as was worn only by high personages, or women, over the other dress, and such as he retained, as his badge, till the latest times of his life. He seems to have slept within the holiest place (1 Sam. iii. 3), and his special duty was to put out, as it would seem, the sacred candlestick, and to open the doors at sunrise.

In this way his childhood was passed. It was whilst thus sleeping in the Tabernacle that he received his first prophetic call. The stillness of the night—the sudden voice—the childlike misconception—the venerable Eli—the contrast between the terrible doom and the gentle creature who was to announce it—give to this portion of the narrative a universal interest. It is this side of Samuel's career that has been so well caught in the well-known picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

From this moment the prophetic character of Samuel was established. His words were treasured up, and Shiloh became the resort of those who came to hear him

(1 Sam. iii. 19-21). In the overthrow of the sanctuary which followed shortly on this vision, we hear not what became of Samuel. He next appears, probably twenty years afterwards, suddenly amongst the people, warning them against their idolatrous practices. He convened an assembly at Mizpeh, and there with a symbolical rite, expressive partly of deep humiliation, partly of the libations of a treaty, they poured water on the ground, they fasted, and they entreated Samuel to raise the piercing cry, for which he was known, in supplication to God for them. It was at the moment he was offering up a sacrifice, and sustaining this loud cry, that the Philistines' host suddenly burst upon them. A violent thunderstorm, and (according to Josephus) an earthquake came to the timely assistance of Israel. The Philistines fled, and exactly at the spot where twenty years before they had obtained their great victory, they were totally routed. A stone was set up, which long remained as a memorial of Samuel's triumph, and gave to the place its name of Eben-ezer, "the Stone of Help," which has thence passed into Christian phraseology, and become a common name of nonconformist chapels (1 Sam. vii. 12). The old Canaanites, whom the Philistines had dispossessed in the outskirts of the Judæan hills, seemed to have helped in the battle, and a large portion of territory was recovered (1 Sam. vi. 14). This was Samuel's first, and as far as we know, his

only military achievement. But as in the case of the earlier chiefs who bore that name, it was apparently this which raised him to the office of "Judge." He visited in discharge of his duties as ruler, the three chief sanctuaries on the west of Jordan, Bethel, Gilgal, and Mizpeh (1 Sam. vii. 16). His own residence was still his native city, Ramah, which he further consecrated by an altar. Here he married, and two sons grew up to repeat under his eyes the same perversion of high office that he had himself witnessed in his childhood, in the case of the two sons of Eli. One was Abiah, the other Joel. In his old age, according to the quasi-hereditary principle, already adopted by previous Judges, he shared his power with them, and they exercised their functions at the southern frontier in Beersheba.

Down to this point in Samuel's life, there is but little to distinguish his career from that of his predecessors. Like many characters in later days, had he died in youth his fame would hardly have been greater than that of Gideon or Samson. He was a judge, a Nazarite, a warrior, and (to a certain point) a prophet.

But his peculiar position in the sacred narrative turns on the events which follow. He is the inaugurator of the transition from what is commonly called the theocracy to the monarchy. The misdemeanour of his own sons, in receiving bribes, and in extorting exorbitant

interest on loans (1 Sam. viii. 3, 4), precipitated the catastrophe which had been long preparing. The people demanded a king. Josephus describes the shock to Samuel's mind, "because of his inborn sense of justice, because of his hatred of kings, as so far inferior to the aristocratic form of government, which conferred a godlike character on those who lived under it." For the whole night he lay fasting and sleepless, in the perplexity of doubt and difficulty. In the vision of that night, as recorded by the sacred historian, is given the dark side of the new institution, on which Samuel dwells on the following day (1 Sam. viii. 9-18). This presents his reluctance to receive the new order of things. The whole narrative of the reception and consecration of Saul, gives his acquiescence in it.

The final conflict of feeling and surrender of his office is given in the last assembly over which he presided, and in his subsequent relations with Saul. The assembly was held at Gilgal, immediately after the victory over the Ammonites. The monarchy was a second time solemnly inaugurated. "All the men of Israel rejoiced greatly." Then takes place Samuel's farewell address. By this time the long flowing locks on which no razor had ever passed were white with age (1 Sam. xii. 2). He appeals to their knowledge of his integrity. Whatever might be the lawless habits of the chiefs of those times—

Hophni, Phinehas, or his own sons—he had kept aloof from all. No ox or ass had he taken from their stalls—no bribe to obtain his judgment—not even a sandal. It is this appeal, and the response of the people, that has made Grotius call him the Jewish Aristides. He then sums up the new situation in which they have placed themselves; and, although "the wickedness of asking a king," is still strongly insisted on, and the unusual portent of a thunderstorm in May or June, in answer to Samuel's prayer, is urged as a sign of Divine displeasure, (1 Sam. xii., 16-19), the general tone of the condemnation is much softened from that which was pronounced on the first intimation of the change. The first king is repeatedly acknowledged as "the Messiah," or, "anointed of the Lord," the future prosperity of the nation is declared to depend on their use or mis-use of the new constitution, and Samuel retires with expressions of goodwill and hope:—"I will teach you the good and the right way, . . . only fear the Lord."

It is the most signal example afforded in the Old Testament, of a great character reconciling himself to a changed order of things, and of the Divine sanction resting on his acquiescence.

His subsequent relations with Saul are of the same mixed kind. The two institutions which they respectively represented ran on side by side. Samuel was still

Judge. He judged "Israel all the days of his life" (1 Sam. vii. 15), and from time to time came across the king's path. But these interventions were chiefly in another capacity, which this is the place to unfold.

Samuel is called emphatically "The Prophet" (Acts iii. 24; xiii. 20). To a certain extent this was in consequence of the gift which he shared in common with others of his time. He was especially known in his own age as "Samuel the Seer" (1 Chro. ix. 22; xxvi. 28). "I am the Seer," was his answer to those who asked "where is the Seer?" "Where is the Seer's house?" (1 Sam. ix. 11). "Seer," the ancient name, was not yet superseded by "prophet." Of the three modes by which Divine communications were then made, "by dreams, Urim and Thummim, and prophets," the first was that by which the Divine will was made known to Samuel (1 Sam. iii. 1-2). "The Lord uncovered his ear" to whisper into it in the stillness of the night the messages that were to be delivered. It is the first distinct intimation of the idea of "Revelation" to a human being. He was consulted far and near on the small affairs of life; loaves of "bread," or "the fourth part of a shekel of silver," were paid for the answers (1 Sam. ix. 7, 8). From this faculty, combined with his office of ruler, an awful reverence grew up round him. No sacrificial feast was thought complete without his blessing. When he appeared suddenly elsewhere

for the same purpose, the villagers "trembled" at his approach (1 Sam. xvi. 4, 5). A peculiar virtue was believed to reside in his intercession. He was conspicuous in later times amongst those that "*call* upon the name of the Lord" (Ps. xcix. 6), and was placed with Moses as "standing" for prayer, in a special sense, "before the Lord" (Jer. xv. 1). It was the last consolation he left in his parting address, that he would "pray to the Lord" for the people. There was something peculiar in the long sustained cry or shout of supplication, which seemed to draw down as by force the divine answer (1 Sam. vii. 8, 9). All night long, in agitated moments, "he *cried* unto the Lord" (1 Sam. xv. 11). But there are two other points which more especially placed him at the head of the prophetic order as it afterwards appeared. The first is brought out in his relation with Saul, the second in his relation with David. He represents the independence of the moral law, of the Divine Will, as distinct from regal or sacerdotal enactments, which is so remarkable a characteristic of all the later prophets. He certainly was not a priest; and all the attempts to identify his opposition to Saul with a hierarchical interest are founded on a complete misconception of the facts of the case. From the time of the overthrow of Shiloh, he never appears in the remotest connexion with the priestly order. Amongst all the places included in his personal or

administrative visits, neither Shiloh, nor Nob, nor Gibeon, the seats of the sacerdotal caste, are ever mentioned. When he counsels Saul, it is not as the priest but as the prophet; when he sacrifices or blesses the sacrifices, it is not as the priest, but either as an individual Israelite of eminence, or as a ruler, like Saul himself. Saul's sin in both cases where he came into collision with Samuel, was not of intruding into sacerdotal functions, but of disobedience to the prophetic voice. The first was that of not waiting for Samuel's arrival, according to the sign given by Samuel as his original meeting at Ramah (1 Sam. x. 8; xiii. 8); the second was that of not carrying out the stern prophetical injunction for the destruction of the Amalekites. When, on that occasion, the aged prophet called the captive prince before him, and with his own hands hacked him limb from limb, in retribution for the desolation he had brought into the homes of Israel, and thus offered up his mangled remains almost as a human sacrifice, ("before the Lord in Gilgal"), we see the representative of the older part of the Jewish history. But it is the true prophetic utterance, such as breathes through the psalmists and prophets, when he says to Saul in words which, from their poetical form, must have become fixed in the national memory, "To obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams."

The parting was not one of rivals, but of dear though

divided friends. The king throws himself on the prophet with all his force; not without a vehement effort the prophet tears himself away. The long mantle by which he was always known is rent in the struggle; and, like Ahijah after him, Samuel was in this the omen of the coming rent in the monarchy. They parted, each to his house, to meet no more. But a long shadow of grief fell over the prophet. "Samuel mourned for Saul." "It grieved Samuel for Saul." "How long wilt thou mourn for Saul?" (1 Sam. xv. 11, 35; xvi., 1).

The next point is that he is the first of a regular succession of Prophets. "All the Prophets from Samuel and those that follow after." (Acts iii. 24). . . . . The connexion of the continuity of the office with Samuel appears to be direct. It is in his life-time, long after he had been "established as a prophet," that we hear of the companies of disciples, called in the Old Testament "the sons of the prophets."

All the peculiarities of their education are implied or expressed—the sacred dance, the sacred music, the solemn procession (1 Sam. x. 5, 10; 1 Chro. xxv. 1, 6). At the head of this congregation, or "church as it were, within a church," Samuel is expressly described as "standing appointed over them." Their chief residence at this time, was at Samuel's own abode, Ramah, where they lived in habitations apparently of a rustic kind, like the

leafy huts which Elisha's disciples afterwards occupied by the Jordan.

In those schools, and learning to cultivate the prophetic gifts, were some, whom we know for certain, others whom we may almost certainly conjecture, to have been so trained or influenced. One was Saul. Twice at least he is described as having been in the company of Samuel's disciples, and as having caught from them the prophetic fervour, to such a degree as to have "prophesied among them" (1 Sam. x. 10, 11), and on one occasion, to have thrown off his clothes, and to have passed the night in a state of prophetic trance (1 Sam. xix. 24): and even in his palace, the prophesying mingled with his madness on ordinary occasions (1 Sam. xviii. 9). Another was David. The first acquaintance of Samuel with David was when he privately anointed him at the house of Jesse. But the connexion thus begun with the shepherd boy must have been continued afterwards. David, at first, fled to "Naioth in Ramah," as to his second home, and the gifts of music, of song, and of prophecy, here developed on so large a scale, were exactly such as we find in the notices of those who looked up to Samuel as their father. It is, further, hardly possible to escape the conclusion that David there first met his fast friends and companions in after life, prophets like himself—Gad and Nathan.

It is needless to enlarge on the importance with which these incidents invest the appearance of Samuel. He there becomes the spiritual father of the psalmist king. He is also the founder of the first regular institutions of religious instruction, and communities for the purpose of education. The schools of Greece were not yet in existence. From these Jewish institutions were developed, by a natural order, the universities of Christendom; and it may be further added, that with this view the whole life of Samuel is in accordance. He is the prophet—the only prophet till the time of Isaiah—of whom we know that he was so from his earliest years. It is this continuity of his own life and character, that makes him so fit an instrument for conducting his nation through so great a change. The death of Samuel is described as taking place in the year of the close of David's wanderings. It is said with peculiar emphasis, as if to mark the loss, that "*all* the Israelites," all—with a universality never specified before—"were gathered together," from all parts of this hitherto divided country, and "lamented him" and "buried him," not in any consecrated place, but within his own house, thus in a manner consecrated by being turned into his tomb (1 Sam. xxv. 1). His relics were translated "from Judea" (the place is not specified) *A.D.* 406, to Constantinople, and received there with much pomp by the Emperor Arcadius. They were landed

at the pier of Chalcedon, and thence conveyed to a church, near the palace of Hebdomon.

The situation of Ramathaim is uncertain. But the place long pointed out as his tomb, is the height, most conspicuous of all in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem, immediately above the town of Gibeon, known to the Crusaders as "Montjoye," as the spot from whence they first saw Jerusalem, now called Nebysamwil, "the Prophet Samuel." It is the only spot in Palestine which claims any direct connexion with the first great prophet, who was born within its limits; and its commanding situation well agrees with the importance assigned to him in the sacred history.

Bible Dictionary.

SAUL.

IN Saul we feel that there is a marked advance made in the Jewish history—from the patriarchal and nomadic state, which concerns us mainly by its contrast with our own, to that fixed and settled state which has more or less pervaded the whole condition of the church ever since. Saul was the first King of Israel, and in him that new and strange idea became impersonated.

But, although in outward form Saul belonged to the new epoch, although even in spirit he from time to time threw himself into it, yet in the whole he is a product of the earlier condition. Whilst Samuel's existence comprehends and overlaps both periods in the calmness of a higher elevation, the career of Saul derives its peculiar interest from the fact that it is the eddy in which both streams converge. In that vortex he struggles—the centre

of events and persons greater than himself; and in that struggle he is borne down, and lost. It is the pathetic interest which has more than once suggested the story of Saul as a subject for the modern drama.

His character is in part illustrated by the fierce, wayward, fitful nature of the tribe (Benjamin), and in part accounted for, by the struggle between the old and new systems in which he found himself involved. To this we must add a taint of madness, which broke out in violent frenzy at times, leaving him with long lucid intervals. His affections were strong, as appears in his love both for David and his son Jonathan, but they were unequal to the wild excesses of religious zeal or insanity which ultimately led to his ruin. He was, like the earlier Judges, remarkable for his strength and activity, and he was, like the Homeric heroes, of gigantic stature, taller by head and shoulders than the rest of the people, and of that kind of beauty denoted by the Hebrew word "good," and which caused him to be compared to the gazelle, "the gazelle of Israel." It was probably these external qualifications which led to the epithet which is frequently attached to his name, "chosen," "whom the Lord did choose," "See you him whom the Lord hath chosen!" (1 Sam. ix. 17; x. 24: 2 Sam. xxi. 6).

From the household of Abiel, of the tribe of Benjamin, two sons were born, related to each other, either as

cousins, or as uncle and nephew. The elder was Abner, the younger was Saul.

It is uncertain in what precise spot of the territory of that fierce tribe the original seat of the family lay. It may have been the conical eminence amongst its central hills, known from its subsequent connexion with him as Gibeah-of-Saul. It was more probably the village of Zelah, on its extreme southern frontier, in which was the ancestral burial-place. Although the family itself was of small importance, Kish, the son or grandson of Abiel, was regarded as a powerful and wealthy chief; and it is in connexion with the determination to recover his lost property that his son Saul first appears before us.

A drove of asses, still the cherished animal of the Israelite chiefs, had gone astray on the mountains. In search of them—by pathways of which every stage is mentioned, as if to mark the importance of the journey, but which have not yet been identified—Saul wandered at his father's bidding, accompanied by a trustworthy servant, who acted as guide and guardian of the young man. After a three days' circuit, they arrived at the foot of a hill surmounted by a town, when Saul proposed to return home, but was deterred by the advice of the servant, who suggested that before doing so they should consult "a man of God," a "seer," as to the fate of the asses, securing his oracle by present of a quarter

of a silver shekel. They were instructed by the maidens at the well outside the city to catch the seer as he came out of the city to ascend to a sacred eminence, where a sacrificial feast was waiting for his benediction. At the gate they met the Seer, for the first time. It was Samuel. A divine intimation had indicated to him the approach and the future destiny of the youthful Benjamite. Surprised at his language, but still obeying his call, they ascended to the high place, and in the inn or caravanserai at the top found thirty or seventy guests assembled, amongst whom they took the chief seats. In anticipation of some distinguished stranger, Samuel had bade the cook reserve a boiled shoulder, from which Saul, as the chief guest, was bidden to tear off the first morsel. They then descended to the city, and a bed was prepared for Saul on the house-top. At day-break Samuel roused him. They descended again to the skirts of the town, and there (the servant having left them) Samuel poured over Saul's head the consecrated oil, and with a kiss of salutation announced to him that he was to be the ruler and deliverer of the nation. From that moment, as he turned on Samuel the huge shoulder which towered above all the rest, a new life dawned upon him. Under the outward garb of his domestic vocation, the new destiny had been thrust upon him. The trivial forms of an antiquated phase of religion had been the means of introducing him to the Prophet of the Future.

Each stage of his returning, as of his outgoing route, is marked with the utmost exactness, and at each stage he meets the incidents which, according to Samuel's prediction, were to mark his coming fortunes. By the sepulchre of his mighty ancestress—known then, and known still, as Rachel's tomb—he met two men, who announced to him the recovery of the asses. There his lower cares were to cease. By a venerable oak—distinguished by the name not elsewhere given, "the oak of Tabor"—he met three men carrying gifts of kids and bread, and a skin of wine, as an offering to Bethel. There, as if to indicate his new dignity, two of the loaves were offered to him. By "the Hill of God," whatever may be meant thereby, possibly his own city, Gibeah, he met a band of prophets descending with musical instruments, and he caught the inspiration from them, as a sign of a grander, loftier life, than he had ever before conceived.

This is what may be called the private inner view of his call. There was yet another outer call, which is related independently. An assembly was convened by Samuel at Mizpeh, and lots (so often practiced at that time) were cast to find the tribe and the family which was to produce the king. Saul was named—and, by a Divine intimation, found hid in the circle of baggage which surrounded the encampment. His stature at once conciliated the public feeling, and for the first time the

shout was raised, afterwards so often repeated in modern times, "Long live the king." The monarchy, with that conflict of tendencies, of which the mind of Samuel was the best reflex, was established in the person of the young Prophet, whom he had thus called to his perilous eminence.

Up to this point Saul had only been the shy and retiring youth of the family. He is employed in the common work of the farm. His father, when he delays his return, mourns for him, as having lost his way. He hangs on the servant for directions as to what he shall do, which he would not have known himself. At every step of Samuel's revelations he is taken by surprise. "Am not I a Benjamite? of the smallest of the tribes of Israel? and my family the best of all the families of the tribe of Benjamin? Wherefore, then, speakest thou so to me?" He turns his huge shoulder on Samuel, apparently still unconscious of what awaits him. The last thing which those who knew him in former days can expect, is, that Saul should be among the prophets. Long afterwards the memorial of this unaptness for high aspirations remained enshrined in the national proverbs. Even after the change had come upon him, he still shrank from the destiny which was opening before him. "Tell me, I pray thee, what Samuel said unto thee. And Saul said unto his uncle, He told us plainly that the

asses were found. But of the matter of the kingdom, whereof Samuel spake, he told him not." On the day of his election, he was nowhere to be found, and he was as though he were deaf. Some there were who even after his appointment still said, "How shall this man save us?" "and they brought him no presents." And he shrank back into private life, and was in his fields and with his yoke of oxen.

But there was one distinction which marked out Saul for his future office. "The desire of all Israel" was already, unconsciously, "on him and on his father's house." He had the one gift by which in that primitive time a man seemed to be worthy of rule. He was "goodly," "there was not among the children of Israel a goodlier person than he," "from his shoulder and upward, he towered above all the people." His stately, towering form, standing under the pomegranate tree above the precipice of Migron, or on the pointed crags of Michmash, or the rocks of En-gedi, claimed for him the title of the "wild roe, the gazelle," perched aloft, "the pride and glory of Israel." Against the giant Philistines a giant king was needed. And "when Saul saw any *strong* man or any *valiant* man he took him unto him." King as he is, we might fancy ourselves still in the days of Shamgar or of Gideon, when we see him following his herd of

oxen in the field, and driving them home at the close of the day up the steep ascent of the city.

It was on one of these evening returns that his career received the next sharp stimulus which drove him on to his destined work. A loud wail, such as goes up in an Eastern city at the tidings of some great calamity, strikes his ear. He said, "What aileth the people that they weep?" They told him the news that had reached them from their kinsmen beyond the Jordan. The work which Jephthah had wrought in that wild region had to be done over again. Ammon was advancing, and the first victims were the inhabitants of Jabesh, connected by the romantic adventure of the previous generation with the tribe of Benjamin. This one spark of outraged family feeling was needed to awaken the dormant spirit of the sluggish giant. He was the true Benjaminite from first to last. "The spirit of God came upon him" as on Samson. His shy retiring nature vanished. His anger flamed out, and he took two oxen from the herd that he was driving, and (here again, in accordance with the like expedient in that earlier time, only in a somewhat gentler form) he hewed them in pieces and sent the bones through the country with the significant warning, "Whosoever cometh not after Saul, and after Samuel, so shall it be done unto his oxen." An awe fell upon the people;

they rose as one man. In one day they crossed the Jordan. Jabesh was rescued. It was the deliverance of his own tribe, which thus at once seated him on the throne securely. The east of the Jordan was regarded as specially the conquest of Saul. The house of Jabesh never forgot their debt of gratitude.

This was his first great victory. The monarchy was inaugurated afresh. But he still so far resembles the earlier judges as to be virtually king only within his own tribe.

Samuel, who had up to this time been still named as ruler with Saul, now withdrew, and Saul became the acknowledged chief. In the second year of his reign, he began to organise an attempt to shake off the Philistine yoke which pressed on his country; not least on his own tribe, where a Philistine officer had long been stationed, even in his own field (1 Sam. x. 5; xiii. 3). An army of 3,000 was formed, which he soon afterwards gathered together around him; and Jonathan, apparently with his sanction, rose against the officer and slew him. This roused the whole force of the Philistine nation against him. The spirit of Israel was completely broken. Many concealed themselves in the caverns; many crossed the Jordan; all were disarmed, except Saul and his son, with their immediate retainers. In this crisis, Saul, now on the very confines of his kingdom at Gilgal, found himself

in the position long before described by Samuel—longing to exercise his royal right of sacrifice, yet deterred by his sense of obedience to the prophet. At last on the seventh day, he could wait no longer, but just after the sacrifice was completed Samuel arrived, and pronounced the first curse, on his impetuous zeal (1 Sam. xiii. 5-14). Meanwhile the adventurous exploit of Jonathan, at Michmash brought on the crisis which ultimately drove the Philistines back to their own territory. It was signalized by two remarkable incidents in the life of Saul. One was the first appearance of his madness in the rash vow which all but cost the life of his son. The other was the erection of his first altar, built either to celebrate the victory, or to expiate the savage feast of the famished people (1 Sam. xiv. 35). The expulsion of the Philistines (although not entirely completed) at once placed Saul in a position higher than that of any previous ruler of Israel. Probably from this time was formed the organization of royal state, which contained in germ some of the future institutions of the monarchy. The host of 3,000 has been already mentioned. Of this Abner became captain. A body guard was also formed of runners and messengers. Of this David was afterwards made the chief. These two were the principal officers of the court, and sate with Jonathan at the king's table. Another officer is incidentally mentioned—the keeper of the royal mules

—the "constable" of the king—such as appears in the later monarchy. He is the first instance of a foreigner employed about the court—being an Edomite, or Syrian, of the name of Doeg. According to Jewish tradition he was the servant who accompanied Saul in his pursuit of his father's asses—who counselled him to send for David—and whose son ultimately killed him. The high priest of the house of Ithamar (Ahimelech) was in attendance upon him with the ephod, when he desired it (1 Sam. xiv. 3), and felt himself bound to assist his secret commissioners (*ib.* xxi. 1-9; xxii. 14).

The King himself was distinguished by a state, not before marked in the rulers. He had a tall spear, of the same kind as that described in the hand of Goliath. This never left him—in repose; at his meals; at rest; in battle. In battle he wore a diadem on his head, and a bracelet on his arm. He sate at meals on a seat of his own, facing his son. He was received on his return from battle by the songs of the Israelite women, amongst whom he was on such occasions specially known as bringing back from the enemy scarlet robes, and golden ornaments for their apparel.

The warlike character of his reign naturally still predominated, and he was now able (not merely, like his temporary predecessors, to act on the defensive, but) to attack the neighbouring tribes of Moab, Ammon, Edom,

Zobah, and finally Amalek. The war with Amalek is twice related, first briefly in 1 Sam. xiv. 48, and then at length in xv. 1-9. Its chief connexion with Saul's history lies in the disobedience to the prophetical command of Samuel; shown in the sparing of the King, and the retention of the spoil. This second act of disobedience called down the second curse, and the first distinct intimation of the transference of the kingdom to a rival. The struggle between Samuel and Saul in their final parting is indicated by the rent of Samuel's robe of state, as he tears himself away from Saul's grasp, and by the long mourning of Samuel for the separation—"Samuel mourned for Saul." "How long wilt thou mourn for Saul?"

The rest of Saul's life is one long tragedy. The frenzy, which had given indication of itself before, now at times took almost entire possession of him. It is described in mixed phrases as "an evil spirit of God," (much as we might speak of "religious madness"), which, when it came upon him, almost choked or strangled him from its violence.

In this crisis David was recommended to him by one of the young men of his guard (in the Jewish tradition groundlessly supposed to be Doeg). From this time forward their lives are blended together. In Saul's better moments he never lost the strong affection which he had contracted for David. "He loved him greatly." "Saul

would let him go no more home to his father's house." "Wherefore cometh not the son of Jesse to meat?" "Is this thy voice, my son David . . . . Return my son David; blessed be thou, my son David." Occasionally too his prophetical gift returned, blended with his madness. He "prophesied" or "raved" in the midst of his house—"he prophesied and lay down naked all day and all night," at Ramah. But his acts of fierce, wild zeal increased. The massacre of the priests, with all their families—the massacre, perhaps at the same time, of the Gibeonities, and the violent extirpation of the necromancers, are all of the same kind. At last the monarchy itself, which he had raised up, broke down under the weakness of its head. The Philistines re-entered the country, and with their chariots and horses re-occupied the plain of Esdraelon. Their camp was pitched on the southern slope of the range now called Little Hermon, by Shunem. On the opposite side, on Mount Gilboa, was the Israelite army, clinging as usual to the heights which were their safety. It was near the spring of Gideon's encampment, hence called the spring of Harod or "trembling," and now the name assumed an evil omen; and the heart of the King as he pitched his camp there "trembled exceedingly." In the loss of all the usual means of consulting the Divine will, he determined, with that mixture of superstition and religion which

marked his whole career, to apply to one of the necromancers who had escaped his persecution. She was a woman, living at Endor, on the other side of Little Hermon. According to the Hebrew tradition mentioned by Jerome she was the mother of Abner, and hence her escape from the general massacre of the necromancers. Volumes have been written on the question, whether in the scene that follows, we are to understand an imposture or a real apparition of Samuel.

The obvious meaning of the narrative itself tends to the hypothesis of some kind of apparition. She recognizes the disguised king first by the appearance of Samuel, seemingly from his threatening aspect or tone as towards his enemy. Saul apparently saw nothing, but listened to her description of a god-like figure of an aged man, wrapped round with the royal or sacred robe. On hearing the denunciation, which the apparition conveyed, Saul fell the whole length of his gigantic stature on the ground, and remained motionless till the woman and his servants forced him to eat.

The next day the battle came on, and according to Josephus, perhaps according to the spirit of the sacred narrative, his courage and self-devotion returned. The Israelites were driven up the side of Gilboa. The three sons of Saul were slain. Saul himself with his armour-bearer

was pursued by the archers and the charioteers of the enemy. He was wounded in the stomach. His shield was cast away. According to one account, he fell upon his own sword. According to another account (which may be reconciled with the former by supposing that it describes a later incident), an Amalekite came up at the moment of his death-wound, (whether from himself or the enemy), and found him "fallen," but leaning on his spear. The dizziness of death was gathered over him, but he was still alive; and he was at his own request, put out of his pain by the Amelekite, who took off his royal diadem and bracelet, and carried the news to David.

Not till then, according to Josephus, did the faithful armour-bearer fall on his sword and die with him. The body on being found by the Philistines was stripped, and decapitated. The armour was sent into the Philistines' cities, as if in retribution for the spoiliation of Goliath, and finally deposited in the temple of Astarte, apparently in the neighbouring Canaanitish city of Bethshan; and over the walls of the same city was hung, the naked headless corpse, with those of his three sons. The head was deposited (probably at Ashdod) in the temple of Dagon—1 Chron. x. 10. The corpse was removed from Bethshan by the gratitude of the inhabitants of Jabesh-Gilead who came over the Jordan by night, carried

off the bodies, burnt them, and buried them under the tamarisk at Jabesh. Thence, after the lapse of several years, his ashes, and those of Jonathan, were removed by David to their ancestral sepulchre at Zelah in Benjamin.

Jewish Church, ii. 5.

JONATHAN.

JONATHAN was the eldest son of King Saul, the name ("the gift of Jehovah," corresponding to Theodorus in Greek) seems to have been common at that period. He first appears some time after his father's accession. Of his own family we know nothing, except the birth of one son, five years before his death (2 Sam. iv. 4). He was regarded in his father's life-time as heir to the throne. Like Saul, he was a man of great strength and activity, of which the exploit at Michmash was a proof (2 Sam. i. 23). He was also famous for the peculiar martial exercises in which his tribe excelled—archery and slinging. His bow was to him what the spear was to his father: "The *bow* of Jonathan turned not back." It was always about him. It is through his relation to David that he is chiefly known to us, probably

as related by his descendants at David's Court. But there is a back-ground, not so clearly given, of his relation with his father. From the time that he first appears he is Saul's constant companion. He was always present at his father's meals. As Abner and David seem to have occupied the places afterwards called the captaincies of "the host" and "of the guard;" so he seems to have been (as Hushai afterwards) "the friend." The whole story implies, without expressing, the deep attachment of the father and son. Jonathan can only go on his dangerous expedition (1 Sam. xiv. 1), by concealing it from Saul. Saul's vow is confirmed, and its tragic effect deepened, by his feeling for his son, "though it be Jonathan my son." "Tell me what thou hast done." Jonathan cannot bear to believe his father's enmity to David, "my father will do nothing great or small, but that he will show it to me: and why should my father hide this thing from me? it is not so." To him, if to any one, the wild frenzy of the King was amenable.—"Saul hearkened unto the voice of Jonathan." Their mutual affection was indeed interrupted by the growth of Saul's insanity. Twice the father would have sacrificed the son: once in consequence of his vow (1 Sam. xiv.) The second time, more deliberately, on the discovery of David's flight: and on this last occasion, a momentary glimpse is given of some darker history. Were the

phrases "son of a perverse rebellious woman," &c., mere frantic invectives? or, was there something in the story of Ahinoam or Rispah which we do not know? "In fierce anger" Jonathan left the royal presence; but he cast his lot with his father's decline, not with his friend's rise, and "in death they were not divided." His life may be divided into two main parts: 1. The war with the Philistines; commonly called, from its locality, "the war of Michmash." He is already of great importance in the state. Of the 3,000 men of whom Saul's standing army was formed 1,000 were under the command of Jonathan at Gibeah. The Philistines were still in the general command of the country; an officer was stationed at Geba, either the same as Jonathan's position, or close to it. In a sudden act of youthful daring, as when Tell rose against Gesler, or as in sacred history, Moses rose against the Egyptian, Jonathan slew this officer, and thus gave the signal for a general revolt. Saul took advantage of it, and the whole population rose, but it was a premature attempt. The Philistines poured in from the plain, and the tyranny became more deeply rooted than ever. Saul and Jonathan, (with their immediate attendants) alone had arms, amidst the general weakness and disarming of the people. They were encamped at Gibeah, with a small body of six hundred men, and as they looked down from that height on the misfortunes of their country, and of their native

tribe especially, they wept aloud. From this oppression as Jonathan by his former act had been the first to provoke it, so now he was the first to deliver his people. On the former occasion Saul had been equally with himself involved in the responsibility of the deed. Saul "blew the trumpet;" Saul had "smitten the officer of the Philistines." But now it would seem that Jonathan was resolved to undertake the whole risk himself. "The day," the day fixed by him approached, and without communicating his project to any one, except the young man, whom, like all the chiefs of that age, he retained as his armour-bearer, he sallied forth from Gibeah to attack the garrison of the Philistines stationed on the other side of the steep defile of Michmash. His words are short, but they breathe exactly the ancient and peculiar spirit of the Israelite warrior. "Come, and let us go over unto the garrison of these uncircumcised; it may be that Jehovah will work for us: for there is no restraint to Jehovah to save by many or by few." The answer is no less characteristic of the close friendship of the two young men: already like to that which afterwards sprang up between Jonathan and David. "Do all that is in thine heart; . . . behold *I* am with thee; as thy heart is my heart." After the manner of the time, Jonathan proposed to draw an omen for their course from the conduct of the enemy. If the garrison, on

seeing them, gave intimations of descending upon them, they would remain in the valley: if, on the other hand, they raised a challenge to advance, they were to accept it. The latter turned out to be the case. The first appearance of the two warriors from behind the rocks was taken by the Philistines, as a furtive apparition of "the Hebrews coming forth out of the holes where they had hid themselves;" and they were welcomed with a scoffing invitation, "Come up, and we will show you a thing." Jonathan immediately took them at their word. Strong and active as he was, "strong as a lion, and swift as an eagle," he was fully equal to the adventure of climbing on his hands and feet up the face of the cliff. When he came directly in view of them, with his armour-bearer behind him, they both, after the manner of their tribe, discharged a flight of arrows, stones, and pebbles, from their bows, cross-bows, and slings, with such effect, that twenty men fell at the first onset. A panic seized the garrison, thence spread to the camp, and thence to the surrounding hordes of marauders; an earthquake combined with the terror of the moment; the confusion increased; the Israelites who had been taken slaves by the Philistines during the last three days rose in mutiny: the Israelites who lay hid in the numerous caverns and deep holes in which the rocks of the neighbourhood abound, sprang out of their subterranean dwellings.

Saul and his little band had watched in astonishment the wild retreat from the heights of Gibeah—he now joined in the pursuit, which led him headlong after the fugitives, over the rugged plateau of Bethel, and down the path of Bethhoron to Ajalon. The father and son had not met on that day: Saul only conjectured his son's absence from not finding him when he numbered the people. Jonathan had not heard of the rash curse which Saul invoked on any one who ate before the evening. In the dizziness and darkness which came on after his desperate exertions, he put forth the staff which apparently had (with his sling and bow) been his chief weapon, and tasted the honey which lay on the ground as they passed through the forest. The pursuers in general were restrained even from this slight indulgence by fear of the royal curse; but the moment that the day, with its enforced fast, was over, they flew, like Moslems at sunset during the fast of Ramadan, on the captured cattle; and devoured them, even to the brutal neglect of the law which forbade the dismemberment of the fresh carcases with the blood. This violation of the law Saul endeavoured to prevent and to expiate by erecting a large stone, which served both as a rude table and as an altar; the first altar that was raised under the monarchy. It was in the dead of night after this wild revel was over, that he proposed that the pursuit should be continued till dawn;

and then, when the silence of the oracle of the high priest indicated that something had occurred to intercept the Divine favour, the lot was tried and Jonathan appeared as the culprit. Jephthah's dreadful sacrifice would have been repeated; but the people interposed in behalf of the hero of that great day; and Jonathan was saved (1 Sam. xiv. 24-26).

This is the only great exploit of Jonathan's life. But the chief interest of his career is derived from the friendship with David, which began on the day of David's return from the victory over the champion of Gath, and continued till his death. It is the first Biblical instance of a romantic friendship, such as was common afterwards in Greece, and has been since in Christendom; and is remarkable both as giving its sanction to these, and as filled with a pathos of its own, which has been imitated, but never surpassed, in modern works of fiction. "The soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul"—"Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women." Each found in each the affection that he found not in his own family: no jealousy of rivalry between the two, as claimants for the same throne, ever interposed: "Thou shalt be King in Israel, and I shall be next unto thee." The friendship was confirmed after the manner of the time, by a solemn compact often repeated. The first was immediately on their first

acquaintance. Jonathan gave David as a pledge his royal mantle, his sword, his girdle, and his famous bow. His fidelity was soon called into action by the insane rage of his father against David. He interceded for his life, at first with success. Then the madness returned and David fled. It was in a secret interview during this flight, by the stone of Ezel, that the second covenant was made between the two friends, of a still more binding kind, extending to their mutual posterity—Jonathan laying such emphasis on this portion of the compact, as almost to suggest the belief of a slight misgiving on his part of David's future conduct in this respect. It is this interview which brings out the character of Jonathan in the liveliest colours—his little artifices—his love for both his father and his friend—his bitter disappointment at his father's unmanageable fury—his familiar sport of archery. With passionate embraces and tears the two friends parted to meet only once more, that one more meeting was far away in the forest of Ziph, during Saul's pursuit of David. Jonathan's alarm for his friend's life is now changed into a confidence that he will escape: "He strengthened his hand in God." Finally, and for the third time, they renewed the covenant, and then parted for ever (1 Sam. xxiii. 16-18). From this time forth we hear no more till the battle of Gilboa. In that battle he fell, with his two brothers and his father, and his corpse

shared their fate. The news of his death occasioned the celebrated elegy of David, in which he, as the friend, naturally occupies the chief place, and which seems to have been sung in the education of the archers of Judah, in commemoration of the one great archer, Jonathan: "He bade them teach the children of Judah the use of the bow."

Bible Dictionary.

JOAB.

JOAB was the eldest and most remarkable of the three nephews of David, the children of Zeruiah, David's sister. Their father is unknown. They all exhibit the activity and courage of David's constitutional character. But they never rise beyond this to the nobler qualities which lift him above the wild soldiers and chieftains of the time. Asahel, who was cut off in his youth, and seems to have been the darling of the family, is only known to us from his gazelle-like agility (2 Sam. ii. 18). Abishai and Joab, are alike in their implacable revenge. Joab, however, combines with these ruder qualities something of a more statesmanlike character, which brings him more nearly to a level with his youthful uncle; and unquestionably gives him the second place in the whole history of David's reign.

He first appears after David's accession to the throne at Hebron, thus differing from his brother Abishai, who was already David's companion during his wanderings. He with his two brothers went out from Hebron at the head of David's "servants," or guards, to keep a watch on the movements of Abner, who with a considerable force of Benjamites had crossed the Jordan, and come as far as Gibeon, perhaps on a pilgrimage to the sanctuary. The two parties sat opposite each other, on each side of the bank by that city. Abner's challenge, to which Joab assented, led to a desperate struggle between twelve champions from either side, and the whole number fell from the mutual wounds they received.

This roused the blood of the rival tribes: a general encounter ensued: Abner and his company were defeated, and in his flight, being hard pressed by the swift-footed Asahel, he reluctantly killed the unfortunate youth. The expressions which he uses, "Wherefore should I smite thee to the ground? How then should I hold up my face to Joab thy brother?" imply that up to this time there had been a kindly, if not a friendly, feeling between the two chiefs. It was rudely extinguished by this deed of blood. The other soldiers of Judah, when they came up to the dead body of their young leader, halted, struck dumb by grief. But his two brothers, on seeing the corpse, only hurried on with greater fury in the pur

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suit. At sunset the Benjamite force rallied round Abner, and he then made an appeal to the generosity of Joab, not to push the war to extremities. Joab reluctantly consented, drew off his troops, and returned to Hebron. They took the corpse of Asahel with them, and on the way halted at Bethlehem in the early morning, to inter it in their family burial-place.

But Joab's revenge on Abner was only postponed. He had been on another of these predatory excursions from Hebron, when he was informed on his return that Abner had in his absence paid a visit to David, and been received into favour. He broke out into a violent remonstrance with the king, and then, without David's knowledge, immediately sent messengers after Abner, who was overtaken by them about two miles from Hebron. Abner, with the unsuspecting generosity of his noble nature, returned at once. Joab and Abishai met him in the gateway of the town; Joab took him aside, as if with a peaceful intention, and then struck him a deadly blow "under the fifth rib." It is possible that with the passion of vengeance for his brother, may have been mingled the fear lest Abner should supplant him in the king's favour. David burst into passionate invective and imprecations on Joab when he heard of the act, and forced him to appear in sackcloth and torn garments at the funeral. (2 Sam. iii. 31.) But it was an intimation of Joab's power which David never

forgot. The awe in which he stood of the sons of Zeruiah cast a shade over the whole remainder of his life.

There was now no rival left in the way of Joab's advancement, and soon the opportunity occurred for his legitimate accession to the highest post that David could confer. At the seige of Jebus, the king offered the office of chief of the army, now grown into a "host," to any one who would lead the forlorn hope, and scale the precipice on which the besieged fortress stood. With an agility equal to that of David himself, or of his brother Asahel, Joab succeeded in the attempt, and became in consequence commander-in-chief—"Captain of the host—" the same office that Abner had held under Saul, the highest in the state after the king. His importance was immediately shown by his undertaking the fortification of the conquered city, in conjunction with David.

In this post he was content, and served the king with undeviating fidelity. In the wide range of wars which David undertook, Joab was the acting general, and he therefore may be considered as the founder, as far as military prowess was concerned, the Marlborough, the Belisarius, of the Jewish empire. Abishai, his brother, still accompanied him as captain of the king's "mighty men." He had a chief armour-bearer of his own, and ten attendants to carry his equipment and baggage. He had the charge, formerly belonging to the king or judge, of giving the

signal by trumpet for advance or retreat. He was called by the almost regal title of "lord," "the prince of the king's army." His usual residence (except when campaigning) was in Jerusalem; but he had a house and property, with barley fields adjoining, in the country, near an ancient sanctuary, called from its nomadic village "Baal-hazor," where there were extensive sheep-walks. His great war was that against Ammon, which he conducted in person.

But the services of Joab to the king were not confined to these military achievements. In the entangled relations which grew up in David's domestic life, he bore an important part. The first occasion was the unhappy correspondence which passed between him and the king during the Ammonite war respecting Uriah, the Hittite, which led to the treacherous sacrifice of Uriah in a sortie. It shows both the confidence reposed by David in Joab, and Joab's too unscrupulous fidelity to David. From the possession which Joab thus acquired of the terrible secret of the royal household, has been dated, with some probability, his increased power over the mind of the king.

The next occasion on which it was displayed was in his successful endeavour to reinstate Absalom in David's favour, after the murder of Amnon. It would almost seem as if he had been guided by the effect produced

upon the king by Nathan's parable. A similar apologue he put into the mouth of a "wise woman of Tekoah." The exclamation of David on perceiving the application intimates the high opinion which he entertained of his general, "Is not the hand of Joab in all this?" A like indication is found in the confidence of Absalom that Joab, who had thus procured his return, would also go a step further and demand his admission to his father's presence. Joab, who evidently thought that he had gained as much as could be expected, twice refused to visit the prince, but having been entrapped into an interview by a stratagem of Absalom, undertook the mission and succeeded in this also.

The same keen sense of his master's interests that had prompted this desire to heal the breach in the royal family ruled the conduct of Joab no less, when the relations of the father and son were reversed by the successful revolt of Absalom. His former intimacy with the prince did not impair his fidelity to the king. He followed him beyond the Jordan, and in the final battle of Ephraim, assumed the responsibility of taking the rebel prince's dangerous life in spite of David's injunction to spare him, and when no one else had courage to act so decisive a part. He was well aware of the terrible effect it would have on the king, and on this account possibly dissuaded his young friend Ahimaaz from bearing the news; but

when the tidings had been broken, he had the spirit himself to rouse David from the frantic grief which would have been fatal to the royal cause. His stern resolution (as he had himself anticipated) well nigh proved fatal to his own interests. The king could not forgive it, and went so far in his unreasonable resentment as to transfer the command of the army from the too faithful Joab to his other nephew, Amasa, the son of Abigail, who had even sided with the insurgents. In like manner he returned only a reproachful answer to the vindictive loyalty of Joab's brother, Abishai. Nothing brings out more strongly the good and bad qualities of Joab than his conduct in this trying crisis of his history. On the one hand, he remained still faithful to his master. On the other hand, as before in the case of Abner, he was determined not to lose the post he so highly valued. Amasa was commander-in-chief, but Joab had still his own small following of attendants; and with him were the mighty men commanded by his brother Abishai, and the body-guard of the king. With these he went out in pursuit of the remnants of the rebellion. In the heat of pursuit he encountered his rival Amasa, more leisurely engaged in the same quest. At "the great stone" in Gibeon, the cousins met. Joab's sword was attached to his girdle, by design or accident it protruded from its sheath: Amasa rushed into the treacherous embrace to which Joab invited him, holding fast

his sword by his own right hand, whilst the unsheathed sword in his left hand plunged into Amasa's stomach; a single blow from that practised arm, as in the case of Abner, sufficed to do its work. Joab and his brother hurried on to discharge their commission, whilst one of his ten attendants stayed by the corpse, calling on the royal party to follow after Joab. But the deed produced a frightful impression. The dead body was lying in a pool of blood by the roadside; everyone halted as they came up, at the ghastly sight, till the attendant dragged it out of the road, and threw a cloak over it. Then, as if the spell was broken, they followed Joab, now once more captain of the host. He, too, when they overtook him, presented an aspect long afterwards remembered with horror. The blood of Amasa had spurted all over the girdle to which the sword was attached, and the sandals on his feet were red with the stains left by the falling corpse. But, at the moment, all were absorbed in the pursuit of the rebels. Once more a proof was given of the wide spread confidence in Joab's judgment. In the besieged town of Abel Bethmaachah, far in the north, the same appeal was addressed to his sense of the evils of an endless civil war, that had been addressed to him years before by Abner, near Gibeon. He demanded only the surrender of the rebel chief, and on the sight of his head thrown over the wall, withdrew the army and returned to Jerusalem.

His last remonstrance with David was on the announcement of the king's desire to number the people. "The king prevailed against Joab." But Joab's scruples were so strong that he managed to avoid numbering two of the tribes, Levi and Benjamin. (1 Chron. xxii. 6).

There is something mournful in the end of Joab. At the close of his long life, his loyalty, so long unshaken, at last wavered. "Though he had not turned after Absalom, he turned after Adonijah." This probably filled up the measure of the king's long cherished resentment. We learn from David's last song that his powerlessness over his courtiers was even then present to his mind (2 Sam. xxiii. 6, 7), and now on his death-bed, he recalled to Solomon's recollection the two murders of Abner and Amasa, with an injunction not to let the aged soldier escape with impunity.

The revival of the pretensions of Adonijah after David's death, was sufficient to awaken the suspicions of Solomon. The king deposed the high priest Abiathar, Joab's friend and fellow conspirator,—and the news of this event at once alarmed Joab himself. He claimed the right of sanctuary within the curtains of the sacred tent, under the shelter of the altar at Gibeon. He was pursued by Benaiah, who at first hesitated to violate the sanctuary of the refuge; but Solomon urged that the guilt of two such murders overrode all such protection. With his hands on the altar,

therefore, the grey-headed warrior was slaughtered by his successor, the body was carried to his house "in the wilderness," and there interred. He left descendants, but nothing is known of them.

Bible Dictionary.

SOLOMON.

SOLOMON, the third King of Israel, is as unlike either of his predecessors as each of them is unlike the other. No person occupies so large a space in Sacred History, of whom so few personal incidents are related. That stately and melancholy figure—in some respects the grandest and the saddest in the sacred volume—is, in detail, little more than a mighty shadow. But on the other hand, of his age, of his court, of his works, we know more than of any other. Now, for the first time since the Exodus, we find distinct traces of dates—years, months, days. Now at last we seem to come across monuments which possibly remain to this day. Of the earlier ages of Jewish history, nothing has lasted to our time except it be the sepulchre, and the wells; works of Nature rather than of men. . . . . .

But the epoch is remarkable, not only for its distinctness, but for its splendour. It is characteristic indeed of the Jewish records that, clearly as Solomon's greatness is portrayed at the time, it is rarely noticed in them again. Of all the characters of the Sacred History, he is the most purely secular; and merely secular magnificence was an excrescence, not a native growth, of the chosen people. Whilst Moses and David are often mentioned again in the sacred books, Solomon's name hardly occurs after the close of his reign. But his fame ran, as it were, underground amongst the traditions of his own people and of the east generally. . . . . .

And, although his secular aspect has withdrawn him from the religious interest which attaches to many others of the Jewish saints and heroes, yet in this very circumstance there are points of attraction indispensable to the development of the Sacred History. It enables us to study his reign more freely than is possible in the case of the more purely religious characters of the Bible. He is, in a still more exact sense than his father, "one of the great men of the earth"—and, as such, we can deal with his history, as we should with theirs. It thus serves as a connecting link between the common and the Sacred world. To have had many such characters in the Biblical History would have brought it down too nearly to the ordinary level. But to have one such is necessary

to show that the interest which we inevitably feel in such events and in such men has a place in the designs of Providence, and in the lessons of Revelation. In Solomon, too, we find the first beginnings of that wider view which ended at last in the expansion of Judaism into Christianity. His reign contains the first historical record of the contact between Western Europe and Eastern India. In his fearless encouragement of ecclesiastical architecture is the first sanction of the employment of art in the service of a true Religion. In his writings and in the literature which sprung from them, is the only Hebrew counterpart to the philosphy of Greece. For all these reasons, there is in him a likeness one-sided indeed, of the "Son of David," in whom East and West, philosphy and religion, were reconciled together. . . . . .

The reign of Solomon has sometimes been called the Augustan age of the Jewish nation. But there was this peculiarity, that Solomon was not only its Augustus, but its Aristotle. With the accession of Solomon a new world of thought was opened to the Israelites. The curtain which divided them from the surrounding nations was suddenly rent asunder. The wonders of Egypt, the commerce of Tyre, the romance of Arabia, nay, it is even possible, the Homeric age of Greece, became visible. Of this the first and most obvious result, as has been hinted, was the growth of architecture. But the general effects on

Israel heard of the judgment which the king had judged, and they feared the king"—young as he was—"for they saw that the *wisdom* of God was in him to *do judgment*." And not only in his own age, but long afterwards did the recollection of that serene reign keep alive the idea of a just king before the eyes of the people, and enable them to understand how there should once again appear at the close of their history a still greater Son of David. . . . .

Co-extensive with the all-embracing character of Solomon's wisdom, was its far-spreading renown and its variety of forms. Both alike are spoken of, the one as the counterpart of the other. "Thy soul covered the whole earth, and filled it with dark parables. . . . . The countries marvelled at thee for thy interpretations, and songs, and proverbs, and parables" (Ecclus. xlvii. 17).

Of all these manifestations of wisdom, that which seems to have gathered the widest fame in his own time was the questioning and answering, "the interpretations" of hard questions and riddles. The climax of the definition of wisdom is "the understanding of a proverb, and the interpretation; the words of the wise, and their dark sayings." The chiefs around seem to have been stimulated by his example, or by their example to have stimulated him, to carry on this kind of Socratic dialogue with each other. Examples of them seem to be found in the Book of Proverbs, especially in the words of Agur.

"What are the six things that the Lord hateth?" "What are the two daughters of the horseleach?" "What are the three things that are never satisfied?—the three things that are too wonderful?—the three things that disquiet the earth?—the four things that are little and wise?—the four things that are comely in going?" The historians of Tyre recorded that this interchange of riddles went on constantly between Solomon and Hiram, each being under the engagement to pay a forfeit of money for every riddle that he could not solve. Solomon got the better of Hiram, till Hiram set to work a Tyrian boy, the younger son of Abdemon, who both solved the riddles of Solomon, and set others which Solomon could not answer. But the most remarkable instance was one which has left its traces in both the Old and New Testament, and in the boundless fancies of later tradition. A chieftainess, a queen from some distant country, was attracted by the wide-spread accounts of his wisdom, to come herself in person to put these riddles to him. Her long train of camels lived in the recollection of the Israelites, as bringing gifts of gold, precious stones, and balsam, to her host. A memorial of her visit was long believed to remain in the balsam gardens of Jericho. Like Hiram, she was worsted in the unequal conflict. All her questions were answered; and the magnificence of the court, especially of the state entrance to the Temple, was such

that "there was no more spirit left in her." But it was his "wisdom" chiefly which dwelt in her mind. "Happy are thy wives, happy are these thy servants, who stand continually before thee, and hear thy wisdom." . . . . . .

The combination of remote characters for a joint purpose on an unexpected scene has a natural appeal to the human imagination. As such, the visit of the Queen of Sheba has won for itself a conspicuous place in the New Testament. "The Queen of the South shall rise up in the judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it: for she came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon." The spirit of this asking of questions and solving of dark riddles is of the very nature of true philosophy. "To ask questions rightly," said Lord Bacon, "is the half of knowledge." "Life without cross-examination is no life at all," said Socrates. And of this stimulating process, of this eager inquiry, of this solicitation of new meanings out of old words, Solomon is the first example. When we inquire, when we restlessly question, in our search after truth, when we seek it from unexpected quarters, we are but following in the steps of the wise King of Judah, and the wise Queen of Sheba . . . . . .

The chief manifestation, in writing, of Solomon's wisdom was that of Proverbs. The inward spirit of his philosophy consisted in questionings about the ends of

life, propounding and answering the difficulties suggested by human experience. Its form was either that of similitudes, or short homely maxims.

"Proverbs," in the modern sense of that word, imply a popular and national reception—they imply, according to the celebrated definition by one of our most eminent statesmen, not only "one man's wit," but "many men's wisdom." This is, however, not the case with Solomon's proverbs. They are individual, not national. It is because they represent not many men's wisdom, but one man's super-eminent wit, that they produced so deep an impression. They were gifts to the people, not the produce of the people. "The words of the wise are as goads," as barbed points to urge forward to inquiry, to knowledge. This is one aspect. They are also "as nails or stakes driven" hard and home into the ground of the heart "by the masters of the assembly, by the shepherds of the people." Their pointed form is given to them to make them stimulate the heart and memory; they are driven in with all the weight of authority to give fixedness and firmness to the whole system.

The extent of this literature was far beyond what has come down to us. "He spake three thousand proverbs." But of these, a considerable number are actually preserved in the Book of Proverbs. The whole book emanates from his spirit. They abound in allusions,

now found for the first time, and precisely applicable to the age of Solomon—to gold and silver and precious stones; to the duties and power of kings; to commerce. In them appears the first idea of fixed education and discipline, the first description of the diversities of human character. In them the instincts of the animal creation are first made to give lessons to men. Here also, as already remarked, we see the specimen of those riddles which delighted the age.

The Book of Proverbs is not on a level with the Prophets or the Psalms. It approaches human things and things divine from quite another side. It has even something of a worldly prudential look, unlike the rest of the Bible. But this is the very reason why its recognition as a sacred book is so useful. It is the philosophy of practical life. It is the sign to us that the Bible does not despise common sense and discretion. It impresses upon us, in the most forcible manner, the value of intelligence and prudence, and of a good education. It deals too in that refined, discriminating, careful view of the finer shades of human character so necessary to any true estimate of human life. "The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and the stranger doth not intermeddle with its joy." How much is there, in that single sentence, of consolation, of love, of forethought! And, above all, it insists, over and over again, upon the doctrine that goodness is "*wisdom*,"

and that wickedness and vice are "*folly*." There may be many other views of virtue and vice, of holiness and sin, higher and better than this. But there will be always some in the world who will need to remember that a good man is not only religious and just, but wise; and that a bad man is not only wicked and sinful, but a miserable, contemptible fool. . . . . .

The Arabian traditions relate of Solomon that in the staff on which he leaned, and which supported him long after his death, there was a worm which was secretly gnawing it asunder. The legend is an apt emblem of the dark end of Solomon's reign. As the record of his grandeur contains a recognition of the interest and value of secular magnificence and wisdom, so the record of his decline and fall contains the most striking witness to the instability of all power that is divorced from moral and religious principle. As Bacon is in English history

"The wisest, greatest, meanest of mankind,"

so is Solomon in Jewish and Sacred history.

Jewish Church, ii. 166.

ELIJAH.

AHAB is the first of the king's of Israel, who appears to have practised polygamy. But over his harem presided a queen who has thrown all her lesser rivals into the shade. For the first time the chief wife of an Israelite king was one of the old accursed Canaanite race. A new dynasty now sate on the Tyrian throne, founded by Eth-baal. He had, according to the Phœnician records, gained the crown by murder of his brother, and he united to the royal dignity his former office of High Priest of Ashtaroth. The daughter of Eth-baal was Jezebel, a name of dreadful import to Israelitish ears, though in later ages it has reappeared under the innocent form of Isabella.

The marriage of Ahab with this princess was one of these turning points in the history of families where a

new influence runs like poison through all its branches and transforms it into another being. Jezebel was a woman in whom, with the reckless and licentious habits of an oriental queen, were united the fiercest and sternest qualities inherent in the old Semitic race. Her husband, in whom generous and gentle feelings were not wanting, was yet of a weak and yielding character, which soon made him a tool in her hands. Even after his death, through the reigns of his sons, her presiding spirit was the evil genius of the dynasty. Through her daughter Athaliah—a daughter worthy of the mother—her influence extended to the rival kingdom. The wild license of her life and the magical fascination of her arts, or her character, became a proverb in the nation. Round her, and from her, in different degrees of nearness, is evolved the awful drama of the most eventful crisis of this portion of the Israelite history.

The first indication of her influence was the establishment of the Phœnician worship on a grand scale in the court of Ahab. To some extent this was the natural consequence of the depravation of the public worship of JEHOVAH by Jeroboam; which seems under Omri to have taken a more directly idolatrous turn. But still the change from a symbolical worship of the One True God, with the innocent rites of sacrifice and prayer, to the cruel and licentious worship of the Phœnician divinities,

was a prodigious step downwards, and left traces in Northern Palestine which no subsequent reformations were able entirely to obliterate. Two sanctuaries were established; one for each of the great Phœnician deities, at each of the two new capitals of the kingdom. The sanctuary of Ashtaroth, with its accustomed grove, was under Jezebel's special sanction, at the palace of Jezreel. Four hundred priests or prophets ministered to it, and were supported at her table. A still more remarkable sanctuary was dedicated to Baal, on the hill of Samaria. It was of a size sufficient to contain all the worshippers of Baal that the northern kingdom could furnish. Four hundred and fifty prophets frequented it. In the interior was a kind of inner fastness or adytum, in which were seated or raised on pillars, the figures carved in wood of the Phœnician deities as they were seen, in vision, centuries later by Jezebel's fellow-countryman, Hannibal, in the sanctuary of Gades. In the centre was Baal, the Sun-God: around him were the inferior divinities. In front of the temple, stood on a stone pillar the figure of Baal alone.

As far as this point of the history, the effect of the heathen worship was not greater than it had been at Jerusalem. But there soon appeared to be a more energetic spirit at work than had ever come forth from the palace of Solomon or Rehoboam. Now arose the first of a long series of like events in ecclesiastical his-

tory,—the first GREAT PERSECUTION—the first persecution on a large scale, which the Church had witnessed in any shape. The extermination of the Canaanites, however bloody, and unlike the spirit of Christian times, had yet been in the heat of war and victory. Those who remained in the land were unmolested in their religious worship, as they were in their tenure of property and of office. It was reserved for the heathen Jezebel to exemplify the principle of persecution in its most direct form. To her, and not to Moses or Joshua, the bitter intolerance of modern times must look back as its legitimate ancestress.

The first beginnings of the persecution are not recorded. A chasm occurs in the sacred narrative, which must have contained the story, only known to us through subsequent allusions, — how the persecutors passed from hill to hill, destroying the many altars which rose, as in the south, so in the north of Palestine, to the ONE TRUE GOD—how the prophets who had hitherto held their own in peril were hunted down as the chief enemies of the new religion. Now began those hidings in caves and dens of the earth—the numerous caverns of the limestone rocks of Palestine—the precursors of the history of the Catacombs and the Covenanters. A hundred fugitives might have been seen, broken up into two companies, guided by the friendly hand of the chief minister of Ahab's

court—the Sebastian of this Jewish Diocletian—and hid in spacious caverns, probably among the clefts of Carmel.

It might have seemed as if, in the kingdom of Israel,—down to this time a refuge from the idolatrous court of Judah—the last remnant of the true religion were to perish. But the blessing which had been pronounced on the new kingdom was still mightier than its accompanying curse.

It was at this crisis that there appeared the very chief of the prophets. "Alone, alone, alone,"—so thrice over is the word emphatically repeated—the loftiest sternest spirit of the True Faith raised up face to face with the proudest and fiercest spirit of the old Asiatic paganism, against Jezebel rose up Elijah the Tishbite.

He stood alone against Jezebel. He stands alone in many senses among the prophets. Nursed in the bosom of Israel, the prophetical portion, if one may so say, of the chosen people, vindicating the true religion from the nearest danger of overthrow, setting at defiance by invisible power the whole forces of the Israelite kingdom, he reached a height equal to that of Moses and Samuel, in the traditions of his country. He was the prophet, for whose return in later years his countrymen have looked with most eager hope.

He appears to have given the whole order a new

impulse, both in form and spirit, such as it had not had since the death of Samuel. Then they were "companies, bands of Prophets," now they are "sons, children of the Prophets;" and Elijah first, and Elisha afterwards, appeared as the "Father," the "Abbot," the "Father in God" of the whole community. His mission was, however, not to be the revealer of a new truth, but the champion of the old forgotten law. He was not so much a Prophetic teacher as the precursor of Prophetic teachers. As his likeness in the Christian era came to prepare the way for One greater than himself, so Elijah came to prepare the way for the close succession of Prophets who, for the next hundred years, sustained both Israel and Judah by hopes and promises before unknown. As of Luther, so of Elijah, it may be said that he was a Reformer, and not a Theologian. He wrote, he predicted, he taught, almost nothing. He is to be valued not for what he said, but for what he did; not because he created, but because he destroyed.

For this, his especial mission, his life and appearance especially qualified him. Of all the prophets he is the one who is most removed from modern times, from Christian civilization. There is a wildness, an isolation, a roughness about him, contrasting forcibly even with the mild beneficence of his immediate successor Elisha, still more with the bright serenity of Isaiah, and the

plaintive tenderness of Jeremiah, but most of all with the patience and loving kindness of the Gospel. Round his picture in the Churches of Eastern Christians at the present day are placed by a natural association the decapitated heads of their enemies. Abdallah Pasha, the fierce lord of Acre, almost died of terror, from a vision in which he believed himself to have seen Elijah sitting on the top of Carmel. It is the likeness of his stern seclusion which is reproduced in John the Baptist, and which in him is always contrasted with the character of Christ.

The other prophets—Moses, Samuel, Elisha, Isaiah, were constantly before the eyes of their countrymen. But Elijah they saw only by partial and momentary glimpses. He belonged to no special place. The very name of his birth-place is disputed. "There was no nation or kingdom" to which Ahab had not sent to find him—"but behold, they found him not." As soon as he was seen, "the breath of the Lord carried him away, whither they knew not." He was as if constantly in the hand of God. "As the Lord liveth, before whom I stand," was his habitual expression,—a slave constantly waiting to do his master's bidding. For an instant he was seen here and there at spots far apart; sometimes in the ravine of the Cherith in the Jordan valley, sometimes in the forests of Carmel; now on the seashore of Zidon, at Zarephath; now in the wilderness of Horeb, in the

distant south; then far off on his way to the northern Damascus; then on the top of some lonely height on the way to Ekron; then snatched away "on some mountain or some valley" in the desert of Jordan. He was in his lifetime what he is still in the traditions of the Eastern Church, the Prophet of the mountains.

Whatever might be the exact spot of his birth, he was of "the inhabitants of Gilead." He was the greatest representative of the tribes from beyond the Jordan. Their wild and secluded character is his no less. Wandering, as we have seen, over the hills of Palestine, with no rest or fixed habitation—fleet as the wind, when the hand of the Lord was upon him, and he ran before the chariot of Ahab from Carmel to Jezreel—he was like the heroes of his own tribe of Gad, in David's life, who swam the Jordan in flood time, "whose face were as the faces of lions, and whose feet were swift as the roes upon the mountains;" like the Bedouins from the same region at the present day, who run with unwearied feet by the side of the traveller's camel, and whose strange forms are seen for a moment behind rock and tree, in city or field, and then vanish again into their native wilderness. And such as they are, such was he also in his outward appearance. Long shaggy hair flowed over his back; and a large rough mantle of sheepskin, fastened around his loins by a girdle of hide, was his only covering. This

mantle, the special token of his power, at times he would strip off, and roll up like a staff in his hand; at other times wrap his face in it. These characteristics of the Arab life were dignified but not destroyed by his high Prophetic mission; and were clearly brought out in the outstanding events of his career. . . . . .

The story of Elijah, like the story of Athanasius, is full of sudden reverses. The prophets of Baal were destroyed; Ahab was cowed. But the ruling spirit of the hierarchy and of the kingdom remained undaunted: Jezebel was not dismayed. With one of those tremendous vows which mark the history of the Semitic race, both within and without the Jewish pale—the vow of Jephthah, the vow of Saul, the vow of Hannibal,—she sent a messenger to Elijah, saying, "As surely as thou art Elijah, and I am Jezebel, so may God do to me, and more also, if I make not thy life to-morrow, about this time, as the life of one of them."

The Prophet who had confronted Ahab and the national assembly trembled before the implacable Queen. It was the crisis of his life. One only out of vast multitudes remained faithful to him—the Zidonian boy of Zarephath, as Jewish tradition believed, the future Jonah. With this child as his sole companion, he left the borders of Israel, and entered—so far as we know for the first and only time—the frontier of the rival kingdom. But

he halted not there. Only an apocryphal tradition points out the mark of his sleeping form, on a rock halfway between Jerusalem and Bethlehem. He reached the limit of the Holy Land. At Beersheba he left his attendant youth, and thence plunged into the desert. Under a solitary flowering broom of the desert, he lay down to die. "It is enough; now, O Jehovah, take away my life; for *I* am not better than my fathers." It is the desponding cry of many a gallant spirit, in the day of disappointment and desertion. But, once and again, an unknown messenger, or an angelic visitant, gave him sustenance and comfort; and "in the strength of that meat he went forty days and forty nights" across the platform of the Sinaitic desert, till he came "to the mount of God, to Horeb." It is the only time, since the days of Moses, that the course of the Sacred History brings us back to these sacred solitudes. Of pilgrims, if any there were, to those early haunts of Israel, Elijah's name alone has come down to us. In "*the* cave," (so it is called, whether from its being the usual resort, or from the fame of this single visit),—in the cave, well-known then, though uncertain now, Elijah passed the night. There is nothing to confirm, but there is nothing to contradict, the belief that it may have been in that secluded basin, which has been long pointed out as the spot, beneath the summit of what is called the "Mount of Moses." One

tall cypress stands in the centre of the little upland plain. A ruined chapel covers the rock on which the prophet is believed to have rested, on the slope of the hill. A well and tank, ascribed to him, are on the other side of the basin. The granite rocks enclose it on every side, as though it were a natural sanctuary. No scene could be more suitable for the vision which follows. It was, if not the first Prophetic call to Elijah, the first Prophetic manifestation to him of the Divine Will and the Divine Nature. It was a marked crisis, not only in his life, but in the history of the whole Prophetic Dispensation.

He is drawn out by the warning, like that which came to Moses on the same spot, and stands on the mountain side, expecting the signs of the Divine Presence. He listened; and there came the sound of a rushing hurricane, which burst through the mountain wall and rolled down the granite rocks in massive fragments around him. "But Jehovah was not in the wind." He stood firm on his feet, expecting it again; and under his feet the solid mountain shook, with the shock of a mighty earthquake. "But Jehovah was not in the earthquake." He looked out on the hills as they rose before him in the darkness of the night; and they flamed with flashes of fire, as in the days of Moses. "But Jehovah was not in the fire." And then, in the deep stillness of the desert air—unbroken by falling stream, or note of bird, or tramp of beast, or

cry of man—came the whisper, of a voice as of a gentle breath—of a voice so small that it was almost like silence. Then he knew that the moment was come. He drew, as was his wont, his rough mantle over his head; he wrapt his face in its ample folds; he came out from the sheltering rock, and stood beneath the cave to receive the Divine communications.

They blended with the vision: one cannot be understood without the other. They both alike contain the special message to Elijah, and the universal message to the Universal Church. Each is marked and explained by the Divine question and the human answer, twice repeated: "What doest thou here, Elijah: thou, the Prophet of Israel, here in the deserts of Arabia?"—"I have been very jealous for Jehovah, the God of Hosts: because the chidren of Israel have forsaken Thy covenant, thrown down Thine altars, and slain Thy Prophets with the sword; and I, even I only, am left; and they seek my life, to take it away." He thinks that the best boon that he can ask is that his life should be taken away. It is a failure, a mistake: he is not better than his fathers. Such is the complaint of Elijah, which carries with it the complaint of many a devout heart and gifted mind, when the world has turned against them, when their words and deeds have been misinterpreted, when they have struggled in vain against the wickedness,

the folly, the stupidity of mankind. But the answer to them is contained in the blessing on independence. It is the blessing on Athanasius against the world; it is the encouragement to the angel Abdiel — "Amongst the faithless, faithful only he." Resistance to evil, even in the desert solitude, is a new starting-point of life. He has still a task before him: "Go, return on thy way to the wilderness of Damascus." He is to go on through good report and evil; though his own heart fail him, and hundreds fall away. When he comes, he is to anoint Gentile and Hebrew, King and Prophet. His work is not over; it has but just begun. In the three names, Hazael, Jehu, Elisha, is contained the history of the next generation of Israel.

But the vision reaches beyond his own immediate horizon. It discloses to him the true relation of a Prophet to the world and to the Church. The Queen with fire and sword, the splendid temples of Jezreel and Samaria, the whole nation gone astray after her, seemed to be on the one side; and the solitary Prophet, in the solitary wilderness, on the other side. So it seemed; but so it was not. The wind, the earthquake, and the fire might pass over him. But God was not in them. Nor was he in the power and grandeur of the State or Church of Israel. Deep down in the heart of the nation, in the caves of Carmel, unknown to him, unknown to each other, are seven

thousand, who had not, by word or deed, acknowledged the power of Baal. In them God was still present. In them was the first announcement of the doctrine, often repeated by later prophets, of an "Israel within Israel,"—of a remnant of good, which embraced the true hope of the future. It is the profound Evangelical truth, then first beginning to dawn upon the earth, that there is a distinction between the nation and the individual, between the outward divisions of sects or churches, and the inward divisions which run across them; good in the midst of evil, truth in the midst of error, internal invisible agreement amidst external visible dissension.

It is further a revelation to Elijah, not only concerning himself and the world, but concerning God also. He himself had shared in the outward manifestations of Divine favour which appeared to mark the Old Dispensation—the fire on Carmel, the storm from the Mediterranean, the avenging sword on the banks of the Kishon. These signs had failed; and he was now told that in these signs, in the highest sense, God was not; not in these, but in the still small gentle whisper of conscience, and solitude was the surest token that God was near to him. Nay, not in his own mission, grand and gigantic as it was, would after ages so clearly discern the Divine Inspiration, as in the still small voice of justice and truth that breathed through the writings of the later Prophets, for whom he

only prepared the way—Hosea, Amos, Micah, Isaiah, Jeremiah. Not in the vengeance which through Hazael and Jehu was to sweep away the House of Omri, so much as in the discerning Love which was to spare the seven thousand; not in the strong east wind that parted the Red Sea, or the fire that swept the top of Sinai, or the earthquake that shook down the walls of Jericho, would God be brought so near to man, as in the still small voice of the Child at Bethlehem, as in the ministrations of Him whose cry was not heard in the streets, in the awful stillness of the Cross, in the never-failing order of Providence, in the silent insensible influence of the good deeds and good words of God and of man. This is the predictive element of Elijah's Prophecies. The history of the Church had made a vast stride since the days of Moses. Here we see, in an irresistible form, the true unity of the Bible. The Sacred narrative rises above itself to a world hidden as yet from the view of those to whom the vision was revealed, and by whom it was recorded. There is already a Gospel of Elijah. He, the furthest removed of all the Prophets from the Evangelical Spirit and character, has yet enshrined in the heart of his story the most forcible of protests against the hardness of Judaism—the noblest anticipation of the breadth and depth of Christianity.

From this, the culminating point of Elijah's life, we

are called abruptly to the renewal of his personal history and his relations with Ahab.

It is characteristic of the Sacred history that the final doom of the dynasty of Omri should be called forth, not by its idolatry, not by its persecution of the Prophets, but by an act of injustice to an individual, a private citizen.

On the eastern slope of the hill of Jezreel, immediately outside the walls, was a smooth plot of ground, which Ahab, in his desire for the improvement of his favourite residence, wished to turn into a garden. But it belonged to Naboth, a Jezreelite of distinguished birth, who sturdily refused, perhaps with something of a religious scruple, to part with it for any price or equivalent: "Jehovah forbid that I should give to thee the inheritance of my fathers." The rights of an Israelite land-owner were not to be despised. The land had descended to Naboth, possibly, from the first partition of the tribes. Omri, the father of Ahab, had given a great price for the hill of Samaria to its owner Shemer. David would not take the threshing-floor on Moriah, even from the heathen Araunah, without a payment. The refusal brought on a peculiar mood of sadness, described on two occasions in Ahab and in no one else. But in his palace there was one who cared nothing for the scruples which tormented the conscience even of the worst of the Kings of Israel. In

the pride of her conscious superiority to the weakness of her husband, "Jezebel came to him and said, Dost thou now govern the kingdom of Israel? Arise, and eat bread, and let thine heart be merry, *I* will give thee the vineyard of Naboth the Jezreelite." It is the same contrast —true to nature—that we know so well in Ægisthus and Clytemnestra, in Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, where the feebler resolution of the man has been urged to the last crime by the bold and more relentless spirit of the woman. She wrote the warrant in Ahab's name; she gave the hint to the chiefs and nobles of the city. An assembly was called, at the head of which Naboth, by virtue of his high position, was placed. There, against him, as he so stood, the charge of treason was brought according to the forms of the Jewish law. The two or three necessary witnesses were produced, and sate before him. The sentence was pronounced. The whole family were involved in the ruin. Naboth and his sons, in the darkness of the night, were dragged out from the city. According to one account, the capital was the scene; and in the usual place of execution at Samaria, by the side of the great tank or pool (here as at Hebron), Naboth and his sons were stoned; and the blood from their mangled remains ran down into the reservoir, and was licked up on the broad margin of stone by the ravenous dogs which infest an Eastern capital, and by the herds of swine

which were not allowed to enter the Jewish city. "Then they sent to Jezebel saying, Naboth is stoned and is dead." And she repeated to Ahab all that he cared to hear: "Naboth is not alive, but is dead." Then the pang of remorse shot through his heart. "When he heard that Naboth was dead, he rent his clothes and put on sackcloth." But this was for the first moment only. From the capital of Samaria, as it would seem, he rose up, and went down the steep descent which leads to the plain of Jezreel. He went in state, in his royal chariot. Behind him, probably in the same chariot, were two of the great officers of his court: Bidkar, and one whose name afterwards bore a dreadful sound to the house of Ahab—Jehu, the son of Jehoshaphat, the son of Nimshi. And now they neared the city of Jezreel; and now the green terraces appeared, which Ahab at last might call his own, with no obstinate owner to urge against him the claims of law and of property; and there was the fatal vineyard, the vacant plot of ground waiting for its new possessor. There is a solitary figure standing on the deserted ground, as though the dead Naboth had risen from his bloody grave to warn off the King from his unlawful gains. It is Elijah. As in the most pathetic of Grecian dramas, the unjust sentence has no sooner been pronounced on the unfortunate Antigone, than Tiresias rises up to pronounce the curse on the Theban king, so, in this

grander than any Grecian tragedy, the well-known Prophet is there to utter the doom of the House of Ahab. He comes, we know not whence. He has arisen; he has come down at the word of the LORD to meet the King, as once before, in this second crisis of his life. Few and short were the words which fell from these awful lips; and they are variously reported. But they must have fallen like thunderbolts on that royal company. They were never forgotten. Years afterwards, long after Ahab and Elijah had gone to their account, two of that same group found themselves once again on that same spot; and a king, the son of Ahab, lay dead at their feet: and Jehu turned to Bidkar and said, "Remember how that thou and I rode behind Ahab his father, when the Lord laid this burden upon him. Surely yesternight I saw the blood of Naboth and the blood of his sons, saith JEHOVAH, and I will requite thee in this plat, saith JEHOVAH." And not only on that plat, but wherever the house of Ahab should be found, and wherever the blood of Naboth had left its traces, the decree of vengeance was pronounced; the horizon was darkened with the visions of vultures glutting on the carcasses of the dead, and the packs of savage dogs feeding on their remains, or lapping up their blood.—All these threats the youthful soldier heard, unconscious that he was to be their terrible executioner. But it was on Ahab himself that the curse fell

with the heaviest weight. He burst at once into the familiar cry, "Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?" The prophet and the king parted, to meet no more. But the king's last act was an act of penitence: on every anniversary of Naboth's death, he wore the Eastern signs of mourning. And the Prophet's words were words of mercy. It was as if the revelation of "the still small voice," was becoming clearer and clearer. For in the heart of Ahab there was a sense of better things, and that sense is recognised and blessed.

It was three years afterwards that the first part of Elijah's curse, in its modified form, fell on the royal house. The scene is given at length, apparently to bring before us the gradual working-out of the catastrophe. The Syrian war, which forms the background of the whole of the history of Omri's dynasty, furnishes the occasion. To recover the fortress of Ramoth-Gilead is the object of the battle. The kings of Judah and Israel are united for the grand effort. The alliance is confirmed by the marriage of Athaliah, the daughter of Ahab, with Jehoram the son of Jehoshaphat. The names of the two royal families are intermixed for the first time since the separation of the kingdoms. Jehoshaphat comes down in state to Samaria. A grand sacrificial feast for him and his suite is prepared. The two kings, an unprecedented sight, sit side by side, each on his throne, in full pomp,

in the wide open space before the gateway of Samaria. Once again, though in a less striking form, is repeated the conflict between the true and false prophesyings, as at Carmel. Four hundred prophets of Baal, yet evidently professing the worship of Jehovah, and Israelites, not foreigners—all, in one mystic chorus, urged the war. One only exception was heard to the general acclamation; not Elijah, but one who, according to Jewish tradition, had once before foretold the fall of Ahab—Micaiah the son of Imlah. . . . . .

In the battle that follows under the walls of Ramoth-Gilead, everything centres on this foredoomed destruction of Ahab. All his precautions are baffled. Early in the day, an arrow, which later tradition ascribed to the hand of Naaman, pierced the king's breastplate. He felt his death wound; but, with a nobler spirit than had appeared in his life, he would not have it disclosed, lest the army should be discouraged. The tide of battle rose higher and higher till nightfall. The Syrian army retired to the fortress. Then, and not till then, as the sun went down, did the herald of the army proclaim, "Every man to his city, and every man to his country, *for the king is dead.*"

The long expected event had indeed arrived. The king, who had stood erect in the chariot till that moment, sank down dead. His body was carried home to the royal burial-place in Samaria. But the manner of his end left

its traces in a form not to be mistaken. The blood which all through that day had been flowing from his wound, had covered both the armour in which he was dressed and the chariot in which he had stood for so many hours. The chariot (perhaps the armour) was washed in state. But the bystanders remembered that the blood, shed as it had been on the distant battle field, streamed into the same waters which had been polluted by the blood of Naboth and his sons, and was lapped up from the margin by the same dogs and swine, still prowling round the spot; and that when the abandoned outcasts of the city—probably those who had assisted in the profligate rites of the temple of Ashtaroth—came, according to their shameless usage, for their morning bath in the pool, they found it red with the blood of the first apostate King of Israel. So were accomplished the warnings of Elijah and Micaiah. . . . . .

With the fall of Ahab a series of new characters appears on the eventful scene. Elijah still remained for a time, but only to make way for successors. In the meeting of the four hundred Prophets at Samaria, he was not present. In the reign of Ahaziah and of Jehoram, he appears but for a moment. There was a letter, the only written prophecy ascribed to him, and the only link which connected him with the history of Judah, addressed to the young prince who reigned with his father Jehoshaphat

at Jerusalem. There was a sudden apparition of a strange being, on the heights of Carmel, to the messengers whom Ahaziah had sent to consult an oracle in Philistia. They were passing, probably, along the "haunted strand," between the sea and the mountain. They heard the warning voice. They returned to their master. Their description could apply only to one man: it must be the wild Prophet of the desert whom he had heard described by his father and grandfather. Troop after troop was sent to arrest the enemy of the royal house, to seize the lion in his den. On the top of Carmel they saw the solitary form. But he was not to be taken by human force; stroke after stroke of celestial fire was to destroy the armed bands, before he descended from the rocky height, and delivered his message to the dying king. It was to this act, some centuries afterwards, not far from the same spot, that the two ardent youths appealed, and provoked that Divine rebuke which places the whole career of Elijah in his fitting place, as something in its own nature transitory, precursive, preparatory.

Another was now to take his place. The time was come when "the Lord would take Elijah into heaven by a tempest." Those long wanderings were now over. No more was that awful figure to be seen on Carmel, nor that stern voice heard in Jezreel. For the last time he surveyed, from the heights of the western Gilgal, the whole

scene of his former career—the Mediterranean Sea, Carmel, and the distant hills of Gilead—and went the round of the consecrated haunts of Gilgal, Bethel, Jericho. One faithful disciple was with him—the son of Shaphat, whom he had first called on his way from Sinai to Damascus, and who, after the manner of Eastern attendants, stood by him to pour water over his hands in his daily ablutions. With that tenderness which is sometimes blended with the most rugged natures, at each successive halt the older Prophet turned to his youthful companion and entreated him to stay: "Tarry here, I pray thee, for the Lord hath sent me to Bethel . . . . . to Jericho . . . . . to Jordan." But in each case Elisha replied with an asseveration, that expressed his undivided and unshaken trust in his master and his master's God: "As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee." At Bethel, and at Jericho, the students in the schools that had gathered round those sacred spots, came out with the sad presentiment that for the last time they were to see the revered instructor who had given new life to their studies; and they turned to their fellow-disciple: "Knowest thou not that the Lord will take away thy master from thy head to-day?" And to every such remonstrance he replied with emphasis, "Yea, *I* know it; hold ye your peace." No dread of that final parting could deter him from the mournful joy of seeing

with his own eyes the last moments, of hearing with his own ears the last words, of the Prophet of God. "And they two went on." They went on alone. They descended the long weary slopes that lead from Jericho to the Jordan. On the upper terraces, or on the mountain-heights behind the city, stood "afar off," in awe, fifty of the young disciples; "and they two stood by Jordan." They stood by its rushing stream; but they were not to be detained by even this barrier. "The aged Gileadite cannot rest till he again sets foot on his own side of the river." He ungirds the rough mantle from around his shaggy frame,—he "rolled it together," as if into a wonder-working staff; he "smote" the turbid river, as though it were a living enemy: and the "waters divided hither and thither, and they two went over on dry ground." And now they were on that further shore, under the shade of those hills of Pisgah and of Gilead, where, in former times, a Prophet, greater even than Elijah, had been withdrawn from the eyes of his people—whence, in his early youth, Elijah himself had descended in his august career. He knew that his hour was come; he knew that he had at last returned home; that he was to go whither Moses had gone before him; and he turned to Elisha to ask for his last wish. One only gift was in Elisha's mind to ask: "I pray thee, let a double portion—if it be only

two morsels, two thirds—of thy spirit be upon me, the right of thy first-born son."

It was a hard thing that he had asked. But it was granted, on one condition. If he was able to retain to the end the same devoted perseverance, and keep his eye, set and steadfast, on the departing Prophet, the gift would be his. "And as they still went on,"—upwards, it may be, towards the eastern hills, talking as they went —"behold there appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire, and parted them both asunder." This was the severance of the two friends.

Then came a furious storm. "And Elijah went up in the tempest into heaven." In this inextricable interweaving of fact and figure, it is enough to mark how fitly such an act closes such a life. "My father, my father," Elisha cried, "the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof." So Elijah had stood a sure defence to his country against all the chariots and horsemen that were ever pouring in upon them from the surrounding nations. So he now seemed, when he passed away, lost in the flames of the steeds and the car that swept him from the earth, as in the fire of his own unquenchable spirit—in the fire which had thrice blazed around him in his passage through his troubled earthly career. And as in its fiery force and energy, so in its mystery, the end corresponded to the beginning. He had appeared in the history we know not whence,

and now he is gone in like manner. As of Moses, so of Elijah—"no man knoweth his sepulchre; no man knoweth his resting-place until this day." On some lonely peak, or in some deep ravine, the sons of the Prophets vainly hoped to find him, cast away by the Breath of the Lord, as in former times. "And they sought him three days, but found him not." He was gone, no more to be seen by mortal eyes; or, if ever again, only in far distant ages, when his earthly likeness should once again appear in that same sacred region, or when, on the summit of "a high mountain apart, by themselves," three disciples, like Elisha, should be gathered round a Master, whose departure they were soon expecting: "and there appeared unto them Moses and Elijah talking with Him." The Ascension or Assumption of Elijah stands out, alone in the Jewish history, as the highest representation of the end of a great and good career; of death as seen under its noblest aspect—as the completion and crown of the life which had preceded it, as the mysterious shrouding of the departed within the invisible world. By a sudden stroke of storm and whirlwind, or, as we may almost literally say of the martyrs of old, by chariots and horses of fire, the servants of God pass away. We know not where they rest; we may search high and low, in the height of the highest peak of our speculations, or in the depths of the darkest shade-

of the valley of death. Legend upon legend may gather round them, as upon Elijah; but the Sacred Record itself is silent. One only mode or place there is where we may think of them, as of Elijah—in those who come afterwards in their power and spirit, or in that One Presence which still brings us near to them, in the Mount of the Transfiguration, in communion with the Beloved of God.

The close of the career of Elijah is the beginning of the career of Elisha. It had been when he was ploughing, with a vast array of oxen before him, in the rich pastures of the Jordan valley, that Elijah swept past him. Without a word, he had stripped off the rough mantle of his office, and thrown it over the head of the wondering youth. Without a moment's delay he had stalked on, as if he had done nothing. But Elisha had rushed after the prophet, and had obtained the playful permission to return for a farewell to his father and mother, in a solemn sacrificial feast, and had then followed him ever since. He had seen his master to the end. He had uttered a loud scream of grief as he saw him depart. He had rent asunder his own garments, as in mourning for the dead. The mantle that fell from Elijah was now his. From that act and those words has been drawn the figure of speech which has passed into a proverb for the succession of the gifts of gifted men. It is one of the representations by

which, in the Roman catacombs, the early Christians consoled themselves for the loss of their departed friends. With the mantle he descends once more to the Jordan-stream, and wields it in his hand. The waters (so one version of the text represents the scene) for a moment hesitate: "they divided not." He invokes the aid of Him, to whose other holy name he adds the new epithet of "the God of Elijah;" and then the waters, "part hither and thither," and he passes over and is in his own native region. In the western valley of the Jordan, in the gardens and groves of Jericho, now fresh from its recent restoration, he takes up his abode, as "the lord" of his new disciples. They see at once that "the spirit of Elijah rests upon Elisha;" and they bow themselves to the ground before him.

Jewish Church, ii. 282.

JONAH.

THE Prophet Jonah, who was to Jeroboam II. what Ahijah had been to Jeroboam I., and what Elisha had been to Jehu, though slightly mentioned in the history, has been already thrice brought before us in Jewish tradition, and conveys an instruction reaching far beyond his times. The child of the widow of Zarephath, the boy who attended Elijah to the wilderness, the youth who anointed Jehu, was believed to be the same as he whose story is related to us in the book of unknown authorship, of unknown date, of disputed meaning, but of surpassing interest—the Book of Jonah. Putting aside all that is doubtful, it stands out of the history of those wars and conquests with a truthfulness to human nature and a loftiness of religious sentiment that more than vindicate its place in the Sacred Canon. First

look at the vivid touches of the narrative even in detail. We see the Prophet hasting down from the hills of Gálilee to the one Israelite port of Joppa. He sinks into the deep sleep of the wearied traveller as soon as he gets on board after his hurried journey. The storm rises; the Tyrian sailors are all astir with terror and activity. They attack the unknown passenger with their "brief accumulated inquiries." "Why hath this happened to us? What doest thou? Whence art thou? What is thy country? Of what people art thou?" The good seamen, heathens as they are, struggle against the dreadful necessity which Jonah puts before them. They row with a force which seems to dig up the waves under their efforts. But higher and higher, higher and higher, the sea surges against them, like a living creature gaping for its prey. The victim is at last thrown in, and its rage ceases. This is the first deliverance, and it is the Divine blessing on the honest hearts and active hands of "those that go down to the sea in ships, and do their business in great waters."

Then comes the unexpected rescue of the Prophet. He vanishes from view for three long days and nights. One of the huge monsters which are described in the Psalms as always sporting in the strange sea, and which in the early Christian paintings is represented as a vast dragon, receives him into its capacious maw. His own

hymn of thanksgiving succeeds. He seems to be in the depths of the unseen world; the river of the ocean whirls him round in its vast eddies; the masses of sea-weed enwrap him as in graveclothes; the rocky roots of the mountains as they descend into the sea appear above him, as if closing the gates of earth against his return. The mighty fish is but the transitory instrument. That on which the Prophet in his hymn lays stress is not the mode of his escape, but the escape itself.

The third deliverance is that of Nineveh. The great city rises before us, most magnificent of all the capitals of the ancient world—"great even unto God." It included parks, and gardens, and fields, and people and cattle, within its vast circumference. Twenty miles the Prophet penetrates into the city. He had still finished only one-third of his journey through it. His utterance, like that of the wild Preacher in the last days of the siege of Jerusalem by Titus, is one piercing cry, from street to street and square to square. It reaches at last the king on his throne of state. The remorse for the wrong and robbery and violence of many generations is awakened. The dumb animals are included, after the fashion of the East, in the universal mourning, and the Divine decree is revoked.

Of this revocation, and of the lessons of the whole book, the concentrated force is contained in the closing scene.

The Prophet sits in his rude hut outside the Eastern gate, under the shade of the broad leaves of the flowering shrub, the rapid produce of the night. With the scorching blast of the early morning the luxuriant shelter withers away, and in his despairing faintness he receives the revelation of the Divine character, which is to him as that of the Burning Bush to Moses, or of the Vision on Horeb to Elijah, and which sums up the whole of his own history.

He has been shown to us as one of the older Prophetic school, denouncing, rebuking, moving to and fro, without fixed habitation, like Elijah, flying from kingdom to kingdom, as if on the wings of the wind. Here we have embarked, for the first time in the sacred history, on the stormy waters of the Mediterranean, in a ship bound for the distant Tarshish on the coast of Spain. On the other side, we traverse, for the first time, the vast desert, and find ourselves in the heart of the great Assyrian capital. Jonah is the first apostle, though involuntary and unconscious, of the Gentiles. The inspiration of the Gentile world is acknowledged in the prophecy of Balaam, its nobleness in the Book of Job, its greatness in the reign of Solomon. But its distinct claims on the justice and mercy of God are first recognised in the Book of Jonah. It is the cry of the good heathen that causes the sea "to cease from her raging." It is the penitence of the vast population of the heathen Nineveh that

arouses the Divine pity even for the innocent children and the dumb, helpless cattle.

And this lesson is still more forcibly brought out by contrast with the conduct of the Israelite Prophet, in whose timidity and selfishness is seen the same degeneracy that has already marked the descent from Elisha to Gehazi. He, indeed, is delivered, but "so as by fire." In the Prophet's despondency, which swerves aside from the heavy duty imposed upon him, many a coward spirit that shrinks from the call of truth and duty starts to see its true likeness. In the return of the tempest-tossed soul, *de profundis*, to the task which has now become welcome—in the long-sustained effort to which at last he winds himself up, is the same encouragement that was needed even by an apostle—"Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" But most of all is the warning thrust home in the rebuke to the narrow selfishness which could lament over the withering of his own bower, and yet complain that the judgment had not been carried out against the penitent empire of Nineveh. "More than six-score thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left," the Prophet had desired to see sacrificed to his preconceived notions of the necessities of a logical theory, or to the destruction of his country's enemies. "It displeased Jonah exceedingly, and he was very angry. I pray thee,

was not this my saying when I was yet in my country? . . . . . Therefore take, I beseech thee, my life from me; for it is better for me to die than to live." Better (so it has often been said by Jonah's successors) to die, than that unbaptized infants should be saved—than that the reprobate should repent—than that God's threatenings should ever be revoked—than that the solemnity of life should be disturbed by the restoration of the thousands who have had no opportunity of knowing the Divine will—than that God should at last "be all in all." He sate under the shadow of his booth, still hoping, believing for the worst, "till he might see what would become of the city."

In the scorching blast that beat upon the head of Jonah, when he "fainted and wished himself to die," and with a sharp cry repeated, in the pangs of his own destitution, what he had before murmured only as a theological difficulty, the sacred narrative leaves him. In the popular traditions of East and West, Jonah's name alone has survived the lesser Prophets of the Jewish Church. It still lives, not only in many a Mussulman tomb along the coasts and hills of Syria, but in the thoughts and devotions of Christendom. The marvellous escape from the deep, through a single passing allusion in the Gospel history, was made an emblem of the deliverance of Christ himself from the jaws of death and the grave.

The great Christian doctrine of the boundless power of human repentance received its chief illustration from the repentance of the Ninevites at the preaching of Jonah. There is hardly any figure from the Old Testament which the early Christians in the Catacombs so often took as their consolation in persecution as the deliverance of Jonah on the seashore, and his naked form stretched out in the burning sun beneath the sheltering gourd. But these all conspire with the story itself in proclaiming that still wider lesson of which I have spoken. It is the rare protest of theology against the excess of theology—it is the faithful delineation, through all its varied states, of the dark, sinister, selfish side of even great religious teachers. It is the grand Biblical appeal to the common instincts of humanity, and to the universal love of God, against the narrow dogmatism of sectarian polemics. There has never been a "generation" which has not needed the majestic revelation of sternness and charity, each bestowed where most deserved and where least expected in the "sign of the Prophet Jonah."

Jewish Church, ii. 351.

ISAIAH.

ISAIAH stands out at once as the representative of his own age, and yet as a universal teacher of mankind. Whilst the other Prophets of the period in which he lived are known only to the bypaths of theology, in the quaint texts of remote preachers, Isaiah is a household word everywhere. For the first time since Elisha we have a prophet, of whose life and aspect we can be said to have any details. He was statesman as well as Prophet. He lived not in the remote villages of Judah like Micah, or wandering over hill and dale like Elijah and Amos, but in the centre of all political life and activity. His whole thoughts take the colour of Jerusalem. He is the first Prophet specially attached to the capital and the court. He was, according to Jewish tradition, the cousin of Uzziah, his father Amoz being held to be a younger

son of Joash. He wrote Uzziah's life (2 Chron. xxvi. 22); and his first Prophecies, beginning in the close of that reign, illustrate the reign of Jotham, as well as of the three succeeding sovereigns. His individual and domestic life was a kind of impersonation of the Prophetic office. His wife was a Prophetess. According to a practice which seems to have prevailed throughout his career as through that of his contemporary Hosea, he himself and his children all bear Prophetic names: "Behold I and the children whom the Lord hath given me are for a sign and a wonder in Israel from the Lord of Hosts." He had a circle of disciples (Isa. viii. 16), probably of Prophets, in whom his spirit was long continued. The length of his life, the grandeur of his social position, gave a force to what he said, beyond what was possible in the fleeting addresses of the humbler Prophets who had preceded him. There is a royal air in his attitude, in his movements, in the sweep of his vision, which commands attention. He was at once "great and faithful," in his "vision." Nothing escapes him in the events of his time. The older Prophetic writings are worked up by him into his own words. He does not break with the past. He is not ashamed of building on the foundation of those who have gone before him. All that there is of general instruction in Joel, Micah, or Amos, is reproduced in Isaiah. But his style has its own marked peculiarity and

novelty. The fierce impassioned addresses of Joel and Nahum, the abrupt strokes, the contorted turns of Hosea and Amos, give way to something more of a continuous flow, where stanza succeeds to stanza, and canto to canto, with almost a natural sequence. Full of imagery as is his poetry, it still has a simplicity which was at that time so rare as to provoke the satire of the more popular Prophets. They, pushing to excess the nervous rhetoric of their predecessors, could not bear, as they expressed it, to be treated like children. "Whom shall he teach knowledge, and whom shall he make to understand doctrine? Them that are weaned from the milk, and drawn from the breasts!" Those constant recurrences of the general truths of spiritual religion, majestic in their plainness, seemed to them mere common-place repetitions;—"precept upon precept, precept upon precept, line upon line, line upon line, here a little, there a little." It is the universal complaint of the shallow inflated rhetoricians of the professedly religious world against original genius and apostolic simplicity, the complaint of the babblers of Ephesus against St. John, the protest of all scholastic and pedantic systems against the freeness and the breadth of a Greater than John or Isaiah. Such divine utterances have always appeared defective, and unimpassioned, and indefinite, in the ears of those who crave for wilder excitement and more elaborate systems, but have no less

found, for that very reason, a sure response in the child-like genuine, natural soul of every age.

The general objects of Isaiah's mission are best indicated in the account which he himself has left us of his call, or (as we should now describe it) his conversion to the Prophetical office.

"In the year that king Uzziah died," in the last year of that long reign of fifty-two years, as the life of the aged king, now on the verge of seventy, was drawing to its close in the retirement of the house of lepers, the young Isaiah was, or in vision seemed to be, in the court of the Temple. He stood at the gate of the porch, and gazed straight into the Holy Place, and into the Holy of Holies itself. All the intervening obstacles were removed. The great gates of cedar-wood were thrown open, the many-coloured veil that hung before the innermost sanctuary was drawn aside, and deep within was a throne as of a King, high and lifted up, towering as if into the sky. What was the form that sat thereon, here, as elsewhere, the Scripture forbears to describe. Only by outward and inferior images, as to us by secondary causes, could the Divine Essence be expressed. The long drapery of his train filled the Temple, as "His glory fills the earth." Around the throne, as the cherubs on each side of the mercy-seat, as the guards round the king, with head and feet veiled, figures floated like flying serpents, themselves

glowing with the glory of which they were a part, whilst vast wings enfolded their faces and their feet, and supported them in mid-air round the throne. From side to side went up a hymn of praise, which has since been incorporated in the worship of Christendom, and which expressed that He was there who bore the great Name specially appropriated to the period of the Jewish monarchy and to the Prophetical order—"the Lord of Hosts." The sound of their voices rang like thunder to the extremity of the Temple. The pillars of the gate-way trembled, as if in another earthquake-shock, and the whole building within grew dark as with the smoke of a vast sacrifice. It was a sight and sound which the youthful Isaiah recognized at once as the intimation of Divinity. It was the revelation of the Divine Presence to him, as that of the Burning Bush to Moses, or of the Still Small Voice to Elijah, —the inevitable prelude to a Prophetic mission, couched in the form most congenial to his own character and situation. To him, the Royal Prophet of Jerusalem, this manifestation of royal splendour was the almost necessary vesture in which the Spiritual Truth was to be clothed. All his own sins—we know not what they were—and the sins of his nation—as we know them from himself and the contemporary Prophets—passed before him, and he said, "Woe is me, for I am lost, because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell amongst a people of unclean

lips; for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts." . . . . . On these defiled lips, therefore, the purifying touch was laid. From the flaming altar, the flaming seraph brought a flaming coal. This was the creation, so to speak, of that marvellous style which has entranced the world; the burning furnace which warms, as with a central fire, every variety of his addresses. Then came the voice from the sanctuary, saying, "Whom shall I send, who will go for Us?" With unhesitating devotion the youth replied, "Here am I; send me!" In the words that follow is represented the whole of the Prophet's career. First, he is forewarned of the forlorn hopelessness of his mission. The louder and more earnest is his cry, the less will they hear and understand—the more clearly he sets the vision of truth before them, the less will they see: "Make the heart of this people gross, and make their ears heavy, and shut their eyes, lest they see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and understand with their heart, and be converted and healed." These mournful words, well-known to us through their fivefold repetition in the New Testament as the description of the Jewish people in its latest stage of decay, were doubtless true in the highest degree of that wayward generation to which Isaiah was called to speak. His spirit sank within him, and he asked "O Lord, how long?" The reply unfolded at once the darker and the brighter side of the future.

Not till successive invasions had wasted the cities, not till the houses had been left without a human being within them, not till the land had been desolate with desolation, would a better hope dawn; not till the invasions of Pekah and Sennacherib had done their work, not till ten out of the twelve tribes had been removed far away, and there should have been a great forsaking in the midst of the land, would he be relieved from the necessity of delivering his stern, but fruitless warnings, against the idolatry, the dulness, the injustice of his people. But widely-spread and deeply-seated as was the national corruption, there was still a sound portion left, which would live on and flourish. As the aged oak or terebinth of Palestine may be shattered, and cut down to the very roots, and yet out of the withered stump a new shoot may spring forth, and grow into a mighty and vigorous tree, so is the holy seed, the faithful few, of the chosen people. This is the true consolation of all Ecclesiastical history. It is a thought which is but little recognized in its earlier and ruder stages, when the inward and outward are easily confounded together. But it is the very message of life to a more refined and complex age, and it was the key-note to the whole of Isaiah's prophecies. It had, indeed, been dimly indicated to Elijah, in the promise of the few who had not bowed the knee to Baal, and in the still small whisper which was greater than thunder, earth-

quake, and fire. But in Isaiah's time it first, if we may say so, became a living doctrine of the Jewish Church, and through him an inheritance of the Christian Church. "A *remnant*—the remant:" this was his watchword. "The remnant shall return." This was the truth constantly personified before him in the name of his eldest son. A remnant of good in the mass of corruption, a remnant saved from the destructive invasions of Assyria, a burst of spring-time in the Reformation of Hezekiah; and, far away in the distant future, a rod out of the stem, the worn-out stem of Jesse—a branch, a genuine branch, out of the withered root of David; "and the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose; it shall blossom abundantly, even with joy and singing, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

Such was the hope and trust which sustained the Prophet through his sixty years of toil and conflict. In the weakness of Ahaz, in the calamities of Hezekiah, under the tyranny of Manasseh, Isaiah remained firm and steadfast to the end. Wider and wider his views opened, as the nearer prospects of his country grew darker and darker. First of the Prophets, he and those who followed him seized with unreserved confidence the mighty thought, that not in the chosen people, so much as in the nations outside of it, was to be found the ultimate well-

being of man, the surest favour of God. Truly might the Apostle say that Isaiah was "very bold" — "bold beyond" all that had gone before him—in enlarging the boundaries of the Church; bold with that boldness, and large with that largeness of view, which so far from weakening the hold on things divine, strengthens it to a degree unknown in less comprehensive minds. For to him also, with a distinctness which makes all other anticipations look pale in comparison, a distinctness which grew with his advancing years, was revealed the coming of a Son of David, who should restore the royal house of Judah and gather the nations under its sceptre. If some of these predictions belong to that phase of the Israelite hope of an earthly empire, which was doomed to disappointment and reversal, yet the larger part point to a glory which has been more than realised. Lineament after lineament of that Divine Ruler was gradually drawn by Isaiah or his scholars, until at last a Figure stands forth, so marvellously combined of power and gentleness and suffering, as to present in the united proportions of his descriptions the moral features of an historical Person, such as has been, by universal confession, known once, and once only, in the subsequent annals of the world.

The task laid upon the Prophet was difficult, the times were dark. But his reward has been that, in spite of the opposition, the contempt, and the ridicule of his contem-

poraries, he has in after ages been regarded as the messenger, not of sad but of glad tidings, the Evangelical Prophet, the Prophet of the Gospel, in accordance with the meaning of his own name, which he himself regarded as charged with Prophetic significance—"the Divine Salvation."

No other Prophet is so frequently cited in the New Testament, for none other so nearly comes up to the spirit of Christ and the Apostles. No other single teacher of the Jewish Church has so worked his way into the heart of Christendom. When Augustine asked Ambrose which of the sacred books was best to be studied after his conversion, the answer was "Isaiah." The greatest musical composition of modern times, embodying more than any single confession of faith the sentiments of the whole Christian Church, is based in far the larger part on the Prophecies of Isaiah. The wild tribes of New Zealand seized his magnificent strains as if belonging to their own national songs, and chanted them from hill to hill, with all the delight of a newly discovered treasure. And, as in his age, so in our own, he must be pre-eminently regarded as "the bard rapt into future times!" None other of ancient days so fully shared with the modern philosopher, or reformer, or pastor, the sorrowful yet exalted privilege of standing, as we say, "in advance of his age," "before his time." Through his prophetic gaze we may

look forward across a dark and stormy present to the onward destiny of our race, which must also be the hope of each aspiring soul—"When the eyes of them that see shall not be dim,—when the ears of them that hear shall hearken—when the vile person shall no more be called liberal, nor the churl said to be bountiful—when the liberal shall devise liberal things, and by liberal things shall he stand,—when Ephraim shall not envy Judah, and Judah shall not vex Ephraim,—when thine eyes shall behold the King in his beauty, and see the land that is very far off."

Jewish Church, ii. 447.

ST. PETER.

AMONGST the mountains of Galilee, amidst the recollections of those heroic tribes who had once "jeopardied their lives unto the death" against the host of Jabin—under the very shadow of those ancient hills which had once echoed the triumphant strains of Deborah and of Barak, was nursed that burning zeal, that unbroken patriotism, which made the name of Galilean so formidable even to the legions of the Empire. There, far removed from the mingled despotism and corruption of the schools and courts of Jerusalem, out of the country from which the chief priests and scribes were proudly convinced that no prophet could arise, we might fairly look for the freer and purer development of those older yearnings after the future, of that undying trust in the invisible, which had once characterised the Jewish race

— for an ardent hope of the promised deliverance, yet not hardened into formalism by the traditions of the Pharisee —for a soaring aspiration after divinity not yet chained to earth by the unbelief of the Sadducees.

Such were all the Galilean apostles—such especially was Simon surnamed the Rock. No priest of the house of Levi, no warrior of the host of Judah, ever burnt with more fervent zeal in behalf of God's chosen people; no prophet ever waited in more rapt expectation for the hope of the coming Deliverer, as it dawned upon him through the earthly images which bounded his immediate view in Babylon, or Edom, or Jerusalem, than did the fisherman of Galilee as he hung upon the words and looks of that unknown Teacher who appeared on the shores of his native lake. Gradually, dimly, doubtfully, the vision rose within his mind; sometimes an awful consciousness of some Divine Presence, which, like Gideon or Manoah, he "prayed to depart from him;" sometimes of an earthly empire, in which they who had "left all and followed Him," should reign as satraps of the King of Zion; sometimes of the blaze of glory which rested on the ancient tabernacle, as when he woke upon the holy mount, and spake "not knowing what he said." But, amidst all these dark and wavering images, his face was set in the right direction; and therefore, in that memorable scene of which every detail of place and circumstance is described

to us with unusual precision, when at Cæsarea Philippi, far withdrawn from the gaze of the multitude beneath the snowy heights of Hermon, the question was solemnly put—"But whom say ye that I am?"—the heavenly truth flashed upon him, and his whole being expressed himself in the words which did indeed contain the meeting point between the two dispensations: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God;" the anointed Messiah, whom prophets and kings had desired to see; the Son of Him who once again, as at the burning bush, had come with ever-living power to visit and redeem His people. Well might the solemn blessing which follows announce to us, as with a trumpet's voice, that this was at once the crisis of Peter's life and of the Christian faith. "Thou hast told Me what I am, and I will tell thee what thou art." In that confession were wrapt up the truths which were to be the light of the future ages of Christendom; on him who had uttered it devolved at once the awful privilege of passing from the Jew into the Christian; from the Prophet to the Apostle; from Simon the son of Jonah, into Peter the Rock.

Gradually too, and doubtfully, and with many a wild and wayward impulse, did the enthusiasm of Peter kindle not merely into admiration for the Divine Teacher, but love for the Divine Friend. That central fire which was the life of the whole career of every one of the Apostles, so far as

they were Apostles at all, in him existed, not more deeply and truly, it may be, but more visibly, as the one absorbing element into which his natural enthusiasm resolved itself. Amidst all the impetuous sallies of zeal—amidst all the weaknesses consequent on his presumption and vehemence—whether when he drew the sword in the garden, or gave way to the panic of the moment in the house of Caiaphas, this was still the sustaining, purifying, restoring principle:—"He needed not save to wash his feet, and was clean every whit."

Whatever else might be the feelings with which he looked upon our Lord—with whatever grounds the early Church may have traced to his hand the representation of the Prophet and Lawgiver, which is preserved to us in the Gospel of St. Matthew, it may have been a true feeling which ascribed to his more personal and direct teaching that second Gospel which, though in substance the same, is yet so remarkably contrasted with it in the minuteness and liveliness with which it records the outward actions, the look and manner, the very Syriac words which fell from Him who there appears not merely as the Fulfiller of the ancient covenant, but in the closer and more personal relation of the human Protector and Friend—a Friend not only in boundless power and goodness, but in all human sympathy and tenderness. "He loved St. John exceedingly," says

Chrysostom, "but it was by Peter that He was exceedingly beloved."

And now let us carry our thoughts a few years forwards and place ourselves in that early period of the Christian Church, of which our only historical record is to be found in the twelve first chapters of the Acts. It is indeed a scene only known to us dimly and partially; the chronology, the details of life, the characters and fortunes of the several Apostles, are wrapt in almost impenetrable darkness. One colossal figure however emerges from the gloom, now more than ever the representative of his brethren, though from twelve they have grown to many thousands; though from the little flock of the first Apostles they have grown into a vast society striking its roots far and wide wherever the Jewish race extends. Can we doubt that this was the time when those promises to Peter recurred to the minds of the disciples with all the force of prophecies which had received their full accomplishment? Can we doubt that when they saw him stand forth in the front of the whole body of the believers, in their first days of bereavement, for the election of a new Apostle, in their first hour of exultation on the day of Pentecost, in the first brunt of persecution from the Jewish Sanhedrin, Peter was to them indeed the Rock and Shepherd of the Church? Can we doubt that when they witnessed the thousands upon thousands of

his converts, they felt that it was the rolling back of the everlasting doors by him who had the keys of the kingdom of heaven? that when the magic arts of Simon quailed before him, when the four quaternions of Herod's soldiers were unable to detain him in the guarded fortress, they felt that the embattled powers of evil were driven back before that power against which the gates of hell should not prevail? Can we doubt that when they saw the crowds rushing into the city and laying their sick along the streets if so be that the shadow of Peter passing by might overshadow some of them,—the awful judgment upon falsehood in the death of Ananias,—the Divine sanction of beneficence in the resurrection of Dorcas,—they felt that what Peter had bound on earth was indeed bound in heaven, that what Peter had loosed on earth was indeed loosed in heaven? But as before, so now, there was yet a higher mission to discharge than to stand at the head of his brethren. He had been the first to recognise the manifestation of the Son, he was now to be the first to receive the manifestation of the Spirit. It is true that as before he had been the fervent Galilean, so now he was the Apostle of the *Circumcision*. Still in those appeals which swayed the hearts of thousands in the streets of Jerusalem, he takes his stand on David's tomb—he welcomes the newest and latest of God's dispensations in the language of the oldest of the prophets. Still he and his

brother Apostles are to be found entering the Beautiful Gate of the temple to join in its stated services; still at the close of day they may be seen lingering on its eastern height in that ancient cloister which bore the name of Solomon. The worship of the temple and the synagogue still went side by side with the prayers, and the breaking of bread from house to house; the Jewish family life was the highest expression of Christian unity, whether in the household of the great Apostle himself, when Abraham and Sarah were still the types of Christian marriage; or in that sacred circle of the brethren of our Lord, in whom with their wives and children the apostolic Age may have loved to trace the continued sanction of those domestic relations by which they were bound to our Lord himself. The fulfilment of the ancient law was the aspect of Christianity to which the attention of the Church was most directed, whether as set forth in the divine code of Christian duty contained in the earliest and most purely Jewish of the Gospels, that according to St. Matthew, or in the earliest and most purely Jewish of the Epistles, the Epistle of James the Just, now beginning to take his place in the Divine Economy as the type of all that strictly belonged to the primitive, original Israelite Christian.

But was Christianity to be no more than a perfected Judaism? Was Peter to be no more than the

founder of the Jerusalem Church? Was this to be the final end of those lofty aspirations of the ancient Prophets; the adequate fulfilment of those parting words of his ascended Lord? Was the existing framework of the Christian society, which, however widely ramified, was still confined to that Hebrew race, and those Hebrew institutions that bore on their very front the marks of approaching dissolution—was this the Church against which the gates of death were never to prevail? Were all those generations of the ancient world who had lived before the law—all those countless hundreds of Gentile proselytes who even now were knocking for admittance at the gates of life—were all these, with all the heathen nations at their rear, to be for ever excluded from the kingdom of heaven? Such were the questionings which must have arisen in the mind of the great Apostle, when on the roof at Jaffa, overlooking the waves of the western sea—the sea of Greece and Rome—the sea of the isles of the Gentiles—he knelt in trance and prayer waiting for the answer to his thoughts. No, it could not be; no, although he himself shall pass away before a new Apostle, greater even than himself; though the first shall be last and the last first; though he has borne the scorching blast of the rising sun, and the other has been called but at the eleventh hour—though all this take place, it must not be. What God hath cleansed, that Peter must not

call common or unclean; already the messengers of the Roman centurion are in the court below; once more he is to wield the keys of life and death—once more to loose the Christian Church for ever from that yoke which neither he nor his fathers had been able to bear—once more, wider far than ever mortal hand had up to that moment dared, to throw open the gates of heaven, even to the whole human race; and then his work, his own especial work, as the first Apostle and the founder of the Church, was ended. . . . . .

Without Peter, humanly speaking, the infant Church must have perished in its cradle; he it was who under God's blessing caught the truth which was to be the polar star of its future history—who guided it safely through the dangers of its first existence; who then, when the time came for launching it into a wider ocean, preserved it no less by his retirement from the helm which was destined for another hand. He was the Rock, not the builder of the Christian society—the Guardian of its gates, not the master of its innermost recesses—the Founder, not the propagator, nor the finisher—the Moses of its Exodus, not the David of its triumph, nor the Daniel of its latter days.

And with him by the very force of the terms, the purely personal and historical part of our Lord's promise of necessity came to an end. Never again can Jewish zeal and Jewish forms so come into contact with the first

beginnings of Christian faith—never again can mortal man find himself so standing on the junction of two dispensations—the Church once founded can have no second rock—the gates once opened can never again be closed—the sins which were then condemned, the virtues which were then blessed, the liberty which was then allowed, the license which was then forbidden, whether by word or deed, of the first Apostle, were once for all bound or loosed in the courts of heaven, never again to be unbound or bound by any earthly power whatever.

But there is a sense and that of great practical importance, in which the example of Peter like that of the other Apostles lives and will live always. We know the feeling of suspicion, of contempt, of compassion with which the world regards those labourers in a good cause, who whether in praise or blame are called *enthusiasts*. We know how often this feeling is provoked or even deserved by the imperfections, the narrowness, the one-sided views with which such characters are often marked, and how strong is the temptation to regard them, if not as absolutely mischievous, at least as useless or despicable. It is as a warning against such a feeling as this that the blessing on Peter becomes the expression of a universal law of the Providence of God. Most signally indeed was it shown in the character of the first Apostle, that it was by no intellectual greatness or strength of mind

that Christianity was first communicated to man. Most remarkable is the proof afforded of the Divine origin of our faith, when we contemplate the fact that he, who was undoubtedly its first human founder, cannot by the wildest license of conjecture be imagined capable of conceiving or inventing it. Grant that Peter was the chief of the first Apostles—and it follows almost of necessity that the Apostles were, as they professed to be, the disciples of no less than the Son of God. What is true however of Christianity in its first rise, is true also in a measure of all its subsequent exemplifications. Look at the history of any great movement for good in the world, and ask who took the first critical step in advance, whom it was that the wavering and undecided crowd chose to rally round as their leader and their champion? and will not the answer always be as it was in the apostolical age—not the man of wide and comprehensive thought, nor of deep and fervent love, but the characters of simple unhesitating zeal which act instead of reflecting, which venture instead of calculating, which cannot or will not see the difficulties with which the first struggle of an untried reformation is of necessity accompanied. They may be doomed, like Peter, to retire before the advancing tread of a new Apostle; but it is not till their task is finished; they may perish, but their cause survives; they have been the pioneers in the great work which they

themselves but faintly and partially understood. And of such, whether in nations or individuals, the well-known comment of Origen, echoed as it is with more or less distinctness by so many illustrious voices from Tertullian down to Leo, is no exaggeration of the truth—"He who has Peter's faith is the Church's rock; he who has Peter's virtues has Peter's keys."

Sermons on the Apostolic Age, p. 84.

ST. PAUL.

IN examining what the character of St. Paul was, it is not necessary to go back to the times before his conversion. It was this which was his birthday into the world's history. He might no doubt have been the head of the Pharisaic faction in the last expiring struggles of his nation; he might have rallied round him the nobler spirits of his countrymen, and by his courage and prudence have caused Jerusalem to hold out a few months or years more against the army of Titus. Still at best he would have been a Maccabæus or a Gamaliel, and what a difference to the whole subsequent fortunes of the world between a Maccabæus and a Paul, between the Jewish Rabbi and the Apostle of the Gentiles! It was not till the scales fell off from his eyes after the three-days' stupor, till the consciousness of his great mission awakened all

his dormant energies, that we really see what he was. That Divine Providence (which, as he himself tells us, Gal. i. 15, had "already separated him from his mother's womb") had no doubt overruled the circumstances of his earlier education for the great end to which he was afterwards called; in him, as in similar cases, the natural faculties were by his conversion "not unclothed but clothed upon:" the glory of Divine grace was shewn here as always not by repressing and weakening the human character, but by bringing it out for the first time in its full vigour. He was still a Jew; the zeal of his ancestral tribe which had caused him "to raven as a wolf in the morning" of his life, still glowed in his veins when he "returned in the evening to divide the spoil" of the mightier enemy whom he had defeated and bound; and in the unwearied energy and self-devotion, no less than the peculiar intensity of national feeling, which mark his whole life and writings, we discern the qualities which the Jewish people alone of all the nations then existing on the earth could have furnished. But there were other elements which his conversion developed into life besides the mere enthusiasm of the Jew shared equally with him by St. Peter. I would not lay stress on the Grecian culture which he might have received in the schools of Tarsus, or the philosophical tone which we know to have characterised the lectures of Gamaliel, though doubtless these

had their share in the formation of his subsequent character. But whatever had been in former ages that remarkable union of qualities which had from the earliest times constituted the chosen people into a link between the East and the West, that was now in the highest degree exemplified in the character of Paul. Never before or since have the Jew and Gentile so completely met in one single person by an absolute though unconscious fusion of the two together; not founding a new system, but breathing a new spirit into that which already existed, and which only needed some such Divine impulse to call it into that fulness of life which had been stunted only, not destroyed. He knew nothing, it may be, of those philosophers and historians with whom we are so familiar, nor can we expect to find in him the peculiar graces of Athenian genius; yet it is in the dialectical skill of Aristotle, the impassioned appeals of Demosthenes, the complicated sentences of Thucydides, far more than in the language of Moses or Solomon or Isaiah, that the form and structure of his arguments finds its natural parallel. He had never studied, it may be, or, if he had, would hardly have discerned those finer feelings of humanity of which the germs existed in Greece and Rome, but how remarkably are they exemplified in his own character! What is that probing of the innermost recesses of the human heart and conscience,—so unlike the theocratic visions

of the older prophets,—but the apostolical reflexion of the practical, individual, psychological spirit of the western philosophies. What is that inimitable union of self-respect with respect and deference to others which distinguishes his more personal addresses to his converts, but the anticipation of that refined and polished courtesy which has been ever esteemed the peculiar product of European civilisation? What is that capacity for throwing himself into the position and feeling of others,—that becoming "all things to all men," which his enemies called worldly prudence,—that intense sympathy in the strength of which, as has been truly said, he "had a thousand friends, and loved each as his own soul, and seemed to live a thousand lives in them, and died a thousand deaths when he must quit them," which "suffered when the weaker brother suffered," which would not allow him to eat meat "whilst the world standeth lest he make his brother to offend"—what was all this but the effect of God's blessing on that boundless versatility of nature which had formed the especial mark of the Grecian mind for good and evil in all ages? What was it but the significant maxim of the Roman poet, "Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto," transfigured for the first time in the heavenly radiance of truth and holiness?

It will not be supposed that in this brief view of the outward aspect of St. Paul's character I have attempted

to give a complete analysis of it. I have purposely confined myself to those natural and moral gifts which, as they were practically called into existence by and for the work which he was to perform, can only through and in that work be fully understood. There is perhaps no feature of the apostolical age which is more difficult for us to comprehend than the immense importance attached by St. Paul to so obvious a truth as the admission of the Gentiles into the Christian Church, still more the furious opposition by which its first announcement was met. Yet so it was. Other questions occupied the attention of the first dawn and of the final close of the apostolic age, but the one question above all others which absorbed its mid-day prime,—which is the key to almost all the Epistles, which is the one subject of almost the whole history of the Acts,—was not the foundation, not the completion of the Christian Church, but its universal diffusion; the destruction, not of Paganism, not of Gnosticism, but of Judaism. He therefore who stood at this juncture as the champion of this new truth at once drew the whole attention of the Christian world to himself—every other Apostle recedes from our view—east and west, north and south, from Jerusalem to Rome, from Macedonia to Melita, we hear of nothing, we see nothing but St. Paul and his opponents.

It is only by bearing this steadily in mind that we

can rightly conceive the nature of the conflict. He was not like a missionary of later times whose great work is accomplished if he can add to the number of his converts; he was this, but he was much more than this: it was not the actual conversions themselves, but the principle which every conversion involved; not the actual disciples whom he gained, but he himself who dared to make them disciples, that constitutes the enduring interest of that life-long struggle. It was not merely that he reclaimed from Paganism the Grecian cities of Asia Minor, but that at every step which he took westward from Palestine he tore up the prejudices of ages. It was not merely that he cast out the false spirit from the damsel at Philippi, but that when he set his foot on the further shores of the Ægean sea, religion for the first time ceased to be Asiatic and became European. It was not merely that at Athens he converted Dionysius and Damaris, but that there was seen a Jew standing in the court of the Areopagus, and appealing to an Athenian audience, as children of the same Father, as worshippers, though unconsciously, of the same God. It was not that at Rome he made some impression more or less permanent on the slaves of the imperial palace, but that a descendant of Abraham recognized in the dense masses of that corrupt metropolis a field for his exertions as sacred as in the courts of the Temple of Jerusalem. It was not the

Roman Governor or the Ephesian mob, but the vast body of Judaizing Christians which was his real enemy; not the worshippers of Jupiter and Diana, but those who made their boast of Moses and claimed to be disciples of Cephas. The conflict with Paganism was indeed the occasion of those few invaluable models of missionary preaching which are preserved to us in his speeches; but it is the conflict with Judaism which forms the one continuous subject of that far more elaborate and enduring record of his teaching which is preserved to us in his Epistles. At every step of his progress he is dogged by his implacable adversaries, and at every step, as he turns to resist them, he flings back those words of entreaty, of rebuke, of warning, which have become the treasures of the Christian Church for ever. They deny his authority, they impugn his motives, they raise the watchword of the law and of circumcision, and the result is to be found in the early Epistles to Corinth, to Galatia, and to Rome. They harass him in his imprisonment at Rome, they blend their Jewish notions with the wilder theories of Oriental philosophy, and there rises before him in the Epistles to Ephesus, Colossæ, and Philippi, the majestic vision of the spiritual Temple which is to grow out of the ruins of the old, of that Divine head of the whole race of man, before whom all temporary and transient rites, all lower forms of worship and philosophy fade away, in

whom in the fulness of times all things were gathered together in one. They rise once more in the Asiatic Churches; all Asia is turned away from him; his own companions have forsaken him; he stands almost alone, under the shadow of impending death. But it is the last effort of a defeated and desperate cause. The victory is already gained, and in the three Epistles to Titus and Timotheus we may consent to recognise the last accents of the aged Apostle, now conscious that his contest is over; some forebodings indeed we catch in them of that dark storm which was about to sweep within the next few years over the Christian and Jewish world alike; but their general tone is one of calm respose—the mid-day heat is past away—the shades of evening are beginning to slope,—the gleam of a brighter sky is seen beyond, —and with the assured conviction that the object of his life was fully accomplished, he might well utter the words, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

Sermons on the Apostolic Age, p. 165.

ST. JOHN.

THE life of St. John, at first sight, seems shrouded in an atmosphere of religious awe which we cannot penetrate; in him the earthly seems so completely absorbed into the heavenly—the character, the thoughts, the language of the disciple so lost in that of the Master—that we tremble to draw aside the veil from that Divine friendship; we fear to mix any human motives with a life which seems so especially the work of the Spirit of God. . . . . .

It was not by fluctuating and irregular impulses like Peter, nor yet by a sudden and abrupt conversion like Paul, that John received his education for the Apostleship; there was no sphere of outward activity as in Peter, no vehement struggle as in Paul; in action, while Peter speaks, moves, directs, he follows, silent and

retired. It would almost seem as if in St. John the still contemplation, the intuitive insight into heavenly things, which form the basis of his character, had been deepened and solemnised by something of that more eastern and primitive feeling to which the records of the Jewish nation lead us back; something of that more simple, universal, child-like spirit, which brooded over the cradle of the human race; which entitled the Mesopotamian Patriarch, rather than the Hebrew Lawgiver or the Jewish king, to be called "the friend of God;" which fitted the prophet of the Chaldæan captivity, rather than the native seers of Samaria or Jerusalem to be the "man greatly beloved."

The whole sum of John's character must of necessity be contained in the one single fact that he was "the disciple whom Jesus loved." Once understand that from whatever causes no obstacle intervened between him and that one Divine object which from the earliest dawn of youth to the last years of extreme old age was ever impressing itself deeper and deeper into his inmost soul, and his whole work on earth is at once accounted for. Whatever we can conceive of devoted tenderness, of deep affection, of intense admiration for goodness, we must conceive of him who even in the palace of the high priest, and at the foot of the cross, was the inseparable companion of his Lord; whatever we can conceive of

a gentleness and holiness ever increasing in depth and purity, that we must conceive of the heart and mind which produced the Gospel and Epistles of St. John.

One phase, however, of his character there was, which might at first sight seem inconsistent with what has just been said, but which nevertheless was the aspect of it most familiar to the minds of the earliest Church. It was not as John the Beloved Disciple, but as John the Son of Thunder—not as the Apostle who leaned on his Master's breast at supper, but as the Apostle who called down fire from heaven, who forbade the man to cast out devils, who claimed with his brother the highest places in the kingdom of heaven,—that he was known to the readers of the three first Gospels. But in fact it is in accordance with what has been said, that in such a character the more outward and superficial traits should have attracted attention before the complete perfection of that more inward and silent growth which was alone essential to it; and, alien in some respects as the bursts of fiery passion may be from the usual tenor of St. John's later character, they fully agree with the severity, almost unparalleled in the New Testament, which marks the well-known anathema in his Second Epistle, and the story, which there seems no reason to doubt, of Cerinthus and the bath. It is not surprising that the deep stillness of such a character as this should, like the

oriental sky, break out from time to time into tempests of impassioned vehemence; still less that the character which was to excel all others in its devoted love of good should give indications—in its earlier stages even in excess—of that intense hatred of evil, without which love of good can hardly be said to exist.

It was not till the removal of the first and the second Apostle from the scene of their earthly labours that there burst upon the whole civilised world that awful train of calamities, which breaking as it did on Italy, on Asia Minor, and on Palestine, almost simultaneously, though under the most different forms, was regarded alike by Roman, Christian, and Jew, as the manifestation of the visible judgment of God. It was now, if we may trust the testimony alike of internal and external proof, in the interval between the death of Nero and the fall of Jerusalem, when the roll of apostolical epistles seemed to have been finally closed, when every other inspired tongue had been hushed in the grave, that there rose from the lonely rock of Patmos, that solemn voice which mingled with the storm that raged around it, as the dirge of an expiring world; that under the "red and lowering sky," which had at last made itself understood to the sense of the dullest, there rose that awful vision of coming destiny, which has received the expressive name of the Revelation of St. John the Divine. . . . . .

As it is Love that pervades our whole conception of the teaching of St. John, so also it pervades our whole conception of his character. We see him—it surely is no unwarranted fancy—we see him declining with the declining century; every sense and faculty waxing feebler, but that one divinest faculty of all burning more and more brightly; we see it breathing through every look and gesture; the one animating principle of the atmosphere in which he lives and moves; earth and heaven, the past, the present, and the future, alike echoing to him that dying strain of his latest words, "We love Him because He loved us." And when at last he disappears from our view in the last pages of the Sacred Volume. ecclesiastical tradition still lingers in the close: and in that touching story, not the less impressive because so familiar to us, we see the aged apostle borne in the arms of his disciples into the Ephesian assembly, and there repeating over and over again the same saying, "Little children, love one another;" till, when asked why he said this and nothing else, he replied in those well-known words, fit indeed to be the farewell speech of the Beloved Disciple, "Because this is our Lord's command, and if you fulfil this, nothing else is needed."

Such was the life of St. John; the sunset, as I venture to call it, of the apostolic age: not amidst the storms which lowered around the Apocalyptic Seer, but

the exact image of those milder lights and shades which we know so well even in our own native mountains, every object far and near brought out in its due proportions, the harsher features now softly veiled in the descending shadows, and the distant heights lit up with a far more than morning or mid-day glory in the expiring glow of the evening heavens.

Sermons on the Apostolic Age, p. 245.

MEMORABLE SCRIPTURE EVENTS.

THE PASSOVER.

THERE are some days of which the traces left on the mind of a nation are so deep that the events themselves seem to live on long after they have been numbered with the past. Such was the night of the month Nisan in the eighteenth century before the Christian era. "It is a night to be much observed unto the Lord, for bringing them out of the land of Egypt; this is that night of the Lord to be observed of the children of Israel in their generations." Dimly we see and hear, in the darkness and the confusion of that night, the stroke which at last broke the heart of the king and made him let Israel go. "At midnight the Lord smote all the first-born in the land of Egypt, from the first-born of Pharaoh that sate on his throne, to the first-born of the captive that was in the dungeon; and all the first-born of cattle. And Pharaoh

rose up in the night, he, and all his servants, and all the Egyptians; and there was a great cry in Egypt,"—the loud, frantic, funeral wail, characteristic of the whole nation,—"for there was not a house where there was not one dead." In the Egyptian accounts this destruction was described as effected by an incursion of the Arabs. The Jewish Psalmist ascribes it to the sudden visitation of the plague. "He spared not their soul from death, but gave their life over unto the pestilence." Egyptian and Israelite each regarded it as a Divine judgment on the worship, no less than the power, of Egypt. "The Egyptians buried their first-born whom the Lord had smitten; upon their gods also did the Lord execute judgment."

But whilst of the more detailed effect of that night on Egypt we know nothing, for its effects on Israel it might almost be said that we need not go back to any written narrative. It still moves and breathes amongst us.

Amongst the various festivals of the Jewish Church, one only (till the institution of those which commemorated the much later deliverances from Haman and from Antiochus Epiphanes) was distinctly historical. In the feast of the Pesach, Pascha, or Passover, the scene of the flight of the Israelites, its darkness, its hurry, its confusion, was acted year by year, as in a living drama. In part it is still so acted throughout the Jewish race; in all its essential features (some of which have died out every-

where else) it is enacted, in the most lively form, by the solitary remnant of that race which, under the name of Samaritan, celebrates the whole Paschal sacrifice, year by year, on the summit of Mount Gerizim. Each householder assembled his family around him; the feast was within the house; there was no time or place for priest or sacred edifice,—even after the establishment of the sanctuary at Jerusalem, this vestige of the primitive or the irregular celebration of that night continued, and not in the Temple courts, but in the upper chamber of the private houses, was the room prepared where the Passover was to be eaten. The animal slain and eaten on the occasion was itself a memorial of the pastoral state of the people. The shepherds of Goshen, with their flocks and herds, whatever else they could furnish for a hasty meal, would at least have a lamb or a kid,—"a male of the first year from the sheep or from the goats." As the sun set behind the African desert, they were to strike its blood on the door-posts of the house as a sign of their deliverance. At Gerizim, amidst the wild recitation of the narrative of the original ordinance, the chiefs of the Samaritan community rush forward, and, as the blood flows from the throat of the slaughtered sheep, they dip their fingers in the stream; and each man, woman, and child, even to the child in arms, was, till recently, marked on the forehead with the red stain. On the cruciform wooden spit

—this we know from Justin Martyr was the practice in ancient times—the lamb is left to be roasted whole, after the manner of Eastern feasts.

Night falls; the stars come out; the bright morn is in the sky; the household gathers round, and then takes place the hasty meal, of which every part is marked by the almost frantic haste of the first celebration, when Pharaoh's messengers were expected every instant to break in with the command, "Get you forth from among my people; Go! Begone!" The guests of each household at the moment of the meal rose from their sitting and recumbent posture, and stood round the table on their feet. Their feet, usually bare within the house, were shod as if for a journey. Each member of the household, even the women, had staffs in their hands, as if for an immediate departure; the long Eastern garments of the men were girt up, for the same reason, round their loins. The roasted lamb was torn to pieces, each snatching and grasping in his eager fingers the morsel which he might not else have time to eat. Not a fragment is left for the morning, which will find them gone and far away. The cakes of bread which they broke and ate were tasteless from the want of leaven, which there had been no leisure to prepare; and, as on that fatal midnight they "took their dough before it was leavened, their kneading troughs being bound up in their clothes

on their shoulders," so the recollection of this characteristic incident was stamped into the national memory by the prohibition of every kind of leaven or ferment for seven whole days during the celebration of the feast—the feast, as it was from this cause named, of unleavened bread. And, finally, in the subsequent union of later and earlier usages, the thanksgiving for their deliverance was always present. The reminiscence of their bondage was kept up by the mess of bitter herbs, which gave a relish to the supper. That bitter cup again was sweetened by the festive character which ran through the whole transaction and gave it in later generations what in its first institution it could hardly have had,—its full social and ecclesiastical aspect. The wine-cups were blessed amid the chants of the long-sustained hymn from the 113th to the 118th Psalm, of which the thrilling parts must always have been those which sing how "Israel came out of Egypt;" how "not unto them, not unto them, but unto Jehovah's name was the praise to be given for ever and ever."

So lived on for centuries the tradition of the Deliverance from Egypt; and so it lives on still, chiefly in the Hebrew race, but, in part, in the Christian Church also. Alone of all the Jewish festivals, the passover has outlasted the Jewish polity, has overleaped the boundary between the Jewish and Christian communities. With the other festivals of the Israelites we have no concern: even

the name of the weekly festival of the Sabbath only continues amongst us by a kind of recognised solecism, and its day has been studiously changed. But the name of the Paschal feast in the largest proportion of Christendom is still, unaltered, the name of the greatest Christian holiday. The Paschal Lamb, in deed or in word, is become to us symbolical of the most sacred of all events. The Easter full moon, which has so long regulated the calendars of the Christian world, is, one may say, the lineal successor of the bright moonlight which shed its rays over the palm-groves of Egypt on the fifteenth night of the month Nisan; Jew and Christian, at that season, both celebrate what is to a certain extent a common festival: even the most sacred ordinance of the Christian religion is, in its outward form, a relic of the Paschal supper, accompanied by hymn and thanksgiving, in the upper chamber of a Jewish household. The nature of the bread which is administered in one large section of the Christian Church bears witness, by its round unleavened wafers, to its Jewish origin and to the disorder of the hour, when it was first eaten. And as, in the course of history, ecclesiastical as well as civil, events the most remote and the most trivial constantly ramify into strange and unlooked-for consequences,—the attempt of the Latin Church to perpetuate, and of the Eastern Church to cast off, this historical connexion with the peculiar

usage of the ancient people from which they both sprang, became one of the chief causes or pretexts of their final rupture from each other.

It is difficult to conceive the migration of a whole nation under such circumstances. But those who have seen the start of the great caravans of pilgrims in the East, may form some notion of the silence and order with which even very large masses break up from their encampments, and, as in this instance, usually in the darkness and the cool of the night, set out on their journey, the torches flaring before them, the train of camels and asses spreading far and wide through the broad level desert. . . . . .

South-eastward they went—not by the short and direct road to Palestine, but by the same circuitous route, through the wilderness of the Red Sea, which their ancestors had followed in bearing away the body of Jacob, as now they were bearing off, with different thoughts and aims, the coffin which contained the embalmed remains of Joseph. . . . . .

The Israelites were encamped on the western shore of the Red Sea, when suddenly a cry of alarm ran through the vast multitude. Over the ridges of the desert hills were seen the well-known horses, the terrible chariots of the Egyptian host: "Pharaoh pursued after the children of Israel, and they were sore afraid."

"They were sore afraid;" and in that terror and perplexity the sun went down behind the huge mountain range which rose on their rear, and cut off their return to Egypt; and the dark night fell over the waters of the sea which rolled before them, and cut off their advance into the desert. So closed in upon them that evening; where were they when the morning broke over the hills of Arabia? where were they, and where were their enemies?

They stood in safety on the further shore; and the chariots, and the horsemen, and the host of Pharaoh had vanished in the waters. Let us calmly consider, so far as our knowledge will allow us, the extent of such a deliverance effected at a moment so critical.

First, we must observe what may be called the whole change of the situation. They had passed in that night from Africa to Asia; they had crossed one of the great boundaries which divide the quarters of the world; a thought always thrilling, how much more when we reflect on what a transition it involved to them. Behind the African hills, which rose beyond the Red Sea, lay the strange land of their exile and bondage—the land of Egypt with its mighty river, its immense buildings, its monster-worship, its grinding tyranny, its overgrown civilization. This they had left to revisit no more: the Red Sea flowed between them; "the Egyptians whom they saw yesterday they will now see no more again for

ever." And before them stretched the level plains of the Arabian desert, the desert where their fathers and their kindred had wandered in former times, where their great leader had fed the flocks of Jethro, through which they must advance onwards till they reach the Land of Promise. Further, this change of local situation was at once a change of moral condition. From slaves they had become free; from an oppressed tribe they had become an independent nation. It is their deliverance from slavery. It is the earliest recorded instance of a great national emancipation. In later times Religion has been so often and so exclusively associated with ideas of order, of obedience, of submission to authority, that it is well to be occasionally reminded that it has had other aspects also. This, the first epoch of our religious history, is, in its original historical significance, the sanctification, the glorification of national independence and freedom. Whatever else was to succeed to it, this was the first stage of the progress of the Chosen People. And when in the Christian Scriptures and in the Christian Church we find the passage of the Red Sea taken as the likeness of the moral deliverance from sin and death,—when we read in the Apocalypse of the vision of those who stand victorious on the shores of "the glassy sea mingled with fire, having the harps of God and singing the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb"—these are

so many sacred testimonies to the importance, to the sanctity of freedom, to the wrong and the misery of injustice, oppression, and tyranny. The word "Redemption," which has now a sense far holier and higher, first entered into the circle of religious ideas at the time when God "*redeemed* His people from the house of bondage."

But it was not only the fact, but the mode of their deliverance which made this event so remarkable in itself, in its applications, and in its lasting consequences. We must place it before us, if possible, not as we conceive it from pictures and from our own imaginations, but as in the words of the Sacred narrative, illustrated by the Psalmist, and by the commentary of Josephus and Philo. The Passage, as thus described, was effected not in the calmness and clearness of daylight, but in the depth of midnight, amidst the roar of the hurricane which caused the sea to go back—amidst a darkness lit up only by the broad glare of the lightning, as "the Lord looked out" from the thick darkness of the cloud. "The waters saw Thee, O God, the waters saw Thee, and were afraid; the depths also were troubled. The clouds poured out water; the air thundered; Thine arrows went abroad; the voice of Thy thunder was heard round about; the lightnings shone upon the ground; the earth was moved and shook withal." We know not, they knew not, by what precise means the deliverance was wrought; we know not

by what precise track through the gulf the passage was effected. We know not, and we need not know; the obscurity, the mystery, here, as elsewhere, was part of the lesson. "God's way was in the sea, and His paths in the great waters, and His *footsteps were not known*." All that we see distinctly is, that through this dark and terrible night, with the enemy pressing close behind, and the driving sea on either side, He "led His people like sheep by the hand of Moses and Aaron."

Long afterwards was the recollection preserved in all their religious imagery. Living as they did apart from all maritime pursuits, yet their poetry, their devotion, abounds with expressions which can be traced back only to this beginning of their national history. They had been literally "baptized unto Moses in the cloud and in the sea." And as, in the case of the early Christians, the plunge in the baptismal bath was never forgotten, so even in the dry inland valleys of Palestine, danger and deliverance was always expressed by the visions of sea and storm. "All thy waves and storms are gone over me." "The springs of water were seen, and the foundations of the round world were discovered at Thy chiding, O Lord, at the blasting of the breath of Thy displeasure. . . . . He drew me out of many waters." Their whole national existence was a thanksgiving, a votive tablet, for their deliverance in and from and through the Red Sea.

But another and a still more abiding impression was that this deliverance—the first and greatest in their history—was effected, not by their own power, but by the power of God. There are moments in the life both of men and of nations, both of the world and of the Church, when vast blessings are gained, vast dangers averted, through our own exertions—by the sword of the conqueror, by the genius of the statesman, by the holiness of the saint. Such, in Jewish history, was the conquest of Palestine by Joshua, the deliverances wrought by Gideon, by Samson, and by David. Such, in Christian history, were the revolutions effected by Clovis, by Charlemagne, by Alfred, by Bernard, and by Luther. But there are moments of still higher interest, of still more solemn feeling, when deliverance is brought about not by any human energy, but by causes beyond our own control. Such, in Christian history, are the raising of the siege of Leyden, and the overthrow of the Armada; and such, above all, was the passage of the Red Sea.

Whatever were the means employed by the Almighty—whatever the path which He made for Himself in the great waters, it was to Him, and not to themselves, that the Israelites were compelled to look as the source of their escape. "*Stand still*, and see the salvation of Jehovah," was their only duty. "Jehovah had triumphed gloriously" was their only song of victory. It was a

victory into which no feeling of pride or self-exaltation could enter. It was a fit opening of a history and of a character which was to be specially distinguished from that of other races by its constant and direct dependence on the Supreme Judge and Ruler of the world. Greece and Rome could look back with triumph to the glorious days when they had repulsed their invaders, and risen on their tyrants, or driven out their kings. But the birthday of Israel—the birthday of the religion, of the liberty, of the nation, of Israel—was the Passage of the Red Sea;—the likeness in this, as in many other respects, of the yet greater events in the beginnings of the Christian Church, of which it has been long considered the anticipation and the emblem. It was the commemoration, not of what man has wrought for God, but of what God has wrought for man. No baser thoughts, no disturbing influences, could mar the overwhelming sense of thankfulness with which, as if after a hard-won battle, the nation found its voice in the first Hebrew melody, in the first burst of national poetry, which still lives on, through Handel's music, to keep before the mind of all Western Christendom the day "when Israel came out of Egypt, and the house of Jacob from a strange land."

Jewish Church, i. 120.

THE BATTLE OF JEZREEL.

THE Midianite encampment was on the northern side of the valley, between Gilboa and Little Hermon. The Israelite encampment was on the slope of Mount Gilboa, by the spring of Jezreel, called from the incident of this time, "the Spring of trembling." There had been the usual war-cry—"What man is there that is fearful and faint-hearted? Let him go and return unto his house, lest his brethren's heart faint as well as his heart." It was modified on this occasion by its adaptation either to the peculiar war-cry of Manasseh, or to the actual scene of the encampment—"Whosoever is afraid, let him return from Mount Gilead," or (according to another reading) "from Mount Gilboa." This had removed the cowards from the army. The next step was to remove the rash. At the brink of the spring,

those who rushed headlong down to quench their thirst, throwing themselves on the ground, or plunging their mouths into the water, were rejected; those who took up the water in their hands and lapped it with self-restraint, were chosen.

Gideon, thus left alone with his three hundred men, now needed an augury for himself. This was granted to him. It was night, when he and his armour-bearer descended from their secure position above the spring to the vast army below. They reached the outskirts of the tents amidst the deep silence which had fallen over the encampment, where the thousands of Arabs lay wrapt in sleep or resting from their plunder, with their innumerable camels moored in peaceful repose around them. One of the sleepers, startled from his slumber, was telling his dream to his fellow. A thin round cake of barley bread, of the most homely bread, from those rich corn-fields, those numerous threshing-places, those deep ovens sunk in the ground, which they had been plundering, came rolling into the camp, till it reached the royal tent in the centre, which fell headlong before it, and was turned over and over, till it lay flat upon the ground. Like the shadow of Richard, which, centuries later, was believed to make the Arab horses start at the sight of a bush, one name only seemed to occur as the interpretation of this sign: "The sword of Gideon, the

son of Joash." The Awful Listener heard the good omen, bowed himself to the ground in thankful acknowledgment of it, and disappeared up the mountain-side. The sleepers and the dreamers slept on to be waked up by the blast of the pastoral horns, and at the same moment the crashing of the three hundred pitchers, and the blaze of the three hundred torches, and the shout of Israel, always terrible, which broke through the stillness of the midnight air from three opposite quarters at once. In a moment the camp was rushing hither and thither in dark confusion with the dissonant "cries" peculiar to the Arab race. Every one drew his sword against every other, and the host fled headlong down the descent to the Jordan to the spots known as the house of the Acacia, and the margin of the Meadow of the Dance.

Their effort was to cross the river at the fords of Beth-barah. It was immediately under the mountains of Ephraim, and to the Ephraimites accordingly messengers were sent to interrupt the passage. The great tribe, roused at last, was not slow to move. By the time they reached the river, the two greater chiefs had already crossed, and the encounter took place with the two lesser chiefs, Oreb and Zeeb. They were caught and slain: one at a winepress, known afterwards as the winepress of Zeeb, or the Wolf; the other on a rock, which from him took the name of the rock of Oreb, or the Raven; round

which, or upon which, the chief carnage had taken place, —so that the whole battle was called in after times, "the slaughter of Midian at the rock of Oreb." The Ephraimites passed the Jordan, and overtook Gideon and presented to him the severed heads. Their remonstrance at not having before been called to take part in the struggle, is as characteristic of the growing pride of Ephraim, as his answer is of the forbearance and calmness which places him at the summit of the heroes of this age. The gleaning of Ephraim in the bloody heads of those chieftains, he told them, was better than the full vintage of slaughter, in the unknown multitudes by the little family of Abiezer.

He, meantime, was in full chase of his enemies. "Faint, yet pursuing," is the expressive description of the union of exhaustion and energy which has given the words a place in the religious feelings of mankind. Succoth and Penuel, the two scenes of Jacob's early life, on the track of his entrance from the East, as of the Midianites' return towards it, were Gideon's two halting-places —the little settlement in the Jordan-valley, now grown into a flourishing town, with its eighty-seven chiefs,—the lofty watch-tower overlooking the country far and wide. At Karkor, far in the desert, beyond the usual range of the nomadic tribes, he fell upon the Arabian host. They had fled with a confusion which could only be compared

to clouds of chaff and weeds flying before the blast of a furious hurricane, or the rapid spread of a conflagration where the flames leap from tree to tree and from hill to hill in the dry forests of the mountains; and in the midst of this were taken the two leaders of the horde, Zeba and Zalmunna. Then came the triumphant return, and the vengeance on the two cities for their inhospitalities. The tower of the Divine Vision was razed, the chiefs of Succoth were beaten to death with the thorny branches of the neighbouring acacia groves. The two kings of Midian, in all the state of royal Arabs, were brought before the conqueror on their richly caparisoned dromedaries. They replied with all the spirit of Arab chiefs to Gideon, who for a moment almost gives way to his gentler feelings at the sight of such fallen grandeur. But the remembrance of his brother's blood on Mount Tabor steels his heart, and when his boy, Jether, shrinks from the task of slaughter, he takes their lives with his own hand, and gathers up the vast spoils, the gorgeous dresses and ornaments, with which they and their camels were loaded.

How signal the deliverance was, appears from its many memorials: the name of Gideon's altar, of the spring of Harod, of the rock of Oreb, of the winepress of Zeeb; whilst the Prophets and Psalmist allude again and again to details not mentioned in the history—"The rod of

the oppressor broken as in the day of Midian"—the wild panic of "the confused noise and garments rolled in blood"—the streams of blood that flowed round "the rock of Oreb"—the insulting speeches, and the desperate rout, as before fire and tempest, of the four chiefs whose names passed even into a curse—"Make thou their nobles like Oreb and Zeeb, yea, all their princes like Zeba and Zalmunna."

But the most immediate proof of the importance of this victory was that it occasioned the first direct attempt to establish the kingly office, and render it perpetual in the house of Gideon. "Rule thou over us, both thou and thy son, and thy son's son: for thou hast delivered us from the hand of Midian." Gideon declines the office. But he reigns, notwithstanding, in all but regal state. His vast military mantle receives the spoils of the whole army. He combines, like David, the sacerdotal and the regal power. An image, clothed with a sacred ephod, is made of the Midianite spoils, and his house at Ophrah becomes a sanctuary, and he apparently is known even to the Phœnicians as a priest. He adopts, like David, the unhappy accompaniment of royalty, polygamy, with its unhappy consequences. It is evident that we have reached the climax of the period. We feel "all the goodness" of Gideon. There is a sweetness and nobleness, blended with his courage, such as lifts us

into a higher region; something of the past greatness of Joshua, something of the future grace of David. But he was, as we should say, before his age. The attempt to establish a more settled form of government ended in disaster and crime. He himself remains as a character apart, faintly understood by others, imperfectly fulfilling his own ideas, staggering under a burden to which he was not equal. In his union of superstition and true religion, in his mysterious loneliness of situation, he recalls to us one of the greatest characters of heathen history, with the additional interest of the high sacred element. "His mind rose above the state of things and men;" so we may apply to him what was said of Scipio Africanus—"his spirit was solitary and kingly; he was cramped by living amongst those as his equals, whom he felt fitted to guide as from a higher sphere, and he retired to his native" Ophrah to "breathe freely, since he could not fulfil his natural calling to be a hero-king."

Jewish Church, i., p. 344.

PLAGUES OF UZZIAH'S REIGN.

IN the prosperity of the reign of Uzziah there were some dark spots, of which the Historical Books report hardly anything, but of which the writings of the contemporary Prophets are full, and which led the way to the rapid decline of the next period. There was the tremendous, ever memorable visitation of locusts. It came, like all such visitations, in the season of unusual drought, a drought which passed over the country like flames of fire. The locusts came from the north. The brightness of the Eastern sky was suddenly darkened as if by thick clouds on the mountain tops. They moved like a gigantic army; "they all seemed to be impelled by one mind, as if acting under one word of command; they flew as if on horses and chariots from hill to hill; never breaking their ranks, they climbed over

the walls of cities, into the windows of houses. The purple vine, the green fig-tree, the grey olive, the scarlet pomegranate, the golden corn, the waving palm, the fragrant citron, vanished before them, and the trunks and branches were left bare and white by their devouring teeth. What had been but a few moments before like the garden of Eden was turned into a desolate wilderness (Joel i. 12, 18). The herds of cattle and flocks of sheep so dear to the shepherds of Judah, the husbandmen so dear to King Uzziah were reduced to starvation. The flour and oil for the "meat offerings" failed; even the Temple lost its accustomed sacrifices. It was a calamity so great that it seemed as though none could be greater. It "had not been in their days, nor in the days of their fathers;" "there had never been the like, neither would there be any more after it, even to the years of many generations."

It must have been in the kingdom of Judah what the drought of Ahab's reign had been in the kingdom of Israel. It was a day of Divine judgment, a day of darkness and of gloominess, a day of clouds and thick darkness. The harsh blast of the consecrated ram's horn called an assembly for an extraordinary fast (Joel ii. 1). Not a soul was to be absent. Like the fiery cross, it convened old and young, men and women, mothers with infants at their breast, the bridegroom and the bride on

their bridal day. All were there stretched in front of the altar. The altar itself presented the dreariest of all sights, a hearth without its sacred fire, a table spread without its sacred feast. The Priestly caste, instead of gathering as usual upon its steps and its platform, were driven, as it were, to the further space; they turned their backs to the dead altar, and lay prostrate gazing towards the Invisible Presence within the sanctuary. Instead of the hymns and music which, since the time of David, had entered into their prayers, there was nothing heard but the passionate sobs, and the loud dissonant howls such as only an Eastern hierarchy could utter. Instead of the mass of white mantles, which they usually presented, they were wrapt in black goat's hair sackcloth, twisted round them not with the brilliant sashes of the priestly attire, but with a rough girdle of the same texture which they never unbound night or day (Joel i. 13). What they wore of their common dress was rent asunder or cast off. With bare breasts they waved their black drapery towards the temple, and shrieked aloud, "Spare thy people, O Lord!"

There was yet another calamity which left a deeper impression on the contemporary writers and on later tradition—"The Earthquake," as it was emphatically called (Amos i. 1). The whole Prophetic imagery of the time is coloured by the anticipations or recollections of

this memorable event. Mountains and valleys are cleft asunder, and melt as in a furnace (Micah i. 4); the earth heaving like the rising waters of the Nile; the sea bursting over the land; the ground shaking and sliding, as, with a succession of shocks, its solid framework reels to and fro like a drunkard. The day is overclouded by thick darkness, without a glimmering of light. There is the roar as of a lion from the caverns of Jerusalem. There is an overthrow like that which overthrew the cities of the plain (Zech. xiv. 5, 6).

It was on some high national solemnity that Uzziah —elated, according to the Chronicler, by his successes, but certainly in conformity with the precedents of David and Solomon—entered the Temple, clothed, according to Josephus, in priestly attire, with the intention of offering incense on the golden altar within the sacred building. Whether it was that, in the changes that had elapsed since the reign of Solomon, the custom had dropped, or whether Uzziah entered upon it in a haughty and irritating spirit, or whether the priestly order, since their accession of power through the influence of Jehoiada, claimed more than their predecessors had claimed in former times, it is said that the High Priest Azariah, with eighty colleagues, positively forbade the King's entrance, on the ground that this was a privilege peculiar to the Priestly office (2 Chron. xxvi. 16). At this

moment, according to Josephus, the shock of the earthquake broke upon the city. Its more distant effects were visible long afterwards. A huge mass of the mountain on the south-east of Jerusalem rolled down to the spring of Enrogel, and blocked up the approaches of the valley of the Kedron and the royal gardens. Its immediate effect, if rightly reported, was still more striking. As has happened in like calamities, even in Jerusalem itself, the solid building of the Temple rocked, its roof opened, the darkness of its inner recess was suddenly lighted up by the full blaze of the sun; and as the King looked up towards it, a leprous disfigurement mounted into his face, and rendered necessary that exclusion, which on the ground of his royal descent, had been doubtful. He retired at once from the Temple—never again to enter it—and for the remainder of his life, as one of the accursed race, remained secluded within the public infirmary. His grave was apart from the public vaults, in the adjacent field.

Jewish Church, ii., p. 436.

INVASION OF SENNACHERIB.

A NEW king was on the throne of Nineveh, whose name is the first that can be clearly identified in the Hebrew, Assyrian, and Grecian annals—Sennacherib. His grandeur is attested not merely by the details of the cuneiform inscriptions, but by the splendour of the palace, which, with its magnificent entrances and chambers, occupies a quarter of Nineveh, and by the allusions to his conquests in all the fragments of ancient history that contain any memorial of those times. With a pride of style peculiar to himself, he claims the titles of "the great, the powerful king, the King of the Assyrians, of the nations, of the four regions, the diligent ruler, the favourite of the great gods, the observer of sworn faith, the guardian of law, the establisher of monuments, the noble hero, the strong warrior, the first of kings, the punisher of unbelievers, the destroyer of wicked men."

Such was the King who for many years filled the horizon of the Jewish world. He entered from the north. His chariots were seen winding through the difficult passes of Lebanon. He climbed to the lofty "heights," to the highest caravanserai of those venerable mountains. He passed along the banks of the streams which he drained by his armies, or over which he threw bridges for them to cross. It was his boast that he had penetrated even to the very sanctuary of Lebanon, where, on its extreme border, was the mysterious "park" or "garden" of the sacred cedars. He was renowned far and wide as their great destroyer. Inscriptions in his Assyrian palace record with pride that the wood with which it was adorned came from Lebanon. He was himself regarded as the Cedar of cedars (Isa. x. 34). They shrieked aloud,—so it seemed to the ear of the wakeful Prophets of the time,—as they felt the fire at their roots, and saw the fall of their comrades. They raised a shout of joy when the tidings reached them that he was fallen. He descended by the romantic gorge of the river of the Wolf. His figure is still to be seen there carved on the rock, side by side with the memorials of the two greatest empires of the world before and after him—the Egyptian Rameses who had preceded him by a thousand years, and the Emperor Antoninus who by a thousand years succeeded him. From Arvad or Sidon he must have embarked for Cilicia, with a view

to occupy the Phœnician island of Cyprus; and there took place the first encounter between the Greeks and the Asiatics.

The main object of Sennacherib was not Palestine, but Egypt, the only rival worthy of his arms. To have dried up the canals of the Nile was the climax of his ambition. It was as the outposts of Egypt that the fortresses of southern Palestine stood in the way of his great designs. Already Sargon, his predecessor, had sent his general against the strong Philistine city of Ashdod, then governed by an independent king. Sennacherib now followed his father's example. His immediate object was Lachish, as Sargon's had been Ashdod. But it would have been useless to occupy any Philistine city whilst the strong fortress of Jerusalem remained in the rear.

It is this which brings him and his army within the view of the Sacred History. All intervening obstacles, north, and east, and west, had been swept away. Monarchies had perished, of ancient renown, but whose names alone have survived this devastation; the king of Hamath, and the king of Arphad, the king of the city of Sepharvaim, Hena, and Ivah. Calno had become as Carchemish, and Hamath as Arphad; there was not one of them left to tell their story. Damascus was a heap of ruins. The fortress of Ephraim had ceased. Tyre had been attacked, and greatly weakened. The desolations of Moab

had roused once more the Prophetic dirge. The wild Arabs of Dumah asked fearfully of the night of the future. The caravans of the Dedanites fled from the sword and bow of the conqueror. The glory of Kedar failed before him. Even in western nations Sennacherib was known as King of the Arabs. Philistia, which had for a moment rejoiced in her rival's danger, shrieked in terror as she saw the column of smoke advancing from the north, and sought for help from her ancient foe.

Each stage of the march of the army into Judæa was foreseen. He was first expected at Aiath. (That this march of Sennacherib was not actual but ideal appears from the account of his approach by Lachish.) There was the renowned defile of Michmash—the Rubicon, as it seemed, of the sacred territory—the precipitous pass, on the edge of which he would pause for a moment with his vast array of military baggage. They would pass over and spend their first night at Geba. The next morning would dawn upon a terror-stricken neighbourhood. Each one of those Benjamite fortresses, on the top of its crested hill, or down in its deep ravine, seems ready to leave its rooted base and fly away,— Ramah, Gibeah, Michmash, Geba—and the cries of Gallim and Laish are reverberated by Anathoth, the village of echoes. It is a short march to Jerusalem, and the evening will find him at Nob, the old sanctuary on the northern corner of Olivet, within

sight of the Holy City. "He shall shake his hand against the mount of the daughter of Zion, the hill of Jerusalem."

It was as if the great rivers of Mesopotamia—the sea-like rivers, as they seemed to the Israelites—had burst their bounds, and were sweeping away nation after nation in their irresistible advance. From a distance the sound of their approach had been as the roaring of wild beasts, as the roaring of the sea. "The multitudes of many people, a rushing of nations, like the rushing of mighty waters." And now these waves upon waves had passed over into Judah, and overflowed "and gone over," and seemed to "have filled the sacred land," to be dashing against the very rock of Zion itself. Out of these mighty waters the little kingdom alone stood uncovered. Nothing else was in sight. The fenced cities of Judah were taken—Zion alone remained. The desolation was as if the country had been held up like a bowl, and its inhabitants shaken out of it. It was even regarded as the first act of the captivity of Judah.

Up to this point Hezekiah had been firm in maintaining the independence of his country. But now even he gave way. The show of resistance which he had assumed on the death of Sargon he could sustain no longer. He paid the tribute required. The gold with which he had covered the cedar gates and the brazen pillars of the Temple, he

stripped off to propitiate the invader. Peace was concluded. Both at Nineveh and Jerusalem we are able to read the effects. At Nineveh, if we may trust the inscriptions, Sennacherib spoke as follows :—"And because Hezekiah, king of Judah, would not submit to my yoke, I came up against him, and by force of arms, and by the might of my power, I took forty-six of his strong fenced cities, and of smaller towns which were scattered about, I took and plundered a countless number. And from those places I captured and carried off as spoil, 200,150 people, old and young, male and female together, with horses and mares, asses and camels, oxen and sheep, a countless multitude. And Hezekiah himself I shut up in Jerusalem, his capital city, like a bird in a cage, building towers round the city to hem him in, and raising banks of earth against the gates to prevent his escape. . . . . Then upon this Hezekiah there fell the fear of the power of my arms, and he sent out to me the chiefs and the elders of Jerusalem, with thirty talents of gold, and eight hundred talents of silver, and divers treasures, and rich and immense booty. . . . . All these things were brought to me at Nineveh, the seat of my government, Hezekiah having sent them by way of tribute, and as a token of his submission to my power."

In Jerusalem there was a strange reaction of policy. The invading army passed in long defile under the walls of

the city. It was composed chiefly of two auxiliary forces—one, the Syrians of Damascus, distinguished as of old by their shields; the other—a name here first mentioned in the Sacred History—Elam or Persia, with the archers for which it was famous throughout the ancient world. The chariots and horses, in which both Syria and Assyria excelled, filled the ravines underneath the walls. The horsemen rode up to the gates. Their scarlet dresses and scarlet shields blazed in the sun (Isa. ix. 5.) The veil of the city was, as it were, torn away. The glorious front of Solomon's cedar palace, and the rents in the walls of Zion, were seen by the foreigners.

But instead of regarding this as a day of humiliation, "a day of trouble, and treading down, and perplexity," (Isa. xxii. 5,) the whole city was astir with joy at this deliverance through their unworthy submission. The people crowded to the flat tops of the houses, in idle curiosity, to see the troops pass by: instead of "weeping and mourning, and cutting off the hair, and sackcloth," there was joy and gladness, slaying of oxen and killing of sheep, eating flesh and drinking wine. Whatever evil might be in store, they were satisfied to live for a day. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." Isaiah was there, and looked on with unutterable grief. "Look away from me, I will weep bitterly. Labour not to comfort me." In the midst of the revelry, an awful voice

sounded in his ears, that this was an iniquity which could never be forgiven on this side of the grave. . . . . .

As soon as the immediate danger was removed, Hezekiah took courage, and again raised the standard of independence. An embassy had arrived from the powerful Egyptian king Tirhakah, in his distant land of Ethiopia, with promises of assistance. The Philistines who occupied the frontier between Judah and Egypt, had been subdued by Hezekiah, apparently with a view to this very alliance. On the hope of gaining the chariots and horses, which constituted the main forces of Egypt, the king and people buoyed themselves up. All across the perilous desert gifts were sent on troops of asses and camels to propitiate the great ally.

But it was an alliance fraught with danger to the Jewish commonwealth. The policy of the Egyptian kings would have been to use the war-like little state as an outpost to sustain the first shock of the enemy before he entered the Delta. Their "strength was to sit still" and sacrifice their weaker neighbour. The tall reed of the Nile-bulrush would only pierce the hand of him who leaned on it. Isaiah began the course of protests against the alliance, which was taken up by all the subsequent prophets. Hezekiah responded to the call. By a sustained effort—which gave him a peculiar renown as a second founder or restorer of the city of David—he

stopped the two springs of Siloam, and diverted the waters of the Kedron, which, unlike its present dry state, and unusually even for that time, had been flooding its banks; and in this way the besiegers, as he hoped, would be cut off from all water on the barren hills around. He also fortified the walls, and rebuilt the towers, which had probably not been repaired on the north-side, since the assault of Joash king of Israel, and completed the armoury and outworks of the castle or fortress of Millo. He assembled the people in the great square or open place before the city gate, and there, with his officers, nobles, and guards, addressed the people, in a spirit which, combined with his active preparations, reminds us of the like combination in the well-known speech of Cromwell. "And the people rested on the words of Hezekiah king of Judah." Well might any nation repose on one to whom even now the world may turn, as a signal example of what is meant by Faith, as distinct from Fanaticism.

The intelligence of these preparations reached Sennacherib as he was encamped before Lachish, seated in state, as we see him in the monuments, on his sculptured throne, his bow and arrows in his hand, his chariots and horses of regal pomp behind him; the prisoners bending before him, half-clothed and bare-foot, from the captured city. From this proud position he sent a large detachment to Jerusalem, headed by the "Tartan," or "General"

of the host. They took up their position on the north of the city, on a spot long afterwards known as "the camp of the Assyrians." The general, accompanied by two high personages, known like himself through their official titles, "the Head of the Cupbearers," and "Head of the Eunuchs," approached the walls, and came to the same spot where, many years before, Isaiah had met Ahaz. Hezekiah feared to appear. In his place came Eliakim, now chief minister, Shebna now in the office of secretary, and Joah the royal historian. The Chief Cupbearer was the spokesman. He spoke in Hebrew. The Jewish chiefs entreated him to speak in his own Aramaic. But his purpose was directly to address the spectators, as they sate on the houses along the city wall, and his speech breathes the spirit which pervades all the representations of Assyrian power. That grave majestic physiognomy, that secure reliance on the protecting genius under whose wings the king stands on his throne or in his chariot, finds its exact counterpart in the lofty irony, the inflexible sternness, the calm appeal to a superhuman wisdom and grandeur, the confidence, as in a Divine Mission to sweep away the religions of all the surrounding countries, which we read in the defiance of the Rab-Shakeh and of the great King himself.

The defiance was received by the people in dead silence. The three ministers tore their garments in

horror, and appeared in that state before the King. He, too, gave way to the same uncontrolled burst of grief. He and they both dressed themselves in sackcloth, and the King took refuge in the Temple. The ministers went to seek comfort from Isaiah. The insulting embassy returned to Sennacherib. The army was moved from Lachish, and lay in front of the fortress of Libnah. A letter couched in terms like those already used by his envoys, was sent direct from the King of Assyria to the King of Judah. What would be their fate if they were taken, they might know from the fate of Lachish, which we still see on the sculptured monuments, where the inhabitants are lying before the King stripped in order to be flayed alive. Hezekiah took the letter and penetrating, as it would seem, into the most Holy Place, laid it before the Divine Presence enthroned above the cherubs, and called upon Him whose name it insulted, to look down and see with His own eyes the outrage that was offered to Him. From that dark recess no direct answer was vouchsafed. The answer came through the mouth of Isaiah. From the first moment that Sennacherib's army had appeared, he had held the same language of unbroken hope and confidence, clothed in every variety of imagery. At one time it was the rock of Zion amidst the raging flood. At another, it was the lion of Judah, roaring fiercely for his prey, undismayed by the multi-

tude of rustic shepherds gathered rōuñd to frighten him (Isa. xxxi. 4). At another, it is the everlasting wings of the Divine protection, like those of a parent bird brooding over her young against the great Birdsnester of the world, whose hand is in every nest, gathering every egg that is left, till no pinion should be left to flutter, no beak left to chirp (Isa. x. 14). Or, again, it is the mighty cedar of Lebanon, with its canopy of feathering branches, which yet shall be hewn down with a crash that shall make the nations shake at the sound of his fall; whilst the tender branch and green shoot shall spring up out of the dry and withered stump of the tree of Jesse, which shall take root downward and bear fruit upward. Or, again, it is the contest between the Virgin Queen, the impregnable daughter of Zion, sitting on her mountain fastness, shaking her head in noble scorn, and the savage monster, the winged bull, which had come up against her, led captive, with a ring in his nostrils, and a bridle in his lips, to turn him back by the way by which he came (Isa. xxxvii. 29). At times he speaks plainly and without a figure. "Where is the scribe? where the receivers? where is he that counted the towers? Behold, in the morning he is, and in the evening he is not. He shall not come into this city, nor shoot an arrow there, nor come before it with shields, nor cast up a bank against it."

It was a day of awful suspense. In proportion to the strength of Isaiah's confidence and of Hezekiah's devotion, would have been the ruin of the Jewish Church and faith, if they had been disappointed of their hope. It was a day of suspense also for the two great armies which were drawing near to their encounter on the confines of Palestine. Like Anianus in the siege of Orleans, Hezekiah must have looked southward and westward with ever keener and keener eagerness. For already there was a rumour that Tirhakah, the King of Egypt, was on his way to the rescue. Already Sennacherib had heard the rumour, and it was this which precipitated his endeavour to intimidate Jerusalem into submission.

The evening closed in on what seemed to be the devoted city. The morning dawned, and with the morning came the tidings from the camp at Libnah, that they were delivered. "Una nox interfuit inter maximum exercitum et nullum." "It came to pass that night, that the angel of Jehovah went forth, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians a hundred and fourscore and five thousand" (2 Kings xix. 35).

By whatever mode accomplished—whether by plague or tempest; or on whatever scene, whether, as seems implied by the Jewish account, at Lachish, or, by the Egyptian account, at Pelusium—the deliverance itself was complete and final. The Assyrian king at once re-

turned, and, according to the Jewish tradition, wreaked his vengeance on the Israelite exiles whom he found in Mesopotamia. He was the last of the great Assyrian conquerors. No Assyrian host again ever crossed the Jordan. Within a few years from that time the Assyrian power suddenly vanished from the earth.

The effect of the event must have been immense, in proportion to the strain of expectation and apprehension that had preceded it. Isaiah had staked upon his prophetic word the existence of his country, his own and his people's faith in God. So literally had that word been fulfilled that he was himself, in after times, regarded as the instrument of the deliverance. (Ecclus. xlviii. 20, "Delivered them by the ministry of Esay.") There is no direct expression of his triumph at the moment, but it is possible that we have his hymn of thanksgiving when he afterwards heard of the world-renowned murder which struck down the mighty King in the temple of Nineveh. The earth again breathes freely. The sacred cedar-grove feels itself once more secure. The world of shades, the sepulchre of kings, prepares to receive its new inmate.

"Art thou also become weak as we? Art thou become as one of us?

How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!

How art thou cut down to the earth, that didst weaken the nations!

Is this the man that made the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms?

That made the earth as a wilderness, and destroyed the cities thereof?
All the kings of the nations, all of them rest in glory, each one in his house;
But thou art cast out from thy grave like an abominable branch."

If there is any doubt as to the Prophet's utterance, there is none as to the burst of national thanksgiving as incorporated in the Book of Psalms, when, at the close of that night, "God's help appeared as the morning broke." The rock of Zion had remained immovable, deriving only life and freshness from the deluge of the mighty river which had swept the surrounding kingdoms into the sea. The Prophetic pledge of the name of Immanuel was redeemed. Again and again the Psalmist repeats, "God is our refuge;" "God is in the midst of her;" "The Lord of hosts is with us." "The God of Jacob, the God of Jacob, is our refuge;" "In Salem is His leafy covert, and His rocky den in Zion." The weapons of the great army, such as we see them in the Assyrian monuments—the mighty bow and its lightning arrows, the serried shields—were shattered to pieces. The long array of dead horses, the chariots now useless left to be burnt, the spoils carried off from the dead, all rise to view in the recollection of that night. The proud have slept their sleep, and the mighty soldiers fling out their hands in vain. The arms have fallen from their grasp. The neigh of the charger, the rattle of the chariot, are

alike hushed in the sleep of death. The wild uproar is over, the whole world is silent, and in that awful stillness the Israelites descend from the heights of Jerusalem, like their ancestors to the shores of the Red Sea, to see the desolation that had been brought on the earth. As then, they carried away the spoils as trophies. The towers of Jerusalem were brilliant with the shields of the dead. The fame of the fall of Sennacherib's host struck the surrounding nations with terror far and wide. It was like the knell of the great potentates of the world; and in their fall the God of Israel seemed to rise to a higher and yet higher exaltation.

The importance of the deliverance was not confined to the country, or the times of Hezekiah. From the surrounding tribes tribute poured in as to an awful Avenger. One such monument long remained in Egypt. Tirhakah, with his advancing army from the south, no less than Hezekiah on the watch-towers of Jerusalem, heard the tidings with joy; and, three centuries afterwards, the Psalmist's exulting cry, that an Invisible power had "broken the arrows of the bow, the shield, the sword, and the battle," was repeated in other language, but with the same meaning, by Egyptian priests, who told to Grecian travellers how Sennacherib's army had been attacked by mice, which devoured the quivers, the arrows, the bows, the handles of the shields.

In connection with the Jewish history, the fall of Sennacherib has at once a more special and a more extensive significance. It is the confirmation of Isaiah's doctrine of the remnant, the pledge of success to the few against the many. "Be strong and courageous, be not afraid or dismayed of the King of Assyria, nor for all the multitude that is with him: for there be more with us than with him: with him is an arm of flesh, but with us is the Lord God, to help us and to fight our battles." Nor did the echoes of the catastrophe cease with its own time. The Maccabees were sustained by the recollection of it in their struggles against Antiochus. It is not without reason that in the churches of Moscow the exultation over the fall of Sennacherib is still read on the anniversary of the retreat of the French from Russia; or that Arnold, in his Lectures on Modern History, in the impressive passage in which he dwells on that great catastrophe, declared that for "the memorable night of frost in which 20,000 horses perished, and the strength of the French army was utterly broken," he "knew of no language so well fitted to describe it as the words in which Isaiah described the advance and destruction of the host of Sennacherib." The grandeur of the deliverance has passed into the likeness of all sudden national escapes.

Jewish Church, ii. p. 469.

SACRED SCENES.

APPROACH TO PALESTINE.

IT was at 'Akaba that one of our Arabs, stretching out his hands in prayer, after a few moments of silence, exclaimed, pointing over the palm trees, "There is the new moon,"—the new moon which gave me a thrill no new moon had ever awakened before, for, if all prospered, its fulness would be that of the Paschal moon at Jerusalem. At 'Akaba, too, we first came within the dominions of David and Solomon. And now we were already on the confines of the tribe of Judah, and the next day we crossed the difficult high pass of Sâfeh, thought to be that through which the Israelites were repulsed by the Amorites. Unfortunately a thick haze hung over the mountains of Edom, so that we saw them no more again. It was on Palm Sunday that we descended on the other side, and from this time the approach to Palestine fairly

began. How the name of Aaron rang with a new sound in the first and second lessons of that evening after the sight of Mount Hor! . . . . . .

The Approach to Palestine—nothing can be more gradual. There is no special point at which you can say the Desert is ended and the Land of Promise is begun. Yet there is an interest in that solemn and peaceful melting away of one into the other which I cannot describe. It was like the striking passage in Thalaba, describing the descent of the mountains, with the successive beginnings of vegetation and warmth. The first change was perhaps what one would least expect—the disappearance of trees. The last palms were those we left at 'Ain el-Weibeh. Palm Sunday was the day which shut us out, I believe, with very few exceptions, from those beautiful creations of the Nile and the Desert springs. The next day we saw the last of our well-known Acacia—that consecrated and venerable tree of the Burning Bush and of the Tabernacle; and then, for the first time in the whole journey, we had to take our mid-day meal without shade. But meanwhile every other sign of life was astir. On descending from the Pass of Sâfeh, one observed that the little shrubs, which had more or less sprinkled the whole 'Arabah, were more thickly studded; the next day they gave a gray covering to the whole hill side, and

the little tufts of grass threw in a general tint of green before unknown. Then the red anenomes of Petra reappeared, and then here and there patches of corn. As we advanced, this thin covering became deeper and fuller; and daisies and hyacinths were mixed with the blood-drops of the anenomes. (It is these which are called the "Blood-drops of Christ").—Signs of ancient habitations appeared in the ruins of forts, and remains on the hill sides; wells, too, deeply built with marble casings round their mouths, worn by the ropes of ages. East and west, under a long line of hills which bounded it to the north, ran a wide plain in which verdure, though not universal, was still predominant. Up this line of hills our next day's course took us, and still the marks of ruins increased on the hill tops, and long courses of venerable rock or stone, the boundaries, or roads, or both, of ancient inhabitants; and the anenomes ran like fire through the mountain glens; and deep glades of corn, green and delicious to the eye, spread right and left before us.

Most striking anywhere would have been this protracted approach to land after that wide desert sea—these seeds and plants, and planks, as it were, drifting to meet us. But how doubly striking when one felt in one's inmost soul, that this was the entrance into the Holy Land.—"Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed

garments from Bozra?" Everything told us that we were approaching the sacred frontier. In that solitary ride—for all desert rides are more or less solitary—through this peaceful passing away of death into life, there was indeed no profanation of the first days of Passion Week. That wide plain of which I spoke, with its ruins and wells, was the wilderness of Beersheba: with wells such as those for which Abraham and Isaac struggled; at which, it may be, they had watered their flocks. That long line of hills was the beginning of "the hill country of Judæa," and when we began to ascend it, the first answer to our inquiries after the route told that it was "Carmel," not the more famous mountain of that name, but that on which Nabal fed his flocks; and close below its long ranges was the hill and ruin of "Ziph;" close above, the hill of "Maon." That is to say, we were now in the heart of the wild country where David wandered from Saul like those very "partridges in the mountains," which we saw abounding in all directions. . . . . .

From these heights, by gradual ascent and descent we went on. With Ziph the more desolate region ended. The valleys now began, at least in our eyes, almost literally to "laugh and sing." Greener and greener did they grow—the shrubs, too, shot up above that stunted growth. At last, on the summits of further hills, lines of spreading trees appeared against the sky. Then came ploughed

fields and oxen. Lastly, a deep recess opened in the hills—towers and minarets appeared through the gap, which gradually unfolded into the city of "the Friend of God"—this is its Arabic name: far up on the right ran a wide and beautiful upland valley, all partitioned into gardens and fields, green fig-trees and cherry-trees, and the vineyards—famous through all ages: and far off, gray and beautiful as those of Tivoli, swept down the western slope the olive groves of Hebron. Most startling of all was the hum through the air—hitherto "that silent air" which I described during our first encampment, but which had grown familiar as the sounds of London to those who live constantly within their range—the hum, at first, of isolated human voices and the lowing of cattle, rising up from these various orchards and corn-fields, and then a sound, which to our ears, seemed like that of a mighty multitude, but which was only the united murmur of the population of the little town which we now entered at its southern end. They had come out to look at some troops going off to capture a refractory chief, and they still remained sitting on the mounds—old men, women and children, in their various dresses, which, after the monotonous brown rags of the Bedouins, looked gay and bright—sitting, with their hands shading their faces from the rays of the afternoon sun, to see the long passage of the caravan, guarded on each side by the officers of the

Quarantine. High above us on the eastern height of the town—which lies nestled, Italian-like, on the slope of a ravine—rose the long black walls and two stately minarets of that illustrious mosque, one of the four sanctuaries of the Mahometan world, sacred in the eyes of all the world besides, which covers the Cave of Machpelah, the last resting-place of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. We passed on by one of those two ancient reservoirs, where King David hanged the murderers of his rival, up a slope of grass, broken only by tombs and flocks of sheep, to the high gates of the Quarantine, which closed upon us, and where we are now imprisoned for the next three days, but with that glorious view of Hebron before us night and day.

Sinai and Palestine, p. 98.

JERUSALEM AND ITS ENVIRONS.

JERUSALEM is one of the few places where the first impression is not the best. No doubt the first sight, the first moment, when from the ridge of hills which divide the valley of Rephaim from the valley of Bethlehem, one sees the white line crowning the horizon, and knows that it is Jerusalem—is a moment never to be forgotten. But there is nothing in the view itself to excite your feelings. Nor is there even when the Mount of Olives heaves in sight, nor when "the horses' roofs ring on the stones of the streets of Jerusalem." . . . . . .

In one respect no one need quarrel with this first aspect of Jerusalem. So far as localities have any concern with religion, it is well to feel that Christianity, even in its first origin, was nurtured in no romantic scenery; that the discourses in the walks to and from Bethany, and in earlier

times the Psalms and Prophecies of David and Isaiah, were not as in Greece the offspring of oracular cliffs and grottoes, but the simple outpouring of souls which thought of nothing but God and man. It is not, however, inconsistent with this view to add, that though not romantic—though at first sight bare and prosaic in the extreme—there does at last grow up about Jerusalem a beauty as poetical as that which hangs over Athens and Rome. First, it is in the highest degree *venerable*. Modern houses it is true there are, the interiors of the streets are modern; the old city itself (and I felt a constant satisfaction in the thought) lies buried twenty, thirty, forty feet below these wretched shops and receptacles for Anglo-Oriental conveniences. But still, as you look at it from any commanding point, within or without the walls, you are struck by the gray ruinous masses of which it is made up; it is the ruin, in fact, of the old Jerusalem on which you look—the stones, the columns—the very soil on which you tread is the accumulation of nearly three thousand years. And as with the city, so it is with the view of the country round it. There is, I have said, no beauty of form or outline, but there is nothing to disturb the thought of the hoary age of those ancient hills: and the interest of the past, even to the hardest mind, will in spite of themselves invest them with a glory of their own. . . . .

But besides this imaginative interest there are real fea-

tures which would, even taken singly, be enough to redeem the dullest of prospects. In the first place there is the view of the Moab mountains. I always knew that I should see them from Olivet, but I was not prepared for their constant mingling with the views of Jerusalem itself. From almost every point, there was visible that long purple wall, rising out of its unfathomable depths, to us even more interesting than to the old Jebusites or Israelites. They knew the tribes who lived there; they had once dwelt there themselves. But to the inhabitants of modern Jerusalem, of whom comparatively few have ever visited the other side of the Jordan, it is the end of the world; and to them, to us, these mountains have almost the effect of a distant view of the sea; the hues constantly changing, this or that precipitous rock coming out clear in the morning or evening shade—there, the form of what may possibly be Pisgah, dimly shadowed out by surrounding valleys—here the point of Kerak, the capital of Moab, and fortress of the Crusaders—and then at times all wrapt in deep haze, the mountains overhanging the valley of the shadow of death, and all the more striking from their contrast with the gray or green colours of the hills and streets and walls through which you catch the glimpse of them. Next, there are the ravines of the city. This is its great charm, the two ravines of Hinnom and Jehoshaphat opening between you and the city; and again the

two lesser ravines, intersecting the city itself. And, thirdly, it must be remembered that there is one approach which is really grand, namely, from Jericho and Bethany. It is the approach by which the army of Pompey advanced, —the first European army that ever confronted it,—and it is the approach of the Triumphal Entry of the Gospels.

Probably the first impression of every one coming from the north, the west, and the south, may be summed up in the simple expression used by one of the modern travellers,— "I am strangely affected, but greatly disappointed." But no human being could be disappointed who first saw Jerusalem from the east. The beauty consists in this, that you then burst at once on the two great ravines which cut the city off from the surrounding table-land, and that then only you have a complete view of the Mosque of Omar. The other buildings of Jerusalem which emerge from the mass of gray ruin and white stones are few, and for the most part unattractive. What, however, these fail to effect, is in one instant effected by a glance at the Mosque of Omar. From whatever point that graceful dome with its beautiful precinct emerges to view, it at once dignifies the whole city. And when from Olivet, or from the governor's house, you see the platform on which it stands, it is a scene hardly to be surpassed. A dome graceful as that of St. Peter's, though of course on a far smaller scale, rising from an elaborately finished circular

edifice—this edifice raised on a square marble platform rising on the highest ridge of a green slope which descends from it north, south, and east to the walls surrounding the whole enclosure—platform and enclosure diversified by lesser domes and fountains, by cypresses, and olives, and planes, and palms—the whole as secluded and quiet as the interior of some college or cathedral garden, only enlivened by the white figures of veiled women stealing like ghosts up and down the green slope, or by the turbaned heads bowed low in the various niches for prayer—this is the Mosque of Omar: the Haram es-Sherîf, "the noble sanctuary," the second most sacred spot in the Mahometan world,—that is, the next after Mecca; the second most beautiful Mosque,—that is, the next after Cordova. . . . . .

Sinai and Palestine, p. 166.

THE MOUNT OF OLIVET AND ITS MEMORIES.

LET us briefly go through the points which occur in the Sacred History, of the last days of Christ, during which alone He appears for any continuous period in Jerusalem and its neighbourhood. From Bethany we must begin. A wild mountain-hamlet, screened by an intervening ridge from the view of the top of Olivet, is perched on a broken plateau of rock, the last collection of human habitations before the desert-hills which reach to Jericho. High in the distance are the Peræan Mountains; the foreground is the deep descent to the Jordan valley. On the further side of that dark abyss Martha and Mary knew that Christ was abiding when they sent their messenger; up that long ascent HE came when outside the village Martha and Mary met Him, and the Jews stood round weeping.

Up that same ascent He came, also, at the beginning of the week of His Passion. One night He halted in the village, as of old; the village and the Desert were then all alive, as they still are once every year at the Greek Easter, with the crowd of Paschal pilgrims moving to and fro between Bethany and Jerusalem. In the morning, He set forth on His journey. Three pathways lead, and probably always led, from Bethany to Jerusalem. . . . . Two vast streams of people met on that day. The one poured out from the city, and as they came through the gardens whose clusters of palm rose on the southern corner of Olivet, they cut down the long branches, as was their wont at the Feast of Tabernacles, and moved upwards towards Bethany, with loud shouts of welcome. From Bethany streamed forth the crowds who had assembled there on the previous night, and who came testifying to the great event at the sepulchre of Lazarus. The road soon loses sight of Bethany. It is now a rough, but still broad and well-defined mountain-track, winding over rock and loose stones; a steep declivity below on the left; the sloping shoulder of Olivet above on the right; fig-trees below and above, here and there growing out of the rocky soil. Along the road the multitude threw down the branches which they cut as they went along, or spread out a rude matting formed of the palm branches they had already

cut as they came out. The larger portion—those perhaps, who escorted Him from Bethany—unwrapped their loose cloaks from their shoulders, and stretched them along the rough path, to form a momentary carpet as He approached. The two streams met midway. Half of the vast mass, turning round, preceded; the other half followed. Gradually the long procession swept up and over the ridge, where first begins "the ascent of the Mount of Olives" towards Jerusalem. At this point the first view is caught of the south-eastern corner of the city. It was at this precise point, "as He drew near, at the descent of the Mount of Olives"—may it not have been from the sight thus opening upon them?—that the shout of triumph burst from the multitude: "HOSANNA to the Son of *David!* Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord. Blessed is the kingdom that cometh of our father *David.* Hosanna . . . peace . . . glory in the highest."* There was a pause as the shout ran through the long defile; and as the Pharisees who stood by in the crowd complained, He pointed to the "stones" which, strewn beneath their feet, would immediately "cry out" if "these were to hold their peace."

Again the procession advanced. The road descends

* I have ventured to concentrate the expressions of Matt. xxi. 9, Mark xi, 9, John xii. 13, on the one precise point described by Luke xix. 37, "The whole multitude began to praise God with a loud voice."

a slight declivity, and the glimpse of the city is again withdrawn behind the intervening ridge of Olivet. A few moments, and the path mounts again; it climbs a rugged ascent, it reaches a ledge of smooth rock, and in an instant the whole city bursts into view. As now the dome of the mosque El-Aksa rises like a ghost from the earth before the traveller stands on the ledge, so then must have risen the Temple-tower; as now the vast enclosure of the Mussulman sanctuary, so then must have spread the Temple courts; as now the gray town on its broken hills, so then the magnificent city, with its back-ground—long since vanished away—of gardens and suburbs on the western plateau behind. Immediately below was the Valley of the Kedron, here seen in its greatest depth as it joins the Valley of Hinnom, and thus giving full effect to the great peculiarity of Jerusalem seen only on its eastern side—its situation as of a city rising out of a deep abyss. It is hardly possible to doubt that this rise and turn of the road, this rocky ledge, was the exact point where the multitude paused again, and He, "when He beheld the city, wept over it." Nowhere else on the Mount of Olives is there a view like this.

It is hardly worth while to dwell on the spots elsewhere pointed out by tradition or probability on the rest of the mountain. It is enough to know that to the

gardens and olive-yards which then, as now, but probably with greater richness of foliage, and greater security of walls and watch-towers, — covered the slopes of the hill, He resorted, as His countrymen must always have resorted, for retirement and refreshment from the crowded streets of the city. On one of the rocky banks of the mountain, immediately "over against the Temple," He sate, and saw the sun go down over the city, and foretold its final doom. Bethany, on the further side, was the home to which he retired; any of the fig-trees which spring out of the rocky soil on either side of the road, might be the one which bore no fruit. On the wild uplands which immediately overhang the village, He finally withdrew from the eyes of His disciples, in a seclusion which, perhaps, could nowhere else be found so near the stir of a mighty city. At this point the last interview took place. "He led them out as far as Bethany," and "they returned," probably by the direct road, "over the summit of Mount Olivet."

Bible Dictionary.

NATURAL MEMORIALS.

THE geological structure of Palestine, as of Greece, is almost entirely limestone. This rocky character of the whole country has not been without its historical results. Not only does the thirsty character of the whole East give a peculiar expression to any places where water may be had, but the rocky soil preserves their identity, and the Wells of Palestine serve as the links by which each successive age is bound to the other, in a manner which at first sight would be thought almost incredible. The name by which they are called of itself indicates their permanent character. The "well" of the Hebrew and the Arab is carefully distinguished from the "spring." The "spring" is the bright open source—the "eye" of the landscape, such as bubbles up amongst the crags of Sinai, or rushes forth in a copious stream from En-gedi,

or from Jericho. But the "well" is the deep hole *bored* far under the rocky surface by the art of man—the earliest traces of that art which these regions exhibit. By these orifices at the foot of the hills, surrounded by their broad margin of smooth stone or marble, a rough mass of stone covering the top, have always been gathered whatever signs of animation or civilization the neighbourhood afforded. They were the scenes of the earliest contentions of the shepherd-patriarchs with the inhabitants of the land; the places of meeting with the women who came down to draw water from their rocky depths;—of Eliezer with Rebekah, of Jacob with Rachel, of Moses with Zipporah, of Christ with the woman of Samaria. They were the natural halting-places of great caravans, or wayfaring men, as when Moses gathered together the people to the well of Moab, which the princes dug with their sceptred staves (Num. xxi. 16), and therefore the resort of the plunderers of the Desert—of "the noise of archers in the places of drawing water." What they were ages ago in each of these respects they are still. The shepherds may still be seen leading their flocks of sheep and goats to their margin; the women still come with their pitchers and talk to those who "sit by the well;" the traveller still looks forward to it as his resting-place for the night, if it be in a place of safety; or, if it be in the neighbourhood of the wilder Bedouins, is

hurried on by his dragoman or his escort without halting a moment; and thus, by their means, not only is the image of the ancient life of the country preserved, but the scenes of sacred events are identified, which under any other circumstances would have perished. The wells of Beersheba in the wide frontier-valley of Palestine are indisputable witnesses of the life of Abraham. The well of Jacob, at Shechem, is a monument of the earliest and of the latest events of sacred history, of the caution of the prudent patriarch, no less than of the freedom of the Gospel there proclaimed by Christ. . . . . .

Next to the wells of Syria, the most authentic memorials of past times are the Sepulchres, and partly for the same reason.

The tombs of ancient Greece and Rome lined the public roads with funeral pillars or towers. Grassy graves and marble monuments fill the churchyards and churches of Christian Europe. But the sepulchres of Palestine were, like the habitations of its earliest inhabitants, hewn out of the living limestone rock, and therefore indestructible as the rock itself. In this respect they resembled, though on a smaller scale, the tombs of Upper Egypt; and as there the traveller of the nineteenth century is confronted with the names and records of men who lived thousands of years ago, so also, in the excavations of the valleys which surround or approach

Shiloh, Shechem, Bethel, and Jerusalem, he knows that he sees what were the last resting-places of the generations contemporary with Joshua, Samuel, and David. . . . . The rocky cave on Mount Hor must be at least the spot believed by Josephus to mark the grave of Aaron. The tomb of Joseph must be near one of the two monuments pointed out as such in the opening of the vale of Shechem. The sepulchre which is called the tomb of Rachel exactly agrees with the spot described as "a little way" from Bethlehem. The tomb of David, which was known with certainty at the time of the Christian era, may perhaps still be found under the mosque which bears his name on the modern Zion. Above all, the cave of Machpelah is concealed, beyond all reasonable doubt, by the mosque at Hebron. But, with these exceptions, we must rest satisfied rather with the general than the particular interest of the tombs of Palestine. The proof of identity in each special instance depends almost entirely on the locality. Instead of the acres of inscriptions which cover the tombs of Egypt, not a single letter which can with certainty be referred to an ancient period has been found in any ancient sepulchre of Palestine, and tradition is, in this class of monuments, found to be unusually fallacious.

It may be well to notice the probable cause of this uncertainty of Jewish, as contrasted with the certainty

of Egyptian, and, we might add, of European tradition on the subject of tombs. However strongly the reverence for sacred graves may have been developed in the Jews of later times, the ancient Israelites never seem to have entertained the same feeling of regard for the resting-places or the remains of their illustrious dead, as was carried to so high a pitch in the earliest Pagan and in the later Christian world. "Let me bury my dead out of my sight,"—"No man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day," express, if not the general feeling of the Jewish nation, at least the general spirit of the Old Testament. Every one knows the most signal instance in which this indifference was manifested. Somewhere, doubtless, near the walls of the old Jerusalem, or buried under its ruins, is the "new sepulchre hewn in the rock," where "the body of Jesus was laid," but the precise spot, never indicated by the Evangelists, was probably unknown to the next generation, and will, in all likelihood, remain a matter of doubt always. Modern pilgrims are troubled at the supposition that such a locality should have been lost. The Israelites and the early Christians would have been surprised if it had been preserved.

But the tombs are only one class of a general peculiarity, resulting from the physical structure of Palestine.

Like all limestone formations, the hills of Palestine abound in caves. How great a part the caverns of

Greece played in the history and mythology of that country is well known. In one respect, indeed, those of Palestine were never likely to have been of the same importance, because, not being stalactitic, they could not so forcibly suggest to the Canaanite wanderers the images of sylvan deities, which the Grecian shepherds naturally found in the grottoes of Parnassus and Hymettus. But from other points of view we never lose sight of them. In these innumerable rents, and cavities, and holes, we see the origin of the sepulchres, which still, partly natural, and partly artificial, perforate the rocky walls of the Judæan valleys; the long line of tombs, of which I have just spoken, beginning with the cave of Machpelah and ending with the grave of Lazarus—which was "a cave, and a stone lay upon it,"—and "the sepulchre hewn in the rock, wherein never man before was laid." We see in them the shelter of the people of the land, in the terrible visitations of old, as when "Lot went up out of Zoar, and dwelt in the mountain . . . . for he feared to dwell in Zoar, and dwelt in a cave," or as when "in the days of Uzziah, king of Judah, they fled before the earthquake to the 'ravine' of the mountains;" to the rocky fissures, safer, even though themselves rent by like convulsions, than the habitations of man. "Enter into the rock," so wrote Isaiah, probably in the expectation or the recollection of this very catastrophe, "and hide thee in the dust,

for fear of the Lord, and for the glory of His majesty, when He ariseth to shake terribly the earth." We see in them, also, the hiding-places which served sometimes for the defence of robbers and insurgents, sometimes for the refuge of those "of whom the world was not worthy;" the prototype of the catacombs of the early Christians, of the caverns of the Vaudois and the Covenanters. The cave of the five kings at Makkedah; the "caves and dens and strongholds" and "rocks" and "pits" and "holes," in which the Israelites took shelter from the Midianites in the time of Gideon, from the Philistines in the time of Saul; the cleft of the cliff Etam, into which Samson went down to escape the vengeance of his enemies; the caves of David at Adullam, and at Maon, and of Saul at En-gedi; the cave in which Obadiah hid the prophets of the Lord; the caves of the robber-hordes above the plain of Gennesareth; the sepulchral caves of the Gadarene demoniacs; the cave of Jotapata, where Josephus and his countrymen concealed themselves in their last struggle,—continue from first to last what has truly been called the "cave-life," of the Israelite nation. The stream of their national existence, like the actual streams of the Grecian rivers, from time to time disappears from the light of day, and runs under ground in these subterraneous recesses, to burst forth again when the appointed moment arrives; a striking type, as

it is a remarkable instance, of the preservation of the spiritual life of the Chosen People, "burning, but not consumed," "chastened, but not killed." . . . . .

From the moment that the religion of Palestine fell into the hands of Europeans, it is hardly too much to say that, as far as sacred traditions are concerned, it became a "religion of caves"—of those very caves which in earlier times had been unhallowed by any religious influence whatever. Wherever a sacred association had to be fixed, a cave was immediately selected or found as its home. First in antiquity is the grotto of Bethlehem already in the second century regarded by popular belief as the scene of the Nativity. Next comes the grotto on Mount Olivet, selected as the scene of our Lord's last conversations before the Ascension. These two caves, as Eusebius emphatically asserts, were the first seats of the worship established by the Empress Helena, to which was shortly afterwards added a third, the sacred cave of the Sepulchre. To these were rapidly added the cave of the Invention of the Cross, the cave of the Annunciation at Nazareth, the cave of the Agony at Gethsemane, the cave of the Baptist in the "Wilderness of St. John," the cave of the shepherds of Bethlehem. And then again, partly perhaps the cause, partly the effect of this consecration of grottoes, began the caves of hermits. There was the cave of St. Pelagia on

Mount Olivet, the cave of St. Jerome, St. Paula, and St. Eustochium at Bethlehem, the cave of St. Saba in the ravines of the Kedron, the remarkable cells hewn or found in the precipices of the Quarantania or Mount of the Temptation above Jericho. . . . . .

I have dwelt at length on the history of the caves, because it is the only instance of a close connection between the history or the religion of Palestine, and any of its more special natural features. It is not of the nature of limestone rocks to assume fantastic forms; yet some few legends there are suggested by the form of the rocks,—the cavity of the foot-mark on Mount Olivet; the supposed entombment of Adam's skull, in Golgotha; the petrifaction of the ass at Bethany; the sinuous mark of the Virgin's girdle by Gethsemane; and the impression of Elijah's form on the rocky bank by the road side, near the convent of Mar Elias, between Bethlehem and Jerusalem.

It is worth while to enumerate these instances, trifling as they are, in order to illustrate the slightness of foundation which the natural features of Palestine afford, for the mythology almost inevitably springing out of so long a series of remarkable events. And this is in fact the final conclusion which is to be drawn from the character, or rather want of character, presented by the general scenery. If the first feeling be disappointment,

yet the second may well be thankfulness. There is little in these hills and valleys on which the imagination can fasten. Whilst the great seats of Greek and Roman religion, at Delphi and Lebadea, by the lakes of Alba and of Aricia, strike even the indifferent traveller as deeply impressive; Shiloh and Bethel on the other hand, so long the sanctuaries and oracles of God, almost escape the notice even of the zealous antiquarian in the maze of undistinguished hills which encompasses them. The first view of Olivet impresses us chiefly by its bare matter-of-fact appearance; the first approach to the hills of Judea reminds the English traveller not of the most but of the least striking portions of the mountains of his own country. Yet all this renders the Holy Land the fitting cradle of a religion which expressed itself not through the voices of rustling forests, or the clefts of mysterious precipices, but through the souls and hearts of men; which was destined to have no home on earth, least of all in its own birth-place; which has attained its full dimensions only in proportion as it has travelled further from its original source, to the daily life and homes of nations as far removed from Palestine in thought and feeling, as they are in climate and latitude; which alone of all religions, claims to be founded not on fancy or feeling, but on Fact and Truth.

Sinai and Palestine, p. 147.

DESCRIPTIVE.

VARIED CHARACTER OF THE SCENERY OF PALESTINE.

IT is said by Volney, and apparently with justice, that there is no district on the face of the earth which contains so many and such sudden transitions as Palestine. Such a country furnished at once the natural theatre of a history and a literature which were destined to spread into nations accustomed to the most various climates and imagery. There must of course, under any circumstances, be much in the history of any nation, eastern or western, northern or southern, which, to other quarters of the world, will be more or less unintelligible. Still it is easy to conceive that whatever difficulty is presented to European or American minds by the sacred writings, might have been greatly aggravated had the Bible come into existence in a country more limited in its outward imagery than is the case with Palestine. If the Valley

of the Nile or the Arabian Desert had witnessed the whole of the sacred history, we cannot but feel how widely it would have been separated from the ordinary thoughts of a European; how small a portion of our feelings and imaginations would have been represented by it. The truths might have been the same, but the forms in which they are clothed would have affected only a few here and there, leaving the great mass untouched. But as it is, we have the life of a Bedouin tribe, of an agricultural people, of sea-faring cities; the extremes of barbarism and of civilization; the aspects of plain and of mountain; of a tropical, of an eastern, and almost of a northern climate. In Egypt there is a continual contact of desert and cultivated land; in Greece there is a constant intermixture of the views of sea and land; in the ascent and descent of the great mountains of South America there is an interchange of the torrid and the arctic zones; in England there is an alternation of wild hills and valleys, with rich fields and plains. But in Palestine all these are combined. The Patriarchs could here gradually exchange the nomadic life, first for the pastoral, and then for the agricultural; passing insensibly from one to the other as the Desert melts imperceptibly into the hills of Palestine. Ishmael and Esau could again wander back into the sandy waste which lay at their very doors. The scape-goat could still be sent from

the temple-courts into the uninhabited wilderness. John, and a greater than John, could return in a day's journey from the busiest haunts of men into the solitudes beyond the Jordan. The various tribes could find their several occupations of shepherds, of warriors, of traffickers, according as they were settled on the margin of the Desert, in the mountain fastnesses, or on the shore of the Mediterranean. The sacred poetry which was to be the delight and support of the human mind and the human soul in all regions of the world, embraced within its range the natural features of almost every country.

The venerable poet of our own mountain regions [Wordsworth] used to dwell with genuine emotion on the pleasure he felt in the reflection that the Psalmists and Prophets dwelt in a mountainous country, and enjoyed its beauty as truly as himself. The devotions of our great maritime empire find a natural expression in the numerous allusions, which no inland situation could have permitted, to the roar of the Mediterranean Sea, breaking over the rocks of Acre and Tyre,—"the floods lift up their voice, the floods lift up their waves"—the "great and wide sea," whose blue waters could be seen from the top of almost every mountain, "wherein are things creeping innumerable." "There go" the Phœnician "ships" with their white sails, and "there is that Leviathan," the monster of the deep, which both Jewish and Grecian fancy was wont to

place in the inland ocean, that was to them all, and more than all, that the Atlantic is to us. Thither "they went down" from their mountains, and "did their business in ships," in the "great waters," and saw the "wonders" of the "deep;" and along those shores were the "havens," few and far between, "where they would be" when "the storm became calm, and the waves thereof were still." Hermon, with his snowy summit always in sight, furnished the images, which else could hardly have been familiar, —"snow and vapours," "snow like wool," "hoar-frost like ashes,"—"ice like morsels." And then again, the upland hills and level plains experienced all the usual alternations of the seasons—the "rain descending on the mown grass," the "early and the latter rain," the mountains "watered from His chambers, the earth satisfied with the fruit of His works,"—which, though not the same as the ordinary returns of a European climate, were yet far more like it than could be found in Egypt, Arabia, or Assyria.

Such instances of the variety of Jewish experience in Palestine, as contrasted with that of any other country, might easily be multiplied. But enough has been said to shew its fitness for the history or the poetry of a nation with a universal destiny, and to indicate one at least of the methods by which that destiny was fostered—the sudden contrasts of the various aspects of life and death,

sea and land, verdure and desert, storm and calm, heat and cold; which, so far as any natural means could assist, cultivated what has been well called the "variety in unity," so characteristic of the sacred books of Israel; so unlike those of India, of Persia, of Egypt, of Arabia.

Sinai and Palestine, p 120.

LEBANON AND ITS CEDARS.

THE double range of the Lebanon and the Anti-Lebanon close the Land of Promise on the north, as the peninsula of Sinai on the south; but with this difference, that one part or other of these ranges, though beyond the boundaries of Palestine, is almost always within view. The thunder-storm, which the Psalmist tracks in its course throughout his country, begins by making the solid frame of Lebanon and Sirion to leap for fear, like the buffaloes of their own forests, and ends by shaking the distant wilderness of the lofty cliffs of Kadesh. From the moment that the traveller reaches the plain of Shechem in the interior, nay, even from the depths of the Jordan-valley by the Dead Sea, the snowy heights of Hermon are visible. The ancient names of this double range are all significant of this posi-

tion. It was "Sion," "the upraised;" or "Hermon," "the lofty peak;" or "Shenir," and "Sirion," the glittering "breastplate" of ice; or, again, "Lebanon," the "Mount Blanc" of Palestine; "the White Mountain" of ancient times; the mountain of the "Old White-headed Man," or the "Mountain of Ice," in modern times. So long as its snowy tops were seen, there was never wanting to the Hebrew poetry the image of unearthly grandeur, which nothing else but perpetual snow can give; especially as seen in the summer, when "the firmament around it seems to be on fire." And not grandeur only, but fertility and beauty were held up, as it were, on its heights, as a model for the less fortunate regions which looked up to it. The "dews" of the mists that rose from the watery ravines, or of the clouds that rested on the summit of Hermon were perpetual witnesses of freshness and coolness,—the sources, as it seemed, of all the moisture, which was to the land of Palestine what the fragrant oil was to the garments of the high priest; what the refreshing influence of brotherly love was to the whole community. Still more was this luxuriant life of vegetation rooted in the valleys and on the slopes of Lebanon, the western range, which in this respect far exceeds its eastern rival. "His fruit shall shake like Lebanon." This is the description which only applies to the thin threads of verdure, or the occasional spots of

cultivation, in the desert heights of Hermon; but it is literally true of the slopes and terraces of Lebanon, as they overhang the Bay of Beirût, or of Tripoli. In the longings of the Hebrew lawgiver, the one distinct image which blended with the general hope of seeing "the good land beyond Jordan" was of "the 'good' mountain, even Lebanon." . . . . . .

Two great valleys part the Anti-Lebanon from the Lebanon. The southernmost and smallest of the two is the Wâdy-et-Teim, the vale of the Hasbany or Hasbeya river—the geographical, though not the historical, source of the Jordan. The whole valley has its sacred associations, but it derives them not from Classical or Hebrew times, but from the singular sect which there first established itself in strength. It was the refuge, in the eleventh century, of Derazy, the founder of the Druzes. At Hasbeya is their original sanctuary, and from the hills and villages along this valley have radiated their settlements through the whole of the two ranges.

The northern valley is one of wider extent and wider fame. "Cœle-Syria" or "the Basin of Syria," was the name given by the Greeks or Romans to the vast green plain which divides the range of Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, the former reaching its highest point in the snowy crest to the north, behind which lie the Cedars; the latter in the still more snowy crest of Hermon; the

culmination of the range being thus in the one at the northern, in the other at the southern extremity, of the valley which they bound. The view of this great valley is chiefly remarkable as being exactly to the eye what it is on maps—the "hollow" between the two mountain ranges of "Syria," or, according to the ancient Hebrew denomination, which has subsisted almost unchanged from the time of Amos to the present day, the broad "Cleft," *Beka'ah* or *Buka'a*. A screen, through which the Leontes breaks out, closes the south end of the plain. There is a similar screen at the north end, but too remote to be visible, "the entering-in of Hamath," so often mentioned as the extreme limit in this direction of the widest possible dominion of the Israelite Empire.

From the plain of Cœle-Syria, we mount the range of Lebanon. Its physical features have been already described. Its connection with the western portions of the Holy Land must have been as close as those of Hermon with the eastern portions. From its southern extremity the views over Palestine must have been those which the Assyrian conquerors enjoyed as they first looked from "the tower of Lebanon" upon their prey.

Such another view is obtained from the south-eastern extremity of the same range—the ridge of Dahar, close to the Wâdy-et-Teim. Lebanon and Hermon are visible at once; and the valley of the Jordan is spread out in

both its upper stages:—that of the Hasbany river—that of the Merom lake—ending in the still distant glimpse of the waters of the Sea of Galilee. It is one of the best geographical prospects in Syria.

The historical monuments of Lebanon are much less numerous than those of Anti-Lebanon. The temple of Astarte at Afka is the only one of importance. From its romantic defile the river of Adonis "ran purple to the sea," with "blood of Thammuz yearly wounded;" that is, with the stains of the red earth which gave birth to the legend. The Nahr-el-Kelb—the "Dog" or "Wolf" river so called from the fabled dog, whose bark at the approach of strangers could be heard as far as Cyprus—is marked by the confluence of the inscriptions of the four empires of Egypt, Assyria, Greece, and Rome;—so remarkable both in themselves and in their history. It is instructive to note their gradual resuscitation from the neglect of centuries. Maundrell sees them for a moment, and conjectures them to be "perhaps the representations of some persons buried hereabouts, whose sepulchres may probably also be discovered by the diligent observer." Pococke sees in them only "some small figures of men in relief cut out in different compartments, but very much defaced by time." The Roman inscription was first successfully copied. Next, the Egyptian absorbed the attention of scholars. Finally, the Assyrian came no less distinctly to light.

The Greek inscription is too small to deserve notice, were it not for its connection with the others. It is on the Egyptian and Assyrian sculptures, abounding as they do along the face of the rocky wall, that the attention of the Biblical student is chiefly fixed.

There, side by side, we encounter the figures of the earliest and latest oppressors of Israel,—Rameses and Sennacherib. Rameses must have passed by that road at a time when the sacred history had hardly penetrated into these parts. His memorials can scarcely seem more ancient to us than they did to the earliest Grecian travellers. When we trace the well-known Egyptian figures—the king and the God as usual giving and receiving offerings,—it is with the same feeling as that with which Herodotus must have climbed up the same pathway more than two thousand years ago. "In the part of Syria, called Palestine," to use his own words, "I myself saw the monuments of Sesostris still standing."

But the visit of Sennacherib here recorded, is a direct reflection of his scornful speech as reported by the prophet Isaiah, and opens to us a striking historical scene in this portion of Syria. "By the multitude of my chariots am *I* come to the height of the mountains, and to the sides of Lebanon; and I will cut down the height of his cedars and the beauty of his cypresses; and I entered into the height of his border, and the forest of his park.

I have digged and drunk waters; I have made a bridge." "The multitude of his chariots," such as they are seen on the Assyrian monuments of the further East, must have wound their difficult way through those romantic gorges, up to the very "height of the mountain ranges," and along "the extreme edges of Lebanon," along the valley of the streams which he drained off by his armies, or over which he threw bridges for them to pass.

But there was one spot more sacred than all, to which the conqueror boasts that he had penetrated. He had gone into "the extremest height of Lebanon, the forest of its park;" and there he had cut down with relentless insolence "the height of its cedars, the beauty of its fir-trees."

In these words it is scarcely possible not to recognise the sacred recess of the present cedars of Lebanon. They have been so often described, that any detailed account would here be superfluous. But a few words may be allowed for a scene so interesting, and in which probably some new impression is received by every traveller who approaches them. In 1853 I had been prevented from visiting them by the snow; and the same obstacle in 1862 again rendered impossible the usual route over the crest of the mountain from Baalbek, or even over its south-western shoulder from Afka. For this reason we approached the place from Tripoli. As the Wâdy-et-

Teim, the valley of the Hasbany, is the sacred country of the Druzes, so the valleys and hills between Tripoli or Ehden, converging towards the deep glen of the "Holy River," the Kadisha—probably so called from its numerous monasteries—is the *Kesrouan*, the sacred country of the Maronites—the fierce Christian sect with which the Druzes are at deadly war. On the edge of the river is *Kanobin* (Cœnobion), the residence of the patriarch. On the heights above it is their chief village, Ehden. It is from this village, with its many churches, and its beautiful viaducts surrounding the castle of its daring chief, Sheykh Joseph, that the ascent is made to the cedars. A wide view opens of the long terraces of the *moraines* (as they are technically called) of ancient glaciers descending into the valley. Here a slip of cultivated land reaches up into the verge of their desolate fields. Behind this is a semicircle of the snowy range of the summit of Lebanon. Just in the centre of the view, in the dip between the moraines and the snow-clad hills behind, is a single dark massive clump—the sole spot of vegetation that marks the mountain wilderness. This is the Cedar Grove. It disappears as we ascend the intervening range; and does not again present itself till we are close upon it. Then the exactness of Sennacherib's description comes out. It is literally on the very "edge of the height of Lebanon"—a "park" or "garden" of the forest, or "garden of

God," as truly as the "*jardin*" or "garden," well known to Swiss travellers in the bosom of the moraines of Mont Blanc. It stands as if on an island eminence, broken into seven lengths, of which six are arranged round the seventh, a square mount in the midst, on which stands the rude Maronite chapel. The variation of tint and outline thus makes the whole group a kind of epitome of forest scenery. The outskirts of the eminence are clothed with the younger trees, whose light feathery branches veil the more venerable patriarchs in the interior of the grove. This younger growth, which has entirely sprung up within the last two centuries, amounts now to more than three hundred.

The older trees, which are so different in appearance as to seem to belong to a different race, are now about twelve in number. Their forms are such as must always have impressed the imagination of the inhabitants. Their massive branches, clothed with a scaly texture, almost like the skin of living animals, and contorted with all the multiform irregularities of age, may well have suggested these ideas of regal, almost divine, strength and stolidity, which the sacred writers ascribe to them. They stand at the apex, so to say, of the vegetable world. "From the cedar tree that is in Lebanon" downwards, is the knowledge of Solomon. "To the cedar of Lebanon" upwards is the destruction of the trees from the burning

bramble of Jotham. The intermarriage of the inferior plants with the cedar is the most inconceivable presumption of all. The shivering of their rock-like stems by the thunderbolt is like the shaking of the solid mountain itself. In ancient days the grove must have been much more extensive—or rather, perhaps, the great trees then overspread the whole. Now they are huddled together in two or three of the central vales; and the peculiar grace of the long sweeping branches feathering down to the ground, of the cedar, as transplanted into Europe, is there unknown. In one or two instances, the boughs of these aged trees are held up by a younger one; others, again, of which the trunks are decayed, are actually supported in the gigantic arms of their elder brethren. But in earlier times the breadth and extent of the trees seem to be as much noticed as their height and solidity. The cedar is the model of the "spreading abroad"—the constant growth—of the righteous man; his boughs are "multiplied," and "become long," "fair," "thick," "overshadowing" in "length," and in "multitude." So vigorous and vast was this life of the cedar groves, that it seemed as if all the snows and waters of Lebanon were gathered up into them. They are "filled;" their "rest is by quiet waters;" "the waters make them great; the deep set them up on high." The rills from the surrounding heights collect on the upper

flats, and form one stream, which winds amongst the moraines on its way to the lower flat, whence it is precipitated into the gorge of the Kadisha. The cedars grow on that portion of the moraine which immediately borders this stream, and nowhere else.

And the spot thus becomes a centre of life to the wilderness in the midst of which it stands. "Nature was never silent in the forest; the cicale here were extraordinarily loud; and the trees were full of little birds of the brightest green-and-gold plumage, with a short clear note." This is the very scene suggested to Ezekiel, who reports that under the cedar "all the fowls of the air nestle, and all the beasts of the earth bring forth their prey," and still more in the Psalm which gathers the whole of animal life round the cedars. "The birds making their nests"—"the storks in the fir trees"—the "marmot" or *shophan* in the surrounding cliffs; the chamois on the hills; the roaring of the lions in the stillness of the night; whilst the distant view is filled up on the one side by the sea, with its monsters, its vast animal life, and its ships, and on the other by the "garment of light in the sky," the "clouds," and the "wind" on the mountain; the springs of the Kadisha, and the other rushing streams of the Lebanon; the cornfields and the vineyards on the nearer slopes, "for the service of man: to make glad and to strengthen the heart of man." And if their very appearance

and aspect thus connect them with the poetry of the Bible, their history is also bound up with its history. We know not who first attacked the forests of Lebanon; but already, in the time of David, they were invaded for the building of the palaces at Jerusalem. Many were the trees dragged down by the steep ascent—no doubt to the harbour of Tripoli—to be embarked on rafts for Joppa, for the wood-work of Solomon's Temple; and for the vast palace which, from its rustic carving in cedar-wood, seems to be almost a transplantation of the sacred grove to Jerusalem—"the house of the forest of Lebanon;" whilst in the gardens, the costly cedars transplanted from Lebanon seemed to have taken the place of the native sycamore. For statues, for houses, for masts of ships, the huge branches were carried off to Tyre and Sidon. But the great destroyer, long remembered, was Sennacherib. He is described as making it his special boast that he had penetrated to the secret garden or park, and cut them down; and on his approach, probably, the prophetic wail is lifted up—"Open thy doors, O Lebanon, that the fir may devour thy cedars: Howl, fir tree, for the cedar is fallen." And, in like manner, on his fall, the triumphant cry is raised in the Lower World—"See, the fir-trees rejoice at thee and the cedars of Lebanon, saying—Since thou art laid down, no feller is come up against us."

Since that time they have become rarer and rarer. Other

groups, indeed, are said to exist in different parts of the mountains; but they have been reported only by two travellers. By the time of Justinian the supply of cedar-wood was almost, and by the time of our Edward IV. entirely, exhausted for the purposes of building. And now, for at least two centuries, they have become invested, by the veneration of pilgrims, and by the increased admiration of nature, with a sanctity almost approaching to that with which they were revered as special miracles of Divine power by the Hebrew Psalmists. The old Hebrew name of *erets* has never deserted them, and is even perpetuated in the puny imitation of them in the Western *larch*. The Maronites long guarded them, under penalties of excommunication; and honour them as "the Twelve Apostles," —"the Friends of Solomon." The sanctuary, which was a rude altar, and is now a rude wooden chapel, they greatly frequent on the festival which the Oriental Church treats as the Feast of all "High Mountains," the Feast of the "Transfiguration."

Sinai and Palestine, p. 403.

THEBES AND ITS COLOSSAL STATUES.

ALONE of the cities of Egypt, the situation of Thebes is as beautiful by nature as by art. The monotony of the two mountain ranges, Libyan and Arabian, for the first time assumes a new and varied character. They each retire from the river, forming a circle round the wide green plain: the western rising into a bolder and more massive barrier, and enclosing the plain at its northern extremity as by a natural bulwark; the eastern, further withdrawn, but acting the same part to the view of Thebes as the Argolic mountains to the plain of Athens, or the Alban hills to Rome—a varied and bolder chain, rising and falling in almost Grecian outline, though cast in the conical form, which marks the hills of Nubia further south, and which, perhaps, suggested the Pyramids. Within the circle of these two

ranges, thus peculiarly its own, stretches the green plain on each side the river to an unusual extent; and on each side of the river, in this respect unlike Memphis, but like the great city of the further East on the Euphrates,—like the cities of northern Europe on their lesser streams,—spread the city of Thebes, with the Nile for its mighty thoroughfare. "Art thou better than No-Amon"—that was situated by the "rivers of the Nile"—that had the waters round about it,—whose rampart was "the sea-like stream," and whose wall was "the sea-like stream?"

"Thebes" proper, "Taba," the capital—No-Amon (the Hebrew name of Thebes) the sanctuary of Ammon—stood on the eastern plain. This sanctuary, as founded by Osirtasen in the time of Joseph, as restored by the successor of Alexander the Great, still exists, a small granite edifice, with the vestiges of the earliest temple round it. This is the centre of the vast collection of palaces or temples which, from the little village hard by, is called Karnac.

Imagine a long vista of courts, and gateways, and halls—and gateways, and courts, and colonnades, and halls; here and there an obelisk shooting up out of the ruins, and interrupting the opening view of the forest of columns. Imagine yourself mounted on the top of one of these halls or gateways, and looking over the plain around. This mass of ruins, some rolled down in

avalanches of stones, others perfect and painted, as when they were first built, is approached on every side by avenues of gateways, as grand as that on which you are yourself standing. East and west, and north and south, these vast approaches are found,—some are shattered, but in every approach some remain; and in some can be traced, besides, the further avenues, still in part remaining, by hundreds together, avenues of ram-headed sphinxes.

Every Egyptian temple has, or ought to have, one of these great gateways formed of two sloping towers, with the high perpendicular front between. But what makes them remarkable at Thebes is their number, and their multiplied concentration on the one point of Karnac. This no doubt is the origin of Homer's expression "The City of the Hundred Gates;" and in ancient times, even from a distance, they must have been beautiful. For, instead of the brown mass of sandstone which they now present, the great sculptures of the Gods and conquering kings which they uniformly present were painted within and without; and in the deep grooves which can still be seen, twofold or fourfold, on each side the portal, with enormous holes for the transverse beams of support, were placed immense red flagstaffs, with Isis-headed standards, red and blue streamers floating from them. Close before almost every gateway in this vast

array, were the colossal figures, usually in granite, of the great Rameses, sometimes in white or red marble, of Amenophis and of Thothmes, whose fragments still remain. And close by these were pairs of towering obelisks (for in Egypt they always stood in pairs), which can generally be traced by pedestals on either side, or by the solitary twin, mourning for its brother, either lying broken beside it, or far away in some northern region at Rome, at Paris, or at Petersburg.

I have spoken of the view from the top of the great gateway which overlooks the whole array of avenues. I must speak also of that which from the other end commands the whole series of ruins, each succeeding the other in unbroken succession. It is a view something of the kind of that up the Forum from the Colosseum of the Capitol. You stand in front of a stately gateway, built by the Ptolemies. Immediately in the foreground are two Osiride pillars—their placid faces fixed upon you—a strange and striking contrast to the crash of temple and tower behind. That crash, however, great as it is, has not, like that of the fall of Rome, left mere empty spaces where only imagination can supply what once there was. No—there is not an inch of this Egyptian Forum, so to call it, which is not crowded with fragments, if not buildings, of the past. No Canina is wanted to figure the scene as it once was. You have

only to set up again the fallen obelisks which lie at your feet; to conceive the columns as they are still seen in parts, overspreading the whole; to reproduce all the statues, like those which still remain in their august niches; to gaze on the painted walls and pillars of the immense hall, which even now can never be seen without a thrill of awe,—and you have ancient Thebes before you.

And what a series of history it is! In that long defile of ruins every age has borne its part, from Osirtasen I. to the latest Ptolemy, from the time of Joseph to the Christian era; through the whole period of Jewish history, and of the ancient world, the splendour of the earth kept pouring into that space for two thousand years. . . . . .

Two ideas seem to reign through the various sculptures. First, the endeavour to reproduce, as far as possible, the life of man, so that the mummy of the dead King, whether in his long sleep, or on his awakening, might still be encompassed by the old familiar objects. Egypt, with all its peculiarities, was to be perpetuated in the depths of the grave; and truly they have succeeded. This is what makes this valley of Tombs like the galleries of a vast Museum. Not the collections of Pompeii at Naples give more knowledge of Greek or Roman life than these do of Egyptian. The kitchen, the dinners, the boating, the dancing, the trades, all are there—all fresh from the hands of the painters of the primeval world.

The other idea is that of conducting the King to the world of death.

The further you advance into the tomb, the deeper you become involved in endless processions of jackal-headed gods, and monstrous forms of genii, good and evil; and the Goddess of Justice, with her single ostrich feather; and barges, carrying mummies, raised aloft over the sacred cake, and mummies themselves; and, more than all, everlasting convolutions of serpents in every possible form and attitude; human-legged, human-headed, crowned, entwining mummies,—enwreathing or embraced by processions,—extending down whole galleries, so that meeting the head of the serpent at the top of a staircase, you have to descend to its very end before you reach his tail. At last you arrive at the close of all—the vaulted hall, in the centre of which lies the immense granite sarcophagus, which ought to contain the body of the King. Here the processions above, below and around—white and black, and red and blue, legs and arms and wings spreading in enormous forms over the ceiling; and below lies the coffin itself.

It seems certain that all this gorgeous decoration was, on the burial of the King, immediately closed, and meant to be closed for ever; so that what we now see was intended never to be seen by any mortal eyes except those of the King himself when he awoke from his slumbers. Not

only was the entrance closed, but in some cases—chiefly in that of the great sepulchre of Osirei—the passages were cut in the most devious directions, the approaches to them so walled up as to give the appearance of a termination long before you arrived at the actual chamber, lest by any chance the body of the King might be disturbed. And yet in spite of all these precautions, when these gigantic fortresses have been broken through, in no instance has the mummy been discovered. . . . . .

No written account has given me an adequate impression of the effect, past and present, of the colossal figures of the Kings. What spires are to a modern city, —what the towers of a cathedral are to its nave and choir,—that the statues of the Pharaohs were to the streets and temples of Thebes. The ground is strewed with their fragments; there were avenues of them towering high above plain and houses. Three of gigantic size still remain. One was the granite statue of Rameses himself, who sat on the right side of the entrance to his palace. By some extraordinary catastrophe, the statue has been thrown down, and the Arabs have scooped their millstones out of his face, but you can still see what he was,—the largest statue in the world. Far and wide that enormous head must have been seen, eyes, mouth, and ears. Far and wide you must have seen his vast hands resting on his elephantine knees. . . . . .

Nothing which now exists in the world can give any notion of what the effect must have been when he was erect. Nero towering above the Colosseum may have been something like it; but he was of bronze, and Rameses was of solid granite. Nero was standing without any object; Rameses was resting in awful majesty after the conquest of the whole of the then known world. No one who entered that building, whether it were temple or palace, could have thought of anything else but that stupendous being who thus had raised himself up above the whole world of gods and men.

And when from the statue you descend to the palace, the same impression is kept up. It is the earliest instance of the enshrinement in Art of the historical glories of a Nation. But everywhere the same colossal proportions are preserved. Everywhere the King is conquering, ruling, worshipping, worshipped. The Palace is the Temple. The King is Priest. He and his horses are ten times the size of the rest of the army. Alike in battle and in worship, he is of the same stature as the gods themselves. . . . . .

It carries one back to the days "when there were giants on the earth." It shows how the King, in that first monarchy, was the visible God upon earth. The only thing like it that has since been seen is the deification of the Roman emperors. No pure Monotheism could

for a moment have been compatible with such an intense exultation of the conquering King. "I am Pharaoh;" "By the life of Pharaoh;" "Say unto Pharaoh, Whom art thou like in thy greatness?"—all these expressions seem to acquire new life from the sight of this monster statue.

And now let us pass to the two others. They are the only statues remaining of an avenue of eighteen similar, or nearly similar, statues, some of whose remnants lie in the field behind them which led to the palace of Amenophis III., every one of the statues being Amenophis himself, thus giving in multiplication what Rameses gained in solitary elevation. He lived some reigns earlier than Rameses, and the statues are of ruder workmanship and coarser stone. To me they were much more striking close at hand when their human forms were distinctly visible, than at a distance, when they looked only like two towers or land-marks.

The sun was setting; the African range glowed red behind them; the green plain was dyed with a deeper green beneath them; and the shades of evening veiled the vast rents and fissures in their aged frames. As I looked back at them in the sunset, and they rose up in front of the background of the mountain, they seemed, indeed, as if they were part of it—as if they belonged to some natural creation rather than to any work of art. And yet, as I have said, when anywhere in their neigh-

bourhood, the human character is never lost. Their faces are dreadfully mutilated; indeed, the largest has no face at all, but is from the waist upwards a mass of stones or rocks piled together in the form of a human head and body. Still, especially in that dim light, and from their lofty thrones, they seem to have faces, only of hideous and grinning ugliness.

And now, who was it that strewed the plain with their countless fragments? Who had power to throw down the Colossus of Rameses? Who broke the statue of Amenophis from the middle upwards? From the time of the Roman travellers who have carved their names in verses innumerable on the foot of Amenophis, there has been but one answer,—Cambyses. He was, in the traditions of that time, the Cromwell of Egypt. It is possible that Rameses, it is probable that Amenophis were shattered by earthquakes. But the recollection of Cambyses shews the feeling he had left while here, as the great Iconoclast. What an effort this implies of fanatical or religious zeal! What an impression it gives of that Persian hatred of idols, which is described in the Bible, only here carried to excess against these Majestic Kings; "Bel boweth down, Nebo stoopeth." Well might the idols of Babylon tremble before Cyrus, if such was the fate of the Egyptian Pharaohs before Cambyses.

Sinai and Palestine. Introduction, p. xxxviii.

THE GREEK EASTER.

THERE is one aspect in which it is interesting for us to regard the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It is not merely the centre of the worship of Christendom, it is also in an especial manner the Cathedral Church of Palestine and of the East; and in it the local religion, which attaches to all the Holy Places, reaches its highest pitch, and, as is natural, receives its colour from the Eastern and barbarous nations, who necessarily contribute the chief elements to what may be called its natural congregation. It may be well, therefore, to give a description of the Greek Easter, which will also sum up the general impressions of the whole building, in whose history it forms so remarkable a feature. The time is the morning of Easter Eve, which, by a strange anticipation, here, as in Spain, eclipses Easter Sunday. The place is

the great Rotunda of the nave; the model of all the circular churches of Europe, especially that of Aix-la-Chapelle. Above is the great dome with its rents and patches waiting to be repaired, and the sky seen through the opening in the centre, which here, as in the Pantheon, admits the light and air of day. Immediately beneath are the galleries, in one of which on the northern side—that of the Latin convent—are assembled the Frank spectators. Below is the Chapel of the Sepulchre—a shapeless edifice of brown marble; on its shabby roof, a meagre cupola, tawdry vases with tawdry flowers, and a forest of slender tapers; whilst a blue curtain is drawn across its top to intercept the rain admitted through the dome. It is divided into two chapels—that on the west containing the Sepulchre,—that on the east containing "the Stone of the Angel." Of these, the eastern chapel is occupied by the Greeks and Armenians. On its north side is a round hole from which the Holy Fire is to issue for the Greeks. A corresponding aperture is on the south side for the Armenians. At the western extremity of the Sepulchre, but attached to it from the outside, is the little wooden chapel, the only part of the Church allotted to the poor Copts; and further west, but parted from the Sepulchre itself, is the still poorer chapel of the still poorer Syrians. . . . . .

The Chapel of the Sepulchre rises from the dense mass

of pilgrims, who sit or stand wedged round it; whilst round them, and between another equally dense mass, which goes round the walls of the church itself, a lane is formed by two lines, or rather two circles of Turkish soldiers stationed to keep order. For the spectacle which is about to take place nothing can be better suited than the form of the Rotunda, giving galleries above for the spectators, and an open space below for the pilgrims and their festival. For the first two hours everything is tranquil. Nothing indicates what is coming, except that the two or three pilgrims who have got close to the aperture keep their hands fixed in it with a clench never relaxed. It is about noon that this circular lane is suddenly broken through by a tangled group rushing violently round till they are caught by one of the Turkish soldiers. It seems to be the belief of the Arab Greeks that unless they run round the Sepulchre a certain number of times the fire will not come. Possibly, also, there is some strange reminiscence of the funeral-games and races round the tomb of an ancient chief. Accordingly, the night before, and from this time forward for two hours, a succession of gambols takes place, which an Englishman can only compare to a mixture of prisoner's base, foot-ball, and leap-frog, round and round the Holy Sepulchre. First, he sees these tangled masses of twenty, thirty, fifty men, starting in a run, catching hold of each other,

lifting one of themselves on their shoulders, sometimes on their heads, and rushing on with him till he leaps off, and some one else succeeds; some of them dressed in sheep-skins, some almost naked; one usually preceding the rest as a fugleman, clapping his hands, to which they respond in like manner, adding also wild howls, of which the chief burden is—"This is the tomb of Jesus Christ—God save the Sultan"—"Jesus Christ has redeemed us." What begins in the lesser groups soon grows in magnitude and extent, till at last the whole of the circle between the troops is continuously occupied by a race, a whirl, a torrent of these wild figures, like the Witches' Sabbath in "Faust," wheeling round the Sepulchre. Gradually the frenzy subsides or is checked; the course is cleared, and out of the Greek Church, on the east of the Rotunda, a long procession with embroidered banners, supplying in their ritual the want of images, begins to defile round the Sepulchre.

From this moment the excitement, which has before been confined to the runners and dancers, becomes universal. Hedged in by the soldiers, the two huge masses of pilgrims still remain in their places, all joining, however, in a wild succession of yells, through which are caught from time to time strangely, almost affectingly, mingled, the chants of the procession—the solemn chants of the Church of Basil and Chrysostom, mingled

with the yells of savages. Thrice the procession paces round; at the third time the two lines of Turkish soldiers join and fall in behind. One great movement sways the multitude from side to side; the crisis of the day is now approaching. The presence of the Turks is believed to prevent the descent of the fire, and at this point it is that they are driven, or consent to be driven, out of the church. In a moment, the confusion, as of a battle and victory, pervades the church. In every direction the raging mob bursts in upon the troops, who pour out of the church at the south-east corner—the procession is broken through, the banners stagger and waver. They stagger and waver, and fall amidst the flight of priests, bishops, and standard-bearers hither and thither before the tremendous rush. In one small but compact band the Bishop of Petra, (who is on this occasion the Bishop of "the Fire," the representative of the Patriarch) is hurried to the Chapel of the Sepulchre, and the door is closed behind him. The whole church is now one heaving sea of heads resounding with an uproar which can be compared to nothing less than that of the Guild-hall of London at a nomination for the City. One vacant space alone is left; a narrow lane from the aperture on the north side of the chapel to the hall of the church. By the aperture itself stands a priest to catch the fire; on each side of the lane, so far as the eye can

reach, hundreds of bare arms are stretched out like the branches of a leafless forest—like the branches of a forest quivering in some violent tempest.

In earlier and bolder times the expectation of the Divine presence was at this juncture raised to a still higher pitch by the appearance of a dove hovering above the cupola of the chapel—to indicate, so Maundrell was told, the visible descent of the Holy Ghost. This extraordinary act, whether of extravagant symbolism or of daring profaneness, has now been discontinued; but the belief still continues—and it is only from the knowledge of that belief that the full horror of the scene, the intense excitement of the next few moments, can be adequately conceived. Silent—awfully silent—in the midst of this frantic uproar, stands the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre. If any one could at such a moment be convinced of its genuineness, or could expect a display of miraculous power, assuredly it would be that its very stones would cry out against the wild fanaticism without, and unhappy weakness within, by which it is at that hour desecrated. At last the moment comes. A bright flame as of burning wood appears inside the hole—the light, as every educated Greek knows and acknowledges, kindled by the bishop within—the light, as every pilgrim believes, of the descent of GOD Himself upon the holy Tomb. Any distinct feature or incident is lost in the

universal whirl of excitement which envelops the church, as slowly, gradually, the fire spreads from hand to hand, from taper to taper, through that vast multitude—till at last the whole edifice from gallery to gallery, and through the area below, is one wide blaze of thousands of burning candles. It is now that, according to some accounts, the Bishop or Patriarch is carried out of the chapel in triumph on the shoulders of the people, in a fainting state, "to give the impression that he is overcome by the glory of the Almighty, from whose immediate presence he is believed to come." It is now that a mounted horseman, stationed at the gates of the church, gallops off with a lighted taper to communicate the sacred fire to the lamps of the Greek Church in the convent at Bethlehem. It is now that the great rush to escape from the rolling smoke and suffocating heat, and to carry the lighted tapers into the streets and houses of Jerusalem, through the one entrance to the Church, leads at times to the violent pressure which in 1834 cost the lives of hundreds. For a short time the pilgrims run to and fro—rubbing their faces and breasts against the fire to attest its supposed harmlessness. But the wild enthusiasm terminates the moment that the fire is communicated; and perhaps not the least extraordinary part of the spectacle is the rapid and total subsidence of a frenzy so intense. The furious agitation of the morning is strangely contrasted with the profound

repose of the evening, when the church is once again filled, —through the area of the rotunda, the Chapels of Copt and Syrian, the subterranean Church of Helena, the great nave of Constantine's Basilica, the stairs and platform of Calvary itself, with the many chambers above,—every part, except the one chapel of the Latin Church, filled and overlaid by one mass of pilgrims, wrapt in deep sleep and waiting for the midnight service.

Such is the Greek Easter, the greatest moral argument against the identity of the spot which it professes to honour, stripped indeed of some of its most revolting features, yet still, considering the place, the time, and the intention of the professed Miracle, probably the most offensive imposture to be found in the world.

It is doubtless a miserable thought that for such an end as this, Constantine and Helena planned and builded —that for such a worship as this, Godfrey and Tancred, Richard and St. Louis, fought and died. Yet in justice to the Greek clergy it must be remembered that this is but the most extreme and the most instructive case of what every Church must suffer which has to bear with the weakness and fanaticism of its members, whether brought about by its own corruption or by long and inveterate ignorance. And however repulsive to our minds may be the orgies of the Arab pilgrims, we ought rather perhaps to wonder that these wild creatures should be

Christians at all, than that being such they should take this mode of expressing their devotion at this great anniversary. The very violence of the paroxysm proves its temporary character. On every other occasion their conduct is sober and decorous, even to dulness, as though—according to the happy expression of one of the most observant of Eastern travellers—they "were not working out, but *transacting* the great business of salvation."

Sinai and Palestine, p. 464.

HISTORICAL.

THE RELATIONS OF CIVIL AND ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.

TO a great extent Civil and Ecclesiastical History are inseparable; they cannot be torn asunder without infinite loss to both. It is indeed true that in common parlance, Ecclesiastical History is often confined within limits so restricted as to render such a distinction only too easy. Of the numerous theological terms of which the original sense has been defaced, marred, and clipped by the base currency of the world, few have suffered so much, in few has "the gold become so dim, the most fine gold so changed," as in the word "ecclesiastical." The substantive from which it is derived has fallen far below its ancient Apostolical meaning, but the adjective "ecclesiastical" has fallen lower still. It has come to signify, not the religious, not the moral, not even the social or political interests of the Christian community,

but often the very opposite of these—its merely accidental, outward, ceremonial machinery. We call a contest for the retention or the abolition of vestments "ecclesiastical," not a contest for the retention or the abolition of the slave-trade. We include in "Ecclesiastical History" the life of the most insignificant bishop or the most wicked of Popes, not the life of the wisest of philosophers or the most Christian of kings. But such a limitation is as untenable in fact as it is untrue in theory. The very stones of the spiritual temple cry out against such a profanation of the rock whence they were hewn. If the Christian religion be a matter, not of mint, anise, or cummin, but of justice, mercy, and truth; if the Christian Church be not a priestly caste or a monastic order, or a little sect, or a handful of opinions, but "the whole congregation of faithful men, dispersed throughout the world;" if the very word which of old represented the chosen "people" (λαὸς) is now to be found in the "laity;" if the Biblical usage of the phrase "Ecclesia" literally justifies Tertullian's definition, *Ubi tres sunt laici, ibi est ecclesia*; then the range of the history of the Church is as wide as the range of the world which it was designed to penetrate, as the whole body which its name includes.

By a violent effort, no doubt, the two spheres can be kept apart; by a compromise, tacit or understood, the

student of each may avoid looking the other in the face; under special circumstances, the ultimate relation between the course of Christian society and the course of human affairs may be forgotten or set aside. Josephus the priest may pass over in absolute silence the new sect which arises in Galilee to disturb the Jewish hierarchy. Tacitus the philosopher may give nothing more than a momentary glance at the miserable superstition of the fanatics who called themselves Christians. Napoleon the conqueror, when asked on the coast of Syria to visit the holy city, may make his haughty reply,—"Jerusalem does not enter into the line of my operations." But this is not the natural nor the usual course of the greatest examples both in ancient and modern times. Observe the description of the Jewish Church by the sacred historians. Consider the immense difference for all future ages, if the lives of Joshua, David, Solomon, and Elijah had been omitted, as unworthy of insertion, because they did not belong to the priestly tribe; if the Pentateuch had been confined to the Book of Leviticus; if the Books of Kings and Chronicles had limited themselves to the sayings and doings of Zadok and Abiathar, or even of Nathan and Gad. Remember also the early chroniclers of Europe; almost all of them at once the sole historians of their age, yet, even by purpose and profession, historians only of the Church. Take but one instance, the Venerable Bede.

His "Ecclesiastical History of England" begins, not with the arrival of Augustine, but with the great dawn of British civilization at the landing of Cæsar; and, for the period over which it extends, it is the sufficient and almost the only authority for the fortunes of the Anglo-Saxon commonwealth.

In later times, since history has become a distinct science, the same testimony is still borne by the highest works of genius and research in this wide field. Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" is, in great part, however reluctantly or unconsciously, the history of "the rise and progress of the Christian Church." His true conception of the grandeur of his subject extorted from him that just concession which his own natural prejudice would have refused; and it was remarked not many years ago, by Dr. Newman, that up to that time England had produced no other Ecclesiastical History worthy of the name. This reproach has since been removed by the great work of Dean Milman; but it is the distinguishing excellence of that very history that it embraces within its vast circumference the whole story of mediæval Europe. Even in that earlier period when the world and the Church were of necessity distinct and antagonistic, Arnold rightly perceived, and all subsequent labours in this field tend to the same result, that each will be best understood, when blended in the common

history of the Empire which exercised so powerful an influence over the development of the Christian society within its bosom, whilst by that society it was itself undermined and superseded. And the two chief historians of France and England in recent times—Guizot in his Lectures on French Civilization, Macaulay in his English History—have both strongly brought out, as necessary parts of their dissertations or narratives, the religious influences which by inferior writers of one class have been neglected, or by those of another class been rent from their natural context.

How to adjust the relations of the two spheres to each other is almost as indefinite a task in history as it is in practice and in philosophy. In no age are they precisely the same. Sometimes, as in the period of the Roman Empire, the influence of one on the other is more by contagion, by atmosphere, even by contrast, than by direct intercourse. Sometimes the main interest of religious history hangs on an institution, like Episcopacy; on a war, like the Crusades; on a person, like Luther. In some periods, as in the middle ages, the combination of the secular and religious elements will be effected by the political or the intellectual influence of the clergy. The lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury and the lives of the Prime Ministers of England, are for five hundred years almost indivisible. The course of European revolution for nearly a thousand years moves round the

throne of the Papacy. Or again, the rise of a new power or character will, even in these very ages, suddenly transfer the spiritual guidance of men to some high-minded ruler or gifted writer, who is for the time the true arbiter or interpreter of the interests and the feelings of Christendom. In the close of the thirteenth century, it is not a priest or a Pope, but a king and an opponent of Popes, who stands forward as the acknowledged representative of the Christian Church in Europe; S. Louis in France, not Gregory IX. at Rome. In the fourteenth century it is not a schoolman or a bishop that we summon before us as the best exponent of mediæval Christianity; it is not the "seraphic" or the "angelic doctor," but the divine poet Dante, who reveals to us the feelings and thoughts of the whole age respecting this world and the next. And if we pass to our own country, he must be a blind guide who would take us through the English Reformation without seeing on every stage of it the impress of the iron will and broad aims of Henry VIII.; or who would portray the English Church without recognising the comprehensive policy of Elizabeth. Or yet again, of all our brilliant English divines of the seventeenth century, there is not one who can be fairly said to have exercised as much influence over the popular theology of this nation, as has been undoubtedly exercised by a half-heretic, half-puritan layman, the author of "Paradise Lost."

These instances indicate with sufficient precision the

devious yet obvious path which, without losing sight of the wide horizon on the one hand, or without undue contraction of his view on the other, the student of Ecclesiastical History may safely follow. If we imagine ourselves overlooking the broad expanse into which the stream bursts forth from the mountains of its early stages, our purpose henceforth will be, not so much to describe the products of the forest, or the buildings of the city which have grown up on the banks of the river, but to track the river itself through its various channels, under its overhanging thickets, through the populous streets and gardens to which it gives life; to see what are its main, what its tributary streams; what the nature of its waters; how far impregnated with new qualities, how far coloured, by the various soils, vegetations, uses, through which they pass; to trace their secret flow, as they go softly through the regions which they fertilise; not finding them where they do not exist, not denying their power where they do exist; to welcome their sound in courses however tortuous; to acknowledge their value, however stained, in their downward and onward passage. Difficult as it may often be to find the stream, yet when it is found it will guide us to the pure pastures of this world's wilderness, and lead us beside the still waters.

Eastern Church. Introduction, p. xxxii.

AIDS TO STUDY OF ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.

BY the mere necessity of exploring any one subject to the bottom we must at times touch original authorities. But original records are not confined merely to contemporaneous histories, nor even to contemporaneous literature, sermons, poems, laws, decrees. Study the actual statues and portraits of the men, the sculptures and pictures of the events: if they do not give us the precise image of the persons and things themselves, they give us at least the image left on those who came nearest to them. Study their monuments, their gravestones, their epitaphs, on the spots where they lie. Study, if possible, the scenes of the events, their aspect, their architecture, their geography; the tradition which has survived the history, the legend which has survived the tradition; the mountain, the stream, the shapeless

stone, which has survived even history and tradition and legend.

Take two examples instead of a hundred. There are few more interesting episodes in modern Ecclesiastical History than that of the Scottish Covenanters. But the school in which that episode must be studied is Scotland itself. The caves, and moors, and moss-hags of the Western Lowlands; the tales, which linger still, of the black charger of Claverhouse, of the strange encounters with the Evil one, of the cry of the plover and peewit round the encampments on the hill-side, are more instructive than many books. The rude grave-stones which mark the spots where those were laid who bore testimony to "the covenanted work of reformation, and Christ's kingly government of His house," bring before us in the most lively, because in the most condensed, authentic, original form, the excited feeling of the time, and the most peculiar traits of the religion of the Scottish people. Their independence, their fervour, their fierceness may have belonged to the age. But hardly out of Scotland could be found their stubborn endurance, their thirst for vengeance, their investment of the narrowest questions of discipline and ceremony with the sacredness of universal principles. We almost fancy that we see the survivors of the dead spelling and scooping out their savage rhymes on the simple monuments, each

catching from each the epithets, the texts, the names, almost Homeric in the simplicity and the sameness with which they are repeated on those lonely tombstones, from shore to shore, of the Scottish kingdom.

Or turn to a similar instance of kindred but wider interest. What insight into the familiar feelings and thoughts of the primitive ages of the Church can be compared to that afforded by the Roman catacombs! Hardly noticed by Gibbon or Mosheim, they yet give us a likeness of the life of those early times beyond that derived from any of the written authorities on which Gibbon and Mosheim repose. Their very structure is significant; their vast extent, their labyrinthine darkness, their stifling atmosphere, are a standing proof both of the rapid spread of the Christian conversions, and of the active fury of the heathen persecutions. The subjects of the sculptures and paintings place before us the exact ideas with which the first Christians were familiar; they remind us, by what they do not contain, of the ideas with which the first Christians were not familiar. We see with our own eyes the parables, and the miracles, and the stories from the Old Testament, which sustained the courage of the early martyrs, and the innocent festivities of the early feasts of Christian love. The barbarous style of the sculptures, the bad spelling, the coarse engraving of the epitaphs, impress upon us more clearly than any sermon the truth that God chose

the weak, and base, and despised things of the world, to bring to nought the things which are mighty. He who is thoroughly steeped in the imagery of the catacombs will be nearer to the thoughts of the Early Church than he who has learned by heart the most elaborate treatise, even of Tertullian or Origen. . . . . .

The Prayer-book as it stands is a long gallery of Ecclesiastical History, which, to be understood and enjoyed thoroughly, absolutely compels a knowledge of the greatest events and names of all periods of the Christian Church. To Ambrose we owe our *Te Deum;* Charlemagne breaks the silence of our Ordination prayers by the *Veni Creator Spiritus.* The Persecutions have given us one creed, and the Empire another. The name of the first great Patriarch of the Byzantine Church closes our daily service; the Litany is the bequest of the first great Patriarch of the Latin Church, amidst the terrors of the Roman pestilence. Our collects are the joint productions of the Fathers, the Popes, and the Reformers. Our Communion Service bears the traces of every fluctuation of the Reformation, through the two extremes of the reign of Edward to the conciliating policy of Elizabeth, and the reactionary zeal of the Restoration.

Though the course of Ecclesiastical History be dark, there is always a bright side to be found in Ecclesiastical Biography. Study the lives, study the

thoughts, and hymns, and prayers, study the death-beds of good men. They are the salt, not only of the world, but of the Church. In them we see, close at hand, what on the public stage of history we see through every kind of distorted medium and deceptive refraction. In them we can trace the history if not of "the Catholic Church," at least of "the Communion of Saints." The *Acta Sanctorum* were literally, as a great French historian has observed, the only light, moral and intellectual, of the centuries, from the seventh to the ninth, which may without exaggeration, be called the Dark ages. "Their glories," it has been well said, "shine far beyond the limits of their daily walk in life; their odours are wafted across the boundaries of unfriendly societies; their spiritual seed is borne away, and takes root and bears manifold in fields far distant from the gardens of the Lord where they were planted." . . . It is well known that, amidst the trials which beset Henry Martyn the Missionary, on his voyage to India, the study in which he found his chief pleasure and profit was in the kindly notices of ancient saints which form the redeeming points of Milner's "History of the Church." "I love," (so he writes in his diary) "to converse, as it were, with those holy bishops and martyrs, with whom I hope, through grace, to spend a happy eternity. . . . . The example of the Christian Saints in the early ages has been

a source of sweet reflection to me. . . . . The holy love and devout meditations of Augustine and Ambrose I delight to think of. . . . No uninspired sentence ever affected me so much as that of the historian, that to believe, to suffer, and to love, was the primitive faith." What he so felt and expressed may be, and has been, felt by many others. Such biographies are the common, perhaps the only common, literature alike of rich and poor. Hearts, to whom even the Bible speaks in vain, have by such works been roused to a sense of duty and holiness. However cold the response of mankind has been to other portions of ecclesiastical story, this has always commanded a reverential, even an excessive attention. . . . . .

The actual effects, the manifold applications, in history, of the words of Scripture, give them a new instruction, and afford a new proof of their endless vigour and vitality. Look through any famous passage of the Old, or yet more of the New Testament; there is hardly one that has not borne fruit in the conversion of some great saint, or in the turn it has given to some great event. At a single precept of the Gospels, Antony went his way and sold all that he had; at a single warning of the Epistles, Augustine's hard heart was melted beneath the fig-tree at Milan; a single chapter of Isaiah made a penitent believer of the profligate Rochester. A word to St. Peter has become the stronghold of the Papacy; a word

from St. Paul has become the stronghold of Luther. The Psalter alone, by its manifold applications and uses in after times, is a vast palimpsest, written over and over again, illuminated, illustrated, by every conceivable incident and emotion of men and of nations; battles, wanderings, dangers, escapes, death-beds, obsequies, of many ages and countries, rise, or may rise, to our view, as we read it. . . . . .

Lectures on Ecclesiastical History, p. 56.

THE EARLY YEARS OF THE BLACK PRINCE.

WE all like to know where a famous man has been educated; and in the case of Edward the Black Prince we know the place, and also see the reason why it was chosen. Any of you who have been at Oxford will remember the long line of buildings which overlook the beautiful curve of High Street, the buildings of "Queen's College," the College of the Queen. At the time of which I speak, that college was the greatest —two others only in any regular collegiate form existed in Oxford. It had but just been founded by the chaplain of Queen Philippa, and took its name from her. There it was that, according to tradition, the Prince of Wales, her son, as in the next generation, Henry V., was brought up. If we look at the events which followed, he could hardly have been twelve years old when

he went. But there were then no schools in England, and their place was almost entirely supplied by the universities. Queen's College is much altered in every way since the little Prince went there; but they still keep an engraving of the vaulted room, which he is said to have occupied; and though most of the old customs which prevailed in the college, and which made it a very peculiar place even then, have long since disappeared, some which are mentioned by the founder, and which therefore must have been in use when the Prince was there, still continue. You may still hear the students summoned to dinner, as he was, by the sound of a trumpet, and, in the hall, you may still see, as he saw, the Fellows sitting all on one side of the table, with the Head of the college in the centre, in imitation of "the Last Supper," as it is commonly represented in pictures. The very names of the head and the twelve fellows (the number first appointed by the founder, in likeness of our Lord and the Apostles), who were presiding over the college when the Prince was there, are known to us. He must have seen what has long since vanished away, the thirteen beggars, deaf, dumb, maimed, or blind, daily brought into the hall, to receive their dole of bread, beer, pottage, and fish. He must have seen the seventy poor scholars, instituted after the example of the seventy disciples, and learning from their two chaplains to chant the service. He

must have heard the mill within or hard by the college-walls, grinding the Fellows' bread. He must have seen the porter of the college going round the rooms betimes in the morning to shave the beards, and wash the heads, of the Fellows. In these and many other curious particulars, we can tell exactly what the customs and appearance of the College were when the Prince was there. It is more difficult to answer another question, which we always wish to know about famous men—Who were his companions? An old tradition (unfortunately beset with doubts) points to one youth, at that time in Oxford, and at Queen's College, whom we shall all recognise as an old acquaintance—John Wycliffe, the first English Reformer, and the first translator of the Bible into English. He would have been a poor boy, in a threadbare coat, and devoted to study, and the Prince probably never exchanged looks or words with him. But it is almost certain that he must have seen him, and it is interesting to remember that once, at least, in their lives, the great soldier of the age had crossed the path of the great Reformer. Each thought and cared little for the other; their characters, and pursuits, and sympathies, were as different as were their stations in life; let us be thankful if we have learned to understand them both, and see what was good in each, far better than they did themselves.

We now pass to the next events of his life; those which

have really made him almost as famous in war, as Wycliffe has been in peace—the two great battles of Cressy and of Poitiers. I will not now go into the origin of the war, of which these two battles formed the turning-points. It is enough for us to remember that it was undertaken by Edward III. to gain the crown of France, through a pretended claim—for it was no more than a pretended claim—through his mother. And now, first, for Cressy. . . . . It was Saturday, the 28th of August 1346, and it was at four in the afternoon that the battle commenced. The French army advanced from the south-east, after a hard day's march to overtake the retiring enemy. Every one, from the King down to the peasants on the road, went crying "Kill, kill!" and were in a state of the greatest excitement, drawing their swords, and thinking they were sure of their prey. What the French King chiefly relied upon (besides his great numbers) was the troop of fifteen thousand cross-bowmen from Genoa. These were made to stand in front: when, just as the engagement was about to take place, one of those extraordinary incidents occurred, which often turn the fate of battles, as they do of human life in general. A tremendous storm gathered from the west, and broke in thunder, and rain, and hail, on the field of battle. The sky was darkened, and the horror was increased by the hoarse cries of crows

and ravens, which fluttered before the storm, and struck terror into the hearts of the Italian bowmen, who were unaccustomed to these northern tempests. And when at last the sky had cleared, and they prepared their cross-bows to shoot, the strings had been so wet by the rain that they could not draw them. By this time the evening sun streamed out in full splendour over the black clouds of the western sky—right in their faces; and at the same moment the English archers, who had kept their bows in cases during the storm, and so had their strings dry, let fly their arrows so fast and thick, that those who were present could only compare it to snow or sleet. Through and through the heads, and necks, and hands of the Genoese bowmen, the arrows pierced. Unable to stand it, they turned and fled; and from that moment the panic and confusion was so great, that the day was lost.

But though the storm, and the sun, and the archers had their part, we must not forget the Prince. He was, we must remember, only sixteen, and yet he commanded the whole English army. It is said that the reason of this was, that the King of France had been so bent on destroying the English forces, that he had hoisted the Sacred Banner of France—the great scarlet flag, embroidered with golden lilies, called the Oriflamme—as a sign that no quarter would be given;

and that when King Edward saw this, and saw the hazard to which he should expose not only the army, but the whole kingdom, if he were to fall in battle, he determined to leave it to his son. Certain it is that, for whatever reason, he remained on a little hill, on the outskirts of the field, and the young Prince, who had been knighted a month before, went forward with his companions in arms, into the very thick of the fray; and when his father saw that the victory was virtually gained, he forbore to interfere. "Let the child *win his spurs*," he said, in words which have since become a proverb, "and *let the day be his*." The Prince was in very great danger at one moment; he was wounded and thrown to the ground, and only saved by Richard de Beaumont, who carried the great banner of Wales, throwing the banner over the boy as he lay on the ground, and standing upon it till he had driven back the assailants. The assailants were driven back, and far through the long summer evening, and deep into the summer night, the battle raged. It was not till all was dark, that the Prince and his companions halted from their pursuit; and then huge fires and torches were lit up, that the King might see where they were. And then took place the touching interview between the father and the son; the king embracing the boy in front of the whole army, by the red light of the blazing fires, and saying, "*Sweet son*,

God give you good perseverance; you are my true son—right royally have you acquitted yourself this day, and worthy are you of a crown,"—and the young Prince, after the reverential manner of those times, "bowed to the ground, and gave all the honour to the King his father." The next day the King walked over the field of carnage with the Prince, and said, "*What think you of a battle? is it an agreeable game?*"

The general result of the battle was the deliverance of the English army from a most imminent danger, and subsequently the conquest of Calais, which the King immediately besieged and won, and which remained in the possession of the English from that day to the reign of Queen Mary. From that time the Prince became the darling of the English, and the terror of the French; and, whether from this terror, or from the black armour which he wore on that day, and which contrasted with the fairness of his complexion, he was called by them "Le Prince Noir,"—the Black Prince, and from them the name has passed to us; so that all his other sounding titles by which the old poems call him—"Prince of Wales, Duke of Aquitaine,"—are lost in the one memorable name which he won for himself in his first fight at Cressy.

And now we pass over ten years, and find him on the field of Poitiers. Again we must ask, what brought

him there, and why the battle was fought? He was this time alone; his father, though the war had rolled on since the battle of Cressy, was in England. But, in other respects, the beginning of the fight was very like that of Cressy. Gascony belonged to him by right, and from this he made a descent into the neighbouring provinces, and was on his return home, when the King of France—John, the son of Philip—pursued him as his father had pursued Edward III., and overtook him suddenly on the high upland fields, which extend for many miles south of the city of Poitiers. It is the third great battle which has been fought in that neighbourhood, —the first was that in which Clovis defeated the Goths, and established the faith in the creed of Athanasius throughout Europe—the second was that in which Charles Martel drove back the Saracens, and saved Europe from Mahometanism—the third was this, the most brilliant of English victories over the French. The spot, which is about six miles south of Poitiers, is still known by the name of the Battle-field. Its features are very slightly marked—two ridges of rising ground, parted by a gentle hollow; behind the highest of these two ridges is a large tract of copse and underwood, and leading up to it from the hollow is a somewhat steep lane, there shut in by woods and vines on each side. It was on this ridge that the prince had taken up his position, and it was solely by

the good use he made of this position that the victory was won. The French army was arranged on the other side of the hollow in three great divisions, of which the King's was the hindmost. It was on Monday, September 19th 1356, at 9 A.M., that the battle began. All the Sunday had been taken up by fruitless endeavours of Cardinal Talleyrand to save the bloodshed, by bringing the King and Prince to terms; a fact to be noticed for two reasons, first because it shows the sincere and Christian desire which animated the clergy of those times, in the midst of all their faults, to promote peace and goodwill amongst the savage men with whom they lived; and secondly because the refusal of the French King and Prince to be persuaded shows, on this occasion, the confidence of victory which had possessed them.

The Prince offered to give up all the castles and prisoners he had taken, and to swear not to fight in France again for seven years. But the King would hear of nothing but his absolute surrender of himself and his army on the spot. The Cardinal laboured till the very last moment, and then rode back to Poitiers, having equally offended both parties. The story of the battle, if we remember the position of the armies, is told in a moment. The Prince remained firm in his position; the French charged with their usual chivalrous ardour—charged up

the lane; the English archers, whom the Prince had stationed behind the hedges at each side, let fly their showers of arrows, as at Cressy; in an instant the lane was choked with the dead; and the first check of such headstrong confidence was fatal. The Prince in his turn charged; a general panic seized the whole French army; the first and second division fled in the wildest confusion; the third alone where King John stood made a gallant resistance; the King was taken prisoner, and by noon the whole was over. Up to the gates of the town of Poitiers, the French army fled and fell, and their dead bodies were buried by heaps within a convent which still remains in the city. It was a wonderful day. It was 8000 to 60,000; the Prince who had gained the battle was still only twenty-six, that is, a year younger than Napoleon at the beginning of his campaigns, and the battle was distinguished from all others by the number, not of the slain but of the prisoners—one Englishman often taking four or five Frenchmen.

Perhaps, however, the best known part of the whole is the scene where the King first met the Prince in the evening, which cannot be better described than by old Froissart.

"The day of the battle at night, the Prince gave a supper in his lodgings to the French King, and to most of the great lords that were prisoners. The Prince caused

the King and his son to sit at one table, and other lords, knights, and squires at the others; and the Prince always served the King very humbly, and would not sit at the King's table, although he requested him—he said he was not qualified to sit at the table with so great a prince as the King was. Then he said to the King, 'Sir, for God's sake make no bad cheer; though your will was not accomplished this day. For, sir, the King, my father, will certainly bestow on you as much honour and friendship as he can, and will agree with you so reasonably that you shall ever after be friends; and, Sir, I think you ought to rejoice, though the battle be not as you will, for you have this day gained the high honour of prowess, and have surpassed all others on your side in valour. Sir, I say not this in raillery, for all our party, who saw every man's deeds, agree in this, and give you the palm and chaplet.'

"Therewith the Frenchmen whispered among themselves that the Prince had spoken nobly, and that most probably he would prove a great hero, if God preserved his life, to persevere in such good fortune."

Historical Memorials of Canterbury, p. 132.

THE TOMB OF THE BLACK PRINCE.

LET us turn to the tomb of Edward the Black Prince and see how it sums up his whole life. Its bright colours have long since faded, but enough still remains to show us what it was as it stood after the sacred remains had been placed within it. There he lies: no other memorial of him exists in the world so authentic. There he lies, as he had directed, in full armour, his head resting on his helmet, his feet with the likeness of "the spurs he won" at Cressy, his hands joined as in that last prayer which he had offered up on his death-bed. There you can see his fine face with the Plantagenet features, the flat cheeks, and the well-chiselled nose, to be traced perhaps in the effigy of his father in Westminster Abbey, and his grandfather in Gloucester Cathedral. On his armour, you can still see the marks of the bright gilding

with which the figure was covered from head to foot, so as to make it look like an image of pure gold. High above are suspended the brazen gauntlets, the helmet, with what was once its gilded leopard-crest, and the wooden shield, the velvet coat also, embroidered with the arms of France and England, now tattered and colourless, but then blazing with blue and scarlet. There, too, still hangs the empty scabbard of the sword, wielded perchance at his three great battles, and which Oliver Cromwell, it is said, carried away. On the canopy over the tomb there is the faded representation—painted after the strange fashion of those times—of the Persons of the Holy Trinity, according to the peculiar devotion which he had entertained. In the pillars you can see the hooks to which was fastened the black tapestry, with its crimson border and curious embroidery, which he directed in his will should be hung round his tomb and the shrine of Becket. Round about the tomb, too, you will see the ostrich feathers, which, according to the old, but I am afraid doubtful, tradition, we are told he won at Cressy from the blind King of Bohemia, who perished in the thick of the fight; and interwoven with them, the famous motto, with which he used to sign his name, "Houmout," "Ich diene." If, as seems most likely, they are German words, they exactly express what we have seen so often in his life, the union of "Hoch muth," that is *high spirit*, with

"Ich dien," *I serve.* They bring before us the very scene itself after the battle of Poitiers, where, after having vanquished the whole of the French nation, he stood behind the captive king, and served him like an attendant.

And, lastly, carved about the tomb, is the long inscription, composed by himself before his death, in Norman French, still the language of the court, written, as he begged, clearly and plainly, that all might read it. Its purport is to contrast his former splendour, and vigour, and beauty, with the wasted body which is now all that is left. What was a natural thought at all times was specially characteristic of this period, as we see from the further exemplification of it in Chichele's tomb, a hundred years later, where the living man and the dead skeleton are contrasted with each other in actual representation. But in this case it would be singularly affecting, if we can suppose it to have been written during the four years' seclusion, when he lay wasting away from his lingering illness, his high fortunes overclouded, and death full in prospect.

When we stand by the grave of a remarkable man, it is always an interesting and instructive question to ask—especially by the grave of such a man, and in such a place—what evil is there, which we trust is buried with him in his tomb? what good is there, which may still live

after him? What is it, that, taking him from first to last, his life and his death teach us.

First, then, the thought which we most naturally connect with the name of the Black Prince, is the wars of the English and French—the victories of England over France. Out of those wars much noble feeling sprung,—feelings of chivalry and courtesy and respect to our enemies, and (perhaps a doubtful boon) of unshaken confidence in ourselves. Such feelings are amongst our most precious inheritances, and all honour be to him who first inspired them into the hearts of his countrymen, never to be again extinct. But it is a matter of still greater thankfulness to remember, as we look at the worn-out armour of the Black Prince, that those wars of English conquest are buried with him, never to be revived. Other wars may arise in the unknown future still before us—but such wars as he and his father waged, we shall, we may thankfully hope, see no more again for ever. We shall never again see a King of England, or a Prince of Wales, taking advantage of a legal quibble to conquer a great neighbouring country, and laying waste with fire and sword a civilised kingdom, from mere self-aggrandisement. We have seen how, on the eve of the battle of Poitiers, one good man with a patience and charity truly heroic did strive by all that Christian wisdom and forbearance could urge, to stop that unhallowed warfare. It is a satisfaction to think that his

wish is accomplished; that what he laboured to effect almost as a hopeless project, has now well-nigh become the law of the civilised world. It is true, that the wars of Edward III. and the Black Prince were renewed again on a more frightful scale in the next century, renewed at the instigation of an Archbishop of Canterbury, who strove thus to avert the storm which seemed to him to be threatening the Church: but these were the last, and the tomb and college of Chichele are themselves lasting monuments of the deep remorse for his sin, which smote his declining years. With him finished the last trace of those bloody wars: may nothing ever arise, in our time or our children's, to break the bond of peace between England and France, which is the bond of the peace of the world.

Secondly, he brings before us all that is most characteristic of the ages of chivalry. You have heard of his courtesy, his reverence to age and authority, his generosity to his fallen enemy. But I must in justice remind you, that the evil as well as the good of chivalry was seen in him, and that this evil, like that which I spoke of just now, is also, I trust, buried with him. One single instance will show what I mean. In those disastrous years which ushered in the close of his life, a rebellion arose in his French province of Gascony, provoked by his wasteful expenditure. One of the chief towns where

the insurgents held out, was Limoges. The Prince, though then labouring under his fatal illness, besieged and took it; and as soon as it was taken, he gave orders that his soldiers should massacre every one that they found; whilst he himself, too ill to walk or ride, was carried through the streets in a litter, looking on at the carnage. Men, women, and children, threw themselves on their knees, as he passed on through the devoted city, crying "Mercy, mercy;" but he went on relentlessly, and the massacre went on, till struck by the gallantry of three French knights, whom he saw fighting in one of the squares against fearful odds, he ordered it to cease. Now, for this dreadful scene there were doubtless many excuses—the irritation of illness, the affection for his father, whose dignity he thought outraged by so determined a resistance, and the indignation against the ingratitude of a city on which he had bestowed many favours. But what is especially to be observed, is not so much the cruelty of the individual man as the great imperfection of that kind of virtue which could allow of such cruelty. Dreadful as this scene seems to us, to men of that time it seems quite natural. The poet who recorded it, had nothing more to say concerning it, than that:—

> "All the townsmen were taken or slain
> By the noble Prince of price;

Whereat great joy had all around,
Those who were his friends;
And his enemies were
Sorely grieved, and repented
That they had begun the war against him."

This strange contradiction arose from one single cause. The Black Prince, and those who looked up to him as their pattern, chivalrous, kind, and generous as they were to their equals, and to their immediate dependents, had no sense of what was due to the poor, to the middle, and the humbler classes generally. He could be touched by the sight of a captive king, or at the gallantry of the three French gentlemen; but he had no ears to hear, no eyes to see, the cries and groans of the fathers, and mothers, and children, of the poorer citizens, who were not bound to him by the laws of honour and of knighthood. It is for us to remember, as we stand by his grave, that whilst he has left us the legacy of those noble and beautiful feelings, which are the charm and best ornaments of life, though not its most necessary virtues, it is our further privilege and duty to extend those feelings towards the classes on which he never cast a thought; to have towards *all* classes of society, and to make them have towards each other, and towards ourselves, the high respect, and courtesy, and kindness, which were then peculiar to one class only.

It is a well-known saying in Shakspeare, that—

> "The evil that men do lives after them;
> The good is oft interred with their bones."—

But it is often, happily, just the reverse, and so it was with the Black Prince.

He was the first great English captain, who showed what English soldiers were, and what they could do against Frenchmen, and against all the world. He was the first English Prince who showed what it was to be a true gentleman. He was the first, but he was not the last. We have seen how, when he died, Englishmen thought that all their hopes had died with him. But we know that it was not so; we know that the life of a great nation is not bound up with the life of a single man; we know that the valour and the courtesy and the chivalry of England, are not buried in the grave of the Plantagenet Prince. It needs only a glance round the country, to see that the high character of an English gentleman, of which the Black Prince was the noble pattern, is still to be found everywhere; and has since his time been spreading itself more and more through classes, which in his time seemed incapable of reaching it. . . . . And not to soldiers only, but to all who are engaged in the long warfare of life, is his conduct an example. To unite in our lives the two qualities expressed in his motto, "Hoch muth" and "Ich dien," "high spirit," and "reverent service" is to

be, indeed, not only a true gentleman and a true soldier, but a true Christian also. To show to all who differ from us, not only in war but in peace, that delicate forbearance, that fear of hurting another's feelings, that happy art of saying the right thing to the right person, which he showed to the captive king, would indeed add a grace and a charm to the whole course of this troublesome world, such as none can afford to lose, whether high or low. Happy are they who, having this gift by birth or station, use it for its highest purposes; still more happy are they, who having it not by birth or station, have acquired it, as it may be acquired, by Christian gentleness and Christian charity.

And lastly, to act in all the various difficulties of our every day life, with that coolness, and calmness, and faith in a higher power than his own, which he showed when the appalling danger of his situation burst upon him at Poitiers, would smooth a hundred difficulties, and ensure a hundred victories. We often think we have no power in ourselves, no advantages of position, to help us against our many temptations, to overcome the many obstacles we encounter. Let us take our stand by the Black Prince's tomb, and go back once more in thought to the distant fields of France. A slight rise in the wild upland plain, a steep lane through vineyards and underwood, this was all that he had, humanly speaking,

on his side; but he turned it to the utmost use of which it could be made, and won the most glorious of battles. So, in like manner, our advantages may be slight—hardly perceptible to any but ourselves—let us turn them to account, and the results will be a hundred-fold; we have only to adopt the Black Prince's bold and cheering words, when first he saw his enemies, "*God is my help, I must fight them as best I can;*" adding that lofty, yet resigned and humble prayer, which he uttered when the battle was announced to be inevitable, and which has since become a proverb, "*God defend the right.*"

Memorials of Canterbury, p. 153.

DEDICATION OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

EIGHT hundred years have passed to-day since the dedication of Westminster Abbey was completed; when, like the Jewish Temple, it was purified, and adorned, and consecrated, in the place of the ruin and desolation which had well nigh swept away the vestiges of older times.

These are the simple words of the Saxon Chronicle which describe this event: "At midwinter King Edward came to Westminster, and had the Minster there consecrated, which he had himself built to the honour of God and St. Peter, and all God's Saints." It was at Christmas-time, when, as usual in that age, the Court assembled in the adjoining Palace of Westminster, that the long-desired dedication was to be accomplished. The king had been for years possessed with the thought. Like David, he

"could not suffer his eyes to sleep, nor the temples of his head to take any rest, until he had found out a place" for the great sanctuary which was henceforth to be the centre of his kingdom.

On Christmas-day, according to custom, he appeared in state wearing his royal crown; but on Christmas-night his strength, prematurely exhausted, gave way. The mortal illness, long expected, set in. He struggled through the three next days, and though, when the Festival of the Holy Innocents arrived, he was already too weak to take any active part in the ceremony, yet he aroused himself on that day, to sign the charter of the foundation; and at his orders the queen, with all the magnates of the kingdom, gathered within the walls, now venerable from age, then fresh from the workman's tools, to give to them the first consecration—the first which, according to the belief of that time, the spot had ever received from mortal hands. By that effort the enfeebled frame and over-strained spirit of the King was worn out. On the evening of Innocents'-Day he sank into a deadly stupor. The sudden and startling rally took place on the eighth day of his illness, on the 5th of January. The recollections of the teachers of his youth, the dim forebodings of approaching disaster and change, found vent in a few strange, hardly coherent sentences that burst from his lips. Then followed a calm, during which,

with words, very variously reported, respecting the Queen, the succession, and the hope that he was passing "from a land of death to a land of life,"—in the chamber which long afterwards bore his name in the Palace of Westminster,—he breathed his last. A horror, it is described, as of great darkness, filled the whole island. With him it seemed as if the happiness, the liberty, the strength of the English People had vanished away. So dark were the forebodings, so urgent the dangers which appeared to press, that on the very next day, while Duke Harold was crowned in the old Cathedral of St. Paul's, the dead king was buried within the newly-finished Abbey—the first of the hundreds who have been since laid there round his own honoured grave.

Let us see exactly what the character of Edward the Confessor was. On the one hand, if we look at the details of his history, it is hardly possible to imagine a figure more unlike, more incongruous to our own time than was this quaint, irresolute, guileless King, who alone, of all the canonized English saints, rests undisturbed in his ancient shrine. We know him well, as he is described to us by his contemporaries. We see that grave, gentle figure, old even as a child, moving slowly along with downcast eyes. We recognize him at a distance by the singular appearance of his full, flushed, rose-red face, contrasted with the milky whiteness of his wavy hair and

beard. As we draw nearer, we hear those startling peals of strange unearthly laughter, which broke through his usual silence. We see those thin pale hands, those long transparent fingers, with which, as it was believed at the time, and for many generations afterwards, he had the power of stroking away the diseases of his subjects. We are astonished, as we look into his outer manner of life, at finding a prince whose time is equally divided between devotional exercises and the passionate pursuit of hunting—when not in Church, spending day after day with his hawks, or cheering on his hounds. We find, as we penetrate into his inner life, a childishness of thought and action, which at times turned into a harsh disregard of those to whom he was most nearly bound, and at times into the most fanciful extravagances. His opinions, his practices, his prevailing motives, are such as in our own times, not only not in England, but in no part of Christian Europe, would be shared by any educated teacher or any educated ruler. But, through, and across, and in spite of these immeasurable divergences, we yet can recognize an innocent child-like faith, which was the secret cause of the charm exercised by him over his countrymen then, and which may flourish still in our altered age, and has always an appointed place in the economy of God's ever-moving world. It is to his faith in the unseen world, amidst whatever ignorance and

darkness, that we owe this complex structure. He spoke the word, and it was transformed into stone; and even in some of its most peculiar features, the institution still perpetuates the thought of its first founder, "Through faith," we may well say, "he has stopped the mouth of Time, quenched the violence of enemies, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness been made strong." . . . . .

Sermons.

THE MURDER OF BECKET.

THE Castle of Bur, near Bayeux, was a place already famous in history as the scene of the interview between William and Henry, when the oath was perfidiously exacted and sworn which led to the Conquest of England. Henry was here when all manner of rumours about Becket's proceedings reached his ears. He besought the advice of the three prelates — those of York, London, and Salisbury. The Archbishop of York answered cautiously, "Ask counsel from your barons and knights; it is not for us to say what must be done." A pause ensued; and then it was added — whether by Roger or by some one else does not clearly appear — "As long as Thomas lives, you will have neither good days, nor peaceful kingdom, nor quiet life." The words goaded the king into one of those paroxysms of

fury to which all the earlier Plantagenet princes were subject, and which was believed by themselves to arise from a mixture of demoniacal blood in their race. Henry himself is said at these moments to have become like a wild beast; his eyes, naturally dove-like and quiet, seemed to flash lightning; his hands struck and tore whatever came in their way: on one occasion, he flew at a messenger who brought him bad tidings to tear out his eyes; at another time he is represented as having flung down his cap, torn off his clothes, thrown the silk coverlet from his bed, and rolled upon it, gnawing the straw and rushes. Of such a kind was the frenzy he showed upon the present occasion. "A fellow," he exclaimed, "that has eaten my bread has lifted up his heel against me—a fellow that I loaded with benefits dares insult the King and the whole royal family, and tramples on the whole kingdom—a fellow that came to court on a lame horse, with a cloak for a saddle, sits without hindrance on the throne itself. What sluggard wretches," he burst forth again and again; "what cowards have I brought up in my court, who care nothing for their allegiance to their master! not one will deliver me from this low-born priest!" and, with these fatal words, he rushed out of the room.

There were present among the courtiers four knights, whose names long lived in the memory of men, and

every ingenuity was exercised to extract from them an evil augury of the deed which has made them famous—Reginald Fitzurse, "son of the Bear," and of truly "bear-like" character (so the Canterbury Monks represented it); Hugh de Moreville, "of the city of death;" William de Tracy—a brave soldier, it was said, but "of parricidal wickedness;" Richard le Bret—more fit, they say, to have been called the "Brute." They are all described as on familiar terms with the king himself, and sometimes, in official language, as gentlemen of the bedchamber. . . . . These four knights left Bur on the night of the King's fury. They then, it was thought, proceeded by different roads to the French coast, and crossed the channel on the following day; and all four arrived at the same hour at the fortress of Saltwood Castle, now occupied by Becket's chief enemy, Dan Randolph of Broc, who came out to welcome them. In the darkness of the night—the long winter night of the 28th of December—it was believed that, with candles extinguished, and not even seeing each other's faces, the scheme was concerted. Early in the morning of the next day they issued orders in the King's name for a troop of soldiers to be levied from the neighbourhood to march with them to Canterbury. They themselves mounted their chargers and galloped along the old Roman road from Lymne to Canterbury. They proceeded instantly to St. Augustine's

Abbey, outside the walls, and took up their quarters with Clarembald, the Abbot. . . . . .

It was Tuesday the 29th of December. Tuesday, his friends remarked, had always been a significant day in Becket's life. On a Tuesday he was born and baptized —on a Tuesday he had fled from Northampton—on a Tuesday he had left England on his exile—on a Tuesday he had received warning of his martyrdom in a vision at Pontigny—on a Tuesday he had returned from that exile—it was now on a Tuesday that the fatal hour came —and (as the next generation observed) it was on a Tuesday that his enemy King Henry was buried—on a Tuesday that the martyr's relics were translated—and Tuesday was long afterwards regarded as the week day especially consecrated to the saint, with whose fortunes it had thus been so strangely interwoven. Other omens were remarked. A soldier who was in the plot whispered to one of the cellarmen of the Priory that the Archbishop would not see the evening of Tuesday. Becket only smiled. A citizen of Canterbury had told him that there were several in England who were bent on his death; to which he answered, with tears, that he knew he should not be killed out of church. He himself had told several persons in France, that he was convinced he should not outlive the year, and in two days the year would be ended.

Whether these evil auguries weighed upon his mind, or whether his attendants afterwards ascribed to his words a more serious meaning than they really bore, the day opened with gloomy forebodings. Before the break of dawn, the Archbishop startled the clergy of his bed-chamber by asking whether it would be possible for any-one to escape to Sandwich before daylight, and on being answered in the affirmative, added, "Let any one escape who wishes." That morning he attended mass in the cathedral; then passed a long time in the chapter-house, confessing to two of the monks, and receiving, as seems to have been his custom, three scourgings. Then came the usual banquet in the great hall of the Palace at three in the afternoon. He was observed to drink more than usual, and his cup-bearer in a whisper reminded him of it. "He who has much blood to shed," answered Becket, "must drink much."

The dinner was now over; the concluding hymn or "grace" was finished; and Becket had retired to his private room, where he sat on his bed, talking with his friends; whilst the servants, according to the practice which is still preserved in our old collegiate establish-ments, remained in the hall making their meal of the broken meat which was left. The floor of the hall was strewn with fresh hay and straw, to accommodate with clean places those who could not find room on the benches;

and the crowd of beggars and poor, who daily received their food from the Archbishop, had gone into the outer yard, and were lingering before their final dispersion. It was at this moment that the four knights dismounted in the court before the hall, the doors were all open, and they passed through the crowd without opposition. Either to avert suspicion or from deference to the feeling of the time, which forbade the entrance of armed men into the peaceful precincts of the cathedral, they left their weapons behind, and their coats of mail were concealed by the usual cloak and gown, the dress of ordinary life. One attendant, Radulf, an archer, followed them. They were generally known as courtiers; and the servants invited them to partake of the remains of the feast. They declined, and were pressing on, when, at the foot of the staircase leading from the hall to the Archbishop's room, they were met by William Fitz-Nigel, the seneschal, who had just parted from the Primate with a permission to leave his service, and join the King in France. When he saw the knights, whom he immediately recognized, he ran forward and gave them the usual kiss of salutation, and at their request ushered them to the room where Becket sate. "My lord," he said, "here are four knights from King Henry, wishing to speak to you." "Let them come in," said Becket. It must have been a solemn moment, even for those rough men, when they

first found themselves in the presence of the Archbishop. Three of them—Hugh de Moreville, Reginald Fitzurse, and William de Tracy—had known him long before in the days of his splendour as Chancellor and favourite of the king. He was still in the vigour of strength, though in his fifty-third year; his countenance, if we may judge of it from the accounts at the close of the day, still retained its majestic and striking aspect; his eyes were large and piercing, and always glancing to and fro; and his tall figure, though really spare and thin, had a portly look from the number of wrappings which he wore beneath his ordinary clothes. Round about him sat or lay on the floor the clergy of his household. . . . . .

When the four knights appeared, Becket, without looking at them, pointedly continued his conversation with the monk who sate next him, and on whose shoulder he was leaning. They, on their part, entered without a word, beyond a greeting exchanged in a whisper to the attendant who stood near the door, and then marched straight to where the Archbishop sate, and placed themselves on the floor at his feet, among the clergy who were reclining around. Becket now turned round for the first time, and gazed stedfastly on each in silence, which he at last broke by saluting Tracy by name. The conspirators continued to look mutely at each other, till Fitzurse, who throughout

took the lead, replied, with a scornful expression, "God help you!" Becket's face grew crimson, and he glanced round at their countenances, which seemed to gather fire from Fitzurse's speech. Fitzurse again broke forth—"We have a message from the King over the water—tell us whether you will hear it in private or in the hearing of all." "As you wish," said the Archbishop. "Nay, as *you* wish," said Fitzurse. "Nay, as *you* wish," said Becket. The monks at the Archbishop's intimation withdrew into an adjoining room; but the doorkeeper ran up and kept the door ajar, that they might see from the outside what was going on. Fitzurse had hardly begun his message, when Becket suddenly struck with a consciousness of his danger, exclaimed, "This must not be told in secret," and ordered the doorkeeper to recall the monks. For a few seconds the knights were left alone with Becket; and the thought occurred to them, as they afterwards confessed, of killing him with the cross-staff which lay at his feet—the only weapon within their reach. The monks hurried back, and Fitzurse, apparently calmed by their presence, resumed his statement of the complaints of the King.

The Archbishop, in his turn, complained of the insults he had received. First came the grand grievances of the preceding week. "They have attacked my servants, they have cut off my sumpter-mule's tail, they have carried off

the casks of wine that were the King's own gift." It was now that Hugh de Moreville, the gentlest of the four, put in a milder answer; "Why did you not complain to the King of these outrages! Why do you take upon yourself to punish them by your own authority?" The Archbishop turned round sharply upon him; "Hugh, how proudly you lift up your head! When the rights of the Church are violated, I shall wait for no man's permission to avenge them. I will give to the King the things that are the King's; but to God the things that are God's. It is my business, and I alone will see to it." For the first time in the interview the Archbishop had assumed an attitude of defiance; the fury of the knights broke at once through the bonds which had partially restrained it, and displayed itself openly in those impassioned gestures which are now confined to the half-civilised nations of the south and east, but which seem to have been natural to all classes of mediæval Europe. Their eyes flashed fire; they sprang upon their feet, and rushing close up to him, gnashed their teeth, twisted their long gloves, and wildly threw their arms above their heads. Fitzurse exclaimed, "You threaten us, you threaten us; are you going to excommunicate us all?" One of the others added, "As I hope for God's mercy, he shall not do that; he has excommunicated too many already." The Archbishop also sprang from his couch, in a state of strong excitement. "You

threaten me," he said, "in vain; were all the swords in England hanging over my head, you could not terrify me from my obedience to God, and my Lord the Pope. Foot to foot shall you find me in the battle of the Lord. Once I gave way. I returned to my obedience to the Pope, and will never more desert it. And besides you know what there is between you and me; I wonder the more that you should thus threaten the Archbishop in his own house." He alluded to the fealty sworn to him while Chancellor by Moreville, Fitzurse, and Tracy, which touched the tenderest nerve of the feudal character. "There is nothing," they rejoined, with an anger which they doubtless felt to be just and loyal, "there is nothing between you and us which can be against the King."

Roused by the sudden burst of passion on both sides, many of the servants and clergy, with a few soldiers of the household, hastened into the room, and ranged themselves round the Archbishop. Fitzurse turned to them and said, "You are on the King's side, and bound to him by your allegiance, stand off." They remained motionless, and Fitzurse called to them a second time, "Guard him; prevent him from escaping." The Archbishop said, "I shall not escape." On this the knights caught hold of their old acquaintance, William Fitz-Nigel, who had entered with the rest, and hurried him with them,

saying, "Come with us." He called out to Becket, "You see what they are doing with me." "I see," replied Becket; "this is their hour, and the power of darkness." As they stood at the door, they exclaimed, "It is you who threaten," and in a deep under-tone they added some menace, and enjoined on the servants obedience to their orders. With the quickness of hearing for which he was remarkable, he caught the words of their defiance, and darted after them to the door, entreating them to release Fitz-Nigel; then he implored Moreville, as more courteous than the others, to return and repeat their message; and lastly, in despair and indignation, he struck his neck repeatedly with his hand, and said, "Here, here you will find me."

The knights, deaf to his solicitations, kept their course, seizing as they went another soldier, Radulf Morin, and passed through the hall and court, crying, "To arms! to arms!" A few of their companions had already taken post within the great gateway, to prevent the gate being shut; the rest, at the shout, poured in from the house where they were stationed hard by, with the watchword, "King's men! King's men!" The gate was instantly closed, to cut off communication with the town; the Archbishop's porter was removed. The knights threw off their cloaks and gowns under a large sycamore in the garden, appeared in their armour, and girt on their

swords. Two of the Archbishop's servants seeing them approach, shut and barred the door of the hall, and the knights in vain endeavoured to force it open. Some one led them into the orchard behind the kitchen. There was a staircase leading thence to the ante-chamber, between the hall and the Archbishop's bed-room. The wooden steps were under repair, and the carpenters had gone to their dinner, leaving their tools on the stairs. Fitzurse seized an axe, and the others hatchets, and thus armed, they mounted the staircase to the ante-chamber, broke through an oriel window which looked out on the garden, entered the hall from the inside, attacked and wounded the servants who were guarding it, and opened the door to the assailants. The Archbishop's room was still barred and inaccessible.

Meanwhile Becket, who resumed his calmness as soon as the knights had retired, reseated himself on his couch, and John of Salisbury again urged moderate counsels, in words which show that the estimate of the Archbishop in his lifetime justifies the impression of his vehement and unreasonable temper which has prevailed in later times. "It is wonderful, my Lord, that you never take any one's advice; it always has been, and always is your custom, to do and say what seems good to yourself alone." "What would you have me do, Dan John?" said Becket. "You ought to have taken counsel with your friends, knowing

as you do that these men only seek occasion to kill you." "I am prepared to die," said Becket. "We are sinners," said John, "and not yet prepared for death; and I see no one who wishes to die without cause except you." The Archbishop answered, "Let God's will be done." "Would to God it might end well," sighed John in despair. The dialogue was interrupted by one of the monks rushing in to announce that the knights were arming. "Let them arm," said Becket. But in a few minutes the violent assault on the door of the hall, announced that danger was close at hand. The monks, with that extraordinary timidity which they always seem to have displayed, instantly fled, leaving only a small body of his intimate friends or faithful attendants. They united in entreating him to take refuge in the cathedral. "No!" he said; "fear not; all monks are cowards." On this some sprang upon him, and endeavoured to drag him there by main force; others urged that it was now five o'clock, that vespers were beginning, and that his duty called him to attend the service. Partly forced, partly persuaded by the argument, partly feeling that his own doom called him thither, he rose and moved, but seeing that his cross-staff was not, as usual, borne before him, he stopped and called for it. . . . . The whole march was a struggle between the obstinate attempt of the Primate to preserve his dignity, and the frantic eagerness

of his attendants to gain the sanctuary. As they urged him forward, he coloured and paused, and repeatedly asked them what they feared. The instant they had passed through the door which led to the cloister, the subordinates flew to bar it behind them, which he as peremptorily forbade. For a few steps he walked firmly on, with the crossbearer and the monks before him; halting once, and looking over his right shoulder, either to see whether the gate was locked, or else if his enemies were pursuing. Then the same ecclesiastic who had hastened forward to break open the door, called out, "Seize him, and carry him!" Vehemently he resisted, but in vain. Some pulled him from before, others pushed him from behind; half carried, half drawn, he was borne along the northern and eastern cloister, crying out, "Let me go, do not drag me." Thrice they were delayed, even in that short passage, for thrice he broke loose from them—twice in the cloister itself, and once in the chapter-house. At last they reached the door at the lower north transept of the cathedral, and here was presented a new scene.

The vespers had already begun, and the monks were singing the service in the choir, when two boys rushed up the nave, announcing, more by their terrified gestures than by their words, that the soldiers were bursting into the palace and monastery. Instantly the service was

thrown into the utmost confusion; part remained at prayer —part fled into the numerous hiding-places the vast fabric affords; and part went down the steps of the choir into the transept to meet the little band at the door. "Come in, come in!" exclaimed one of them; "come in, and let us die together." The Archbishop continued to stand outside, and said, "Go and finish the service. So long as you keep in the entrance, I shall not come in." They fell back a few paces, and he stepped within the door, but, finding the whole place thronged with people, he paused on the threshold and asked, "What is it that these people fear?" One general answer broke forth, "The armed men in the cloister." As he turned and said, "I shall go out to them," he heard the clash of arms behind. The knights had just forced their way into the cloister, and were now (as would appear from their being thus seen through the open door) advancing along its southern side. They were in mail, which covered their faces up to their eyes, and carried their swords drawn. Three had hatchets. Fitzurse, with the axe he had taken from the carpenters, was foremost, shouting as he came, "Here, here, king's men!" Immediately behind him followed Robert Fitzranulph, with three other knights; and a motley group, with weapons, brought up the rear. At this sight, so unwonted in the peaceful cloisters of Canterbury, not probably beheld since the time when the

monastery had been sacked by the Danes, the monks within, regardless of all remonstrances, shut the door of the cathedral, and proceeded to barricade it with iron bars. A loud knocking was heard from the terrified crowd without, who, having vainly endeavoured to prevent the entrance of the knights into the cloister, now rushed before them to take refuge in the church. Becket, who had stepped some paces into the cathedral, but was resisting the solicitations of those immediately about him to move up into the choir for safety, darted back, calling aloud as he went, "Away, you cowards! By virtue of your obedience I command you not to shut the door—the church must not be turned into a castle." With his own hands he thrust them away from the door, opened it himself, and catching hold of the excluded monks, dragged them into the building, exclaiming, "Come in, come in—faster, faster!"

At this moment the ecclesiastics who had hitherto clung around him fled in every direction; some to the altars in the numerous side chapels, some to the secret chambers with which the walls and roof of the cathedral are filled. Three alone remained with him. Two hiding-places had been specially pointed out to the Archbishop. One was the venerable crypt of the church, with its many dark recesses and chapels, to which a door then as now opened immediately from the spot where he stood;

the other was the chapel of St. Blaise in the roof. But he positively refused. One last resource remained to the staunch companions who stood by him. They urged him to ascend to the choir, and hurried him, still resisting, up one of the two flights of steps which led thither. They no doubt considered that the greater sacredness of that portion of the church would form their best protection. Becket seems to have given way, as in leaving the palace, from the thought flashing across his mind that he would die at his post. He would go (such, at least, was the impression left on their minds) to the high altar, and perish in the Patriarchal Chair, in which he and all his predecessors from time immemorial had been enthroned. But this was not to be.

What has taken long to describe, must have been compressed in action within a few minutes. The knights, who had been checked for a moment by the sight of the closed door, on seeing it unexpectedly thrown open, rushed into the church. It was, we must remember, about five o'clock in a winter evening; the shades of night were gathering, and were deepened into a still darker gloom within the high and massive walls of the vast cathedral, which was only illuminated here and there by the solitary lamps burning before the altars. The twilight, lengthening from the shortest day a fortnight before, was but just sufficient to reveal the outline of

objects. The transept in which the knights found themselves is the same as that which—though with considerable changes in its arrangements—is still known by its ancient name of "The Martyrdom." . . . . . At the moment of their entrance the central pillar exactly intercepted their view of the Archbishop ascending the eastern staircase. Fitzurse, with his drawn sword in one hand, and the carpenter's axe in the other, sprang in first, and turned at once to the right of the pillar. The other three went round it to the left. In the dim twilight they could just discern a group of figures mounting the steps. One of the knights called out to them, "Stay." Another, "Where is Thomas Becket, traitor to the king?" No answer was returned. Fitzurse rushed forward, and stumbling against one of the monks, on the lower step, still not able to distinguish clearly in the darkness, exclaimed, "Where is the Archbishop?" Instantly the answer came,—"Reginald, here I am, no traitor, but the Archbishop and Priest of God; what do you wish?"—and from the fourth step, which he had reached in his ascent, with a slight motion of his head—noticed apparently as his peculiar manner in moments of excitement—Becket descended to the transept. Attired, we are told, in his white rochet, with a cloak and hood thrown over his shoulders, he thus suddenly confronted his assailants. Fitzurse sprang back two or three paces, and Becket passing by him took up

his station between the central pillar and the massive wall which still forms the south-west corner of what was then the chapel of St. Benedict. Here they gathered round him, with the cry, "Absolve the bishops whom you have excommunicated." "I cannot do other than I have done," he replied, and turning to Fitzurse, he added—"Reginald, you have received many favours at my hands; why do you come into my church armed?" Fitzurse planted the axe against his breast, and returned for answer, "You shall die—I will tear out your heart." Another, perhaps in kindness, struck him between the shoulders with the flat of the sword, exclaiming, "Fly; you are a dead man." "I am ready to die," replied the Primate, "for God and the Church; but I warn you, I curse you in the name of God Almighty, if you do not let my men escape."

The well-known horror which in that age was felt at an act of sacrilege, together with the sight of the crowds who were rushing in from the town through the nave, turned their efforts for the next few moments to carrying him out of the church. Fitzurse threw down his axe, and tried to drag him out by the collar of his long cloak, calling, "Come with us—you are our prisoner." "I will not fly, you detestable fellow," was Becket's reply, roused to his usual vehemence, and wrenching the cloak out of Fitzurse's grasp. The three knights struggled violently to put him

on Tracy's shoulders. Becket set his back against the pillar, and resisted with all his might. In the scuffle Becket fastened upon Tracy, shook him by his coat of mail, and exerting his great strength, flung him down on the pavement. It was hopeless to carry on the attempt to remove him. And in the final struggle, which now began, Fitzurse, as before, took the lead. But, as he approached with his drawn sword, the sight of him kindled afresh the Archbishop's anger, now heated by the fray; the spirit of the Chancellor rose within him, and with a coarse epithet, not calculated to turn away his adversary's wrath, he exclaimed, "You profligate wretch, you are my man—you have done me fealty—you ought not to touch me." Fitzurse, glowing all over with rage, retorted, "I owe you no fealty or homage, contrary to my fealty to the king," and, waving the sword over his head, cried "Strike, strike," but merely dashed off his cap. The Archbishop covered his eyes with his joined hands, bent his neck, and said, "I commend my cause, and the cause of the Church to God, to St. Denys the martyr of France, to St. Alfege, and to the saints of the Church." Meanwhile Tracy sprang forward and struck a more decided blow. Grim, one of the Archbishop's attendants, who up to this moment had his arm round Becket, threw it up, wrapped in a cloak, to intercept the blade, Becket exclaiming, "Spare this defence." The sword lighted on the arm of the monk,

and he fled disabled to the nearest altar. The spent force of the stroke descended on Becket's head, grazed the crown, and finally rested on his left shoulder. The next blow, by Tracy or Fitzurse, was only with the flat of the sword, and again on the bleeding head, which Becket drew back as if stunned, and then raised his clasped hands above it. The blood from the first blow was trickling down his face in a thin streak; he wiped it with his arm, and when he saw the stain, he said, "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit." At the third blow, which was also from Tracy, he sank on his knees,—his arms falling—with his hands still joined as if in prayer. With his face turned towards the altar of St. Benedict, he murmured in a low voice, which might just have been caught by the wounded Grim, who was crouching close by, and who alone reports the words,—"For the name of Jesus, and the defence of the Church, I am willing to die." Without moving hand or foot, he fell flat on his face, as he spoke, in front of the corner wall of the chapel, and with such dignity that his mantle, which extended from head to foot, was not disarranged. In this posture he received from Richard the Breton a tremendous blow, accompanied with the exclamation (in allusion to a quarrel of Becket with Prince William), "Take this for love of my lord William, brother of the king." The stroke was aimed with such violence that the scalp or crown

of the head—which was of unusual size—was severed from the skull, and the sword snapt in two on the marble pavement. Then Hugh of Horsea, thrust his sword into the ghastly wound, and scattered the brains over the pavement. "Let us go—let us go," he said, in confusion; "the traitor is dead; he will rise no more."

This was the final act. One only of the four knights had struck no blow. Hugh de Moreville, throughout retained the gentler disposition for which he was distinguished, and contented himself with holding back at the entrance of the transept the crowds who were pouring in through the nave.

The murderers rushed out of the church, through the cloisters, into the palace. Tracy, in a confession made long afterwards to the Bishop of Exeter, said that their spirits, which had before been raised to the highest pitch of excitement, gave way when the deed was perpetrated, and that they retired with trembling steps, expecting the earth to open and swallow them up. Such, however, was not their outward demeanour, as it was recollected by the monks of the place. With a savage burst of triumph they ran shouting, as if in battle, the watchword of the kings of England—"The king's men, the king's men!"—wounding as they went a servant of the Archdeacon of Sens for lamenting the murdered prelate. They then traversed the whole of the palace, plundering

gold and silver vases; the magnificent vestments, and utensils employed in the services of the church; and, lastly, the horses from the stables, on which Becket had prided himself to the last, and on which they rode off. The amount of plunder was estimated by Fitzstephen at 2000 marks. To their great surprise they found two haircloths among the effects of the Archbishop, and threw them away. As the murderers left the cathedral, a tremendous storm of thunder and rain burst over Canterbury, and the night fell in thick darkness upon the scene of the dreadful deed.

The crowd was every instant increased by the multitudes flocking in from the town on the tidings of the event. At last, however, the cathedral was cleared and the gates shut; and for a time the body lay entirely deserted. It was not till the night had quite closed in that Osbert, the chamberlain of the Archbishop, entering with a light, found the corpse lying on its face, the scalp hanging by a piece of skin: he cut off a piece of his shirt to bind up the frightful gash. The doors of the cathedral were again opened, and the monks returned to the spot. Then, for the first time, they ventured to give way to their grief, and a loud lamentation resounded through the stillness of the night. When they turned the body with its face upwards, all were struck by the calmness and beauty of the countenance: a smile still seemed to

play on the features—the colour on the cheeks was fresh —and the eyes were closed as if in sleep. The top of the head, wound round with Osbert's shirt, was bathed in blood, but the face was marked only by one faint streak that crossed the nose from the right temple to the left cheek. Underneath the body they found the axe which Fitzurse had thrown down, and a small iron hammer, brought, apparently, to force open the door; close by were lying the two fragments of Le Bret's broken sword, and the Archbishop's cap, which had been struck off in the beginning of the fray. All these they carefully preserved. The blood, which, with the brains, was scattered over the pavement, they collected and placed in vessels; and as the enthusiasm of the hour increased, the bystanders, who already began to esteem him a martyr, cut off pieces of their clothes to dip in the blood, and anointed their eyes with it. The cloak and outer pelisse, which were rich with sanguinary stains, were given to the poor—a proof of the imperfect apprehension as yet entertained of the value of these relics, which a few years afterwards would have been literally worth their weight in gold, and which were now sold for some trifling sum.

After tying up the head with clean linen, and fastening the cap over it, they placed the body on a bier, and carried it up the successive flight of steps which led from

the transept through the choir, to the high altar, in front of which they laid it down. The night was now far advanced, but the choir was usually lighted—and probably, therefore, on this great occasion—by a chandelier with twenty-four wax tapers. Vessels were placed underneath the body to catch any drops of blood that might fall, and the monks sat weeping around. The aged Robert, canon of Merton, the earliest friend and instructor of Becket, and one of the three who had remained with him to the last, consoled them by a narration of the austere life of the murdered prelate, which hitherto had been only known to himself, as the confessor of the Primate, and to Brun the valet. In proof of it he thrust his hand under the garments, and showed the monk's habit and haircloth shirt which he wore next to his skin. This was the one thing wanted to raise the enthusiasm of the bystanders to the highest pitch. Up to that moment there had been a jealousy of the elevation of the gay chancellor to the Archbishopric of Canterbury. Becket himself, it was believed, had immediately after his consecration received, from a mysterious apparition, an awful warning against appearing in the choir of the cathedral in his secular dress as chancellor. It now for the first time appeared that, though not formerly a monk, he had virtually become one by his secret austerities. The transport of the fraternity, on finding that

he had been one of themselves, was beyond all bounds. They burst at once into thanksgivings, which resounded through the choir; fell on their knees; kissed the hands and feet of the corpse, and called him by the name of "SAINT THOMAS," by which, from that time forward, he was so long known to the European world. At the sound of the shout of joy there was a general rush to the choir, to see the saint in sackcloth who had hitherto been known as the chancellor in purple and fine linen. A new enthusiasm was kindled by the spectacle; Arnold, a monk, who was goldsmith to the monastery, was sent back, with others, to the transept to collect in a basin any vestiges of the blood and brains, now become so precious; and benches were placed across the spot to prevent its being desecrated by the footsteps of the crowd. This perhaps was the moment that the great ardour of the citizens first began for washing their hands and eyes with the blood. One instance of its application gave rise to a practice which became the distinguishing characteristic of all the subsequent pilgrimages to the shrine. A citizen of Canterbury dipped a corner of his shirt in the blood, went home, and gave it, mixed in water, to his wife, who was paralytic, and who was said to have been cured. This suggested the notion of mixing the blood with water, which, endlessly diluted, was kept in innumerable vials, to be distributed to the

pilgrims; and thus, as the palm was a sign of a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and a scallop-shell of the pilgrimage to Compostella, so a leaden vial or bottle suspended from the neck became the mark of a pilgrimage to Canterbury.

Thus passed the night; and it is not surprising that in the red glare of an aurora borealis, which, after the stormy evening, lighted up the midnight sky, the excited populace should fancy that they saw the blood of the martyr go up to heaven; or that, as the wax-lights sank down in the cathedral, and the first streaks of the grey winter morning broke through the stained windows of Conrad's choir, the monks who sate round the corpse should imagine that the right arm of the dead man was slowly raised to the sign of the cross, as if to bless his faithful followers.

Memorials of Canterbury, p. 69.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

THE DEATH OF DR. ARNOLD.

ON Saturday morning, June 11th, 1842, Dr. Arnold was busily employed in examining some of the boys in "Ranke's History of the Popes," in preparation for which he had sate up late on the previous night, and some of the answers which had much pleased him he recounted with great interest at breakfast. The chief part of the day he was engaged in finishing the business of the school, not accepting proffered assistance even in the mechanical details, but going through the whole work himself. He went his usual round of the school to distribute the prizes to the boys before their final dispersion, and to take care of those who were not returning after the holidays. "One more lesson," he had said, to his own Form on the previous evening, "I shall have with you on Sunday afternoon, and

then I will say to you what I have to say." That parting address to which they were always accustomed to look forward with such pleasure, never came. But it is not to be wondered at, if they remarked with peculiar interest, that the last subject which he had set them for an exercise was "Domus Ultima;" that the last translation for Latin verses was from the touching lines on the death of Sir Philip Sydney, in Spenser's "Ruins of Time;"—that the last words with which he closed his last lecture on the New Testament were in commenting on the passage of St. John:—"It doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." "So, too," he said, "in the Corinthians, 'For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face.' Yes," he added, with marked fervency, "the mere contemplation of Christ shall transform us into His likeness."

In the afternoon he took his ordinary walk and bathe, enjoying the rare beauty of the day; while at dinner he was in high spirits, talking with his several guests on subjects of social or historical interest, and recurring with great pleasure to his early geological studies, and describing, with much interest, his recent visit to Naseby with Carlyle, "its position on some of the highest table land in England,—the streams falling on the one side into the Atlantic, on the other into the German Ocean,—far

away, too, from any town,—Market Harborough the nearest, into which the cavaliers were chased, late in the long summer evening, on the fourteenth of June, you know." . . . . . .

At nine o'clock was a supper, which, on the last evening of the summer half-year, he gave to the Sixth Form boys of his own house; and they were struck with the cheerfulness and liveliness of his manner, talking of the end of the half-year, and the pleasure of his return to Fox How in the next week, and observing, in allusion to the departure of so many boys, "How strange the Chapel will look to-morrow."

The school business was now completely over. The old school-house servant, who had been about the place many years, came to receive the final accounts, and delighted afterwards to tell how his master had kept him a quarter of an hour talking to him with more than usual kindness and confidence.

One more act, the last before he retired that night, remains to be recorded,—the last entry in his Diary, which was not known or seen till the next morning, when it was discovered by those to whom every word bore a weight of meaning, which he who wrote it had but little anticipated.

"Saturday evening, June 11th.—The day after to-morrow is my birthday, if I am permitted to live to see

it—my forty-seventh birthday since my birth. How large a portion of my life on earth is already passed. And then—what is to follow this life? How visibly my outward work seems contracting and softening away into the gentler employments of old age. In one sense, how nearly can I now say 'Vixi.' And I thank God that, as far as ambition is concerned, it is, I trust, fully mortified; I have no desire other than to step back from my present place in the world, and not to rise to a higher. Still there are works which, with God's permission, I would do before the night cometh; especially that great work [of improving the intellectual management of Rugby], if I might be permitted to take part in it. But, above all, let me mind my own personal work,—to keep myself pure, and zealous, and believing,—labouring to do God's will, yet not anxious that it should be done by me rather than by others, if God disapproves of my doing it."

It was between five and six o'clock on Sunday morning that he awoke with a sharp pain across his chest, which he mentioned to his wife, on her asking whether he felt well,—adding that he had felt it slightly on the preceding day, before and after bathing. He then again composed himself to sleep; but her watchful care, always anxious, even to nervousness, at the least indication of illness, was at once awakened, and on finding from him that the pain increased, and that it seemed to pass from

his chest to his left arm, her alarm was so much roused from a remembrance of having heard of this in connexion with Angina Pectoris, and its fatal consequences, that in spite of his remonstrances, she rose and called up an old servant, whom they usually consulted in cases of illness, from her having so long attended the sick bed of his sister Susannah. Reassured by her confidence that there was no ground for fear, but still anxious, Mrs. Arnold returned to his room. She observed him as she was dressing herself, lying still, but with his hands clasped, his lips moving, and his eyes raised upwards, as if engaged in prayer, when all at once he repeated, firmly and earnestly, "And Jesus said unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen, thou hast believed; blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed;" and soon afterwards, with a solemnity of manner and depth of utterance which spoke more than the words themselves, "But if ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards and not sons."

From time to time he seemed to be in severe suffering; and, on the entrance of the old servant before mentioned, said, "Ah, Elizabeth, if I had been as much accustomed to pain as dear Susannah was, I should bear it better." To his wife, however, he uttered no expressions of acute pain, dwelling only on the moments of comparative ease, and observing that he did not know what it was. But

the more than usual earnestness which marked his tone and manner, especially in repeating the verses from Scripture, had again aroused her worst fears; and she ordered messengers to be sent for medical assistance, which he at first requested her not to do, from not liking to disturb at that early hour the usual medical attendant, who had been suffering from indisposition. She then took up the Prayer Book, and was looking for a Psalm to read to him, when he said quickly, "The fifty-first,"—which she accordingly read by his bed-side, reminding him, at the seventh verse, that it was the favourite verse of one of the old almswomen, whom he was in the habit of visiting; and at the twelfth verse, "O give me the comfort of Thy help again, and stablish me with Thy free Spirit:"—he repeated it after her very earnestly. She then read the prayer in the "Visitation of the Sick," beginning "The Almighty Lord, who is a most strong tower," &c. kneeling herself at the foot of the bed, and altering it into a common prayer for them both.

As the clock struck a quarter to seven, Dr. Bucknill (the son of the usual medical attendant) entered the room. He was then lying on his back,—his countenance much us usual,—his pulse, though regular, was very quick, and there was cold perspiration on the brow and cheeks. But his tone was cheerful.—"How is your father?" he asked, on the physician's entrance: "I am sorry to dis-

turb you so early,—I knew that your father was unwell, and that you had enough to do." He described the pain, speaking of it as having been very severe, and then said, "What is it?" Whilst the physician was pausing for a moment before he replied, the pain returned, and remedies were applied till it passed away; and Mrs. Arnold, seeing by the measures used that the medical man was himself alarmed, left the room for a few moments to call up her second son, the eldest of the family then at Rugby, and impart her anxiety to him; and during her absence, her husband again asked what it was, and was answered that it was spasm of the heart. He exclaimed, in his peculiar manner of recognition, "Ha!" and then, on being asked if he had ever in his life fainted,—"No, never." If he had ever had difficulty in breathing?—"No, never." If he had ever had sharp pain in the chest? "No, never." If any of his family had ever had disease of the chest?—"Yes, my father had—he died of it." What age was he?—"Fifty-three." Was it suddenly fatal? —"Yes, suddenly fatal." He then asked, "If disease of the heart was a common disease?"—"Not very common." "Where do we find it most?"—"In large towns, I think." "Why?"—(Two or three causes were mentioned.) "Is it generally fatal?"—"Yes, I am afraid it is."

The physician then quitted the house for medicine, leaving Mrs. Arnold now fully aware from him of her

husband's state. At this moment she was joined by her son, who entered the room with no serious apprehension, and, on his coming up to the bed, his father, with his usual gladness of expression towards him, asked,—"How is your deafness, my boy?" (He had been suffering from it the night before),—and then, playfully alluding to an old accusation against him, "You must not stay here; you know you do not like a sick room." He then sat down with his mother at the foot of the bed, and presently his father said in a low voice, "My son, thank God for me;" and as his son did not at once catch his meaning, he went on saying,—"Thank God, Tom, for giving me this pain; I have suffered so little pain in my life, that I feel it is very good for me; now God has given it to me, and I do so thank him for it." And again, after a pause, he said,—alluding to a wish which his son had often heard him express, that if he ever had to suffer pain, his faculties might be unaffected by it,—"How thankful I am that my head is untouched." Meanwhile his wife, who still had sounding in her ears the tone in which he had repeated the passage from the Epistle to the Hebrews, again turned to the Prayer Book, and began to read the Exhortation in which it occurs in the "Visitation of the Sick." He listened with deep attention, saying emphatically,—"Yes," at the end of many of the sentences, "There should be

no greater comfort to Christian persons than to be made like unto Christ."—"Yes." "By suffering patiently troubles, adversities, and sickness."—"Yes." "He entered not into His glory before He was crucified."—"Yes." At the words "everlasting life" she stopped, and his son said,—"I wish, dear Papa, we had you at Fox How." He made no answer, but the last conscious look, which remained fixed in his wife's memory, was the look of intense tenderness and love with which he smiled upon them both at that moment.

The physician now returned with the medicines, and the former remedies were applied: there was a slight return of the spasms, after which he said,—"If the pain is again as severe as it was before you came, I do not know how I can bear it." He then, with his eyes fixed upon the physician, who rather felt than saw them upon him, so as to make it impossible not to answer the exact truth, repeated one or two of his former questions about the cause of the disease, and ended with asking, "Is it likely to return?" and, on being told that it was, "Is it generally suddenly fatal?"—"Generally." On being asked whether he had any pain, he replied that he had none, but from the application of the external remedies; and then, a few moments afterwards, inquired what medicine was to be given; and on being told, answered, "Ah, very well." The physician, who was dropping the

laudanum into a glass, turned round, and saw him looking quite calm, but with his eyes shut. In another minute he heard a rattle in the throat, and a convulsive struggle, —flew to the bed, caught his head upon his shoulder, and called to one of the servants to fetch Mrs. Arnold. She had but just left the room before his last conversation with the physician, in order to acquaint her son with his father's danger, of which he was still unconscious, when she heard herself called from above. She rushed upstairs, told her son to bring the rest of the children, and with her own hands applied the remedies that were brought, in the hope of reviving animation, though herself feeling, from the moment that she saw him, that he had already passed away. He was indeed no longer conscious. The sobs and cries of his children as they entered and saw their father's state, made no impression upon him—the eyes were fixed—the countenance was unmoved: there was a heaving of the chest—deep gasps escaped at prolonged intervals,—and just as the usual medical attendant arrived, and as the old school-house servant, in an agony of grief, rushed with the others into the room, in the hope of seeing his master once more, he breathed his last.

It must have been shortly before eight A.M. that he expired, though it was naturally impossible for those who were present to adjust their recollections of what passed

with precise exactness of time or place. So short and sudden had been the seizure, that hardly any one out of the household itself had heard of his illness before its fatal close. His guest, and former pupil, (who had slept in a remote part of the house,) was coming down to breakfast as usual, thinking of questions to which a conversation of the preceding night had given rise, and which, by the great kindness of his manner, he felt doubly encouraged to ask him, when he was met on the staircase by the announcement of his death. The masters knew nothing till the moment, when, almost at the same time at the different boarding-houses, the fatal message was delivered, in all its startling abruptness, "that Dr. Arnold was dead." What that Sunday was in Rugby, it is hard fully to represent; the incredulity—the bewilderment—the agitated inquiries for every detail—the blank, more awful than sorrow, that prevailed through the vacant services of that long and dreary day—the feeling as if the very place had passed away with him who had so emphatically been in every sense its head—the sympathy which hardly dared to contemplate, and which yet could not but fix the thoughts and looks of all on the desolate house, where the fatherless family were gathered round the chamber of death.

Five of his children were awaiting their father's arrival at Fox How. To them the news was brought on Monday

morning, by the same pupil who had been in the house at his death, and who long would remember the hour when he reached the place, just as the early summer dawn—the dawn of that forty-seventh birthday—was breaking over that beautiful valley, every shrub and every flower in all its freshness and luxuriance speaking of him who had so tenderly fostered their growth around the destined home of his old age. On the evening of that day, which they had been fondly preparing to celebrate with its usual pleasures, they arrived at Rugby in time to see their father's face in death.

He was buried on the following Friday, the very day week, since, from the same house, two and two in like manner, so many of those who now joined in the funeral procession to the chapel, had followed him in full health and vigour to the public speeches in the school. It was attended by his whole family, by those of his friends and former pupils who had assembled from various parts during the week, and by many of the neighbouring clergy and of the inhabitants of the town, both rich and poor. The ceremony was performed by Mr. Moultrie, Rector of Rugby, from that place which, for fourteen years, had been occupied only by him who was gone, and to whom every part of that Chapel owed its peculiar interest; and his remains were deposited in the chancel, immediately under the Communion-table.

Once more his family met in the Chapel on the following Sunday, and partook of the Holy Communion at his grave, and heard read the sermon preached by him, in the preceding year, on "Faith triumphant in Death." And yet one more service in connexion with him took place in the Chapel, when, on the first Sunday of the next half-year, the school, which had dispersed on the eve of his death, assembled again within its walls, under his successor, and witnessed in the funeral services with which that day was observed, the last public tribute of sorrow to their departed master.

Life of Dr. Arnold, ii. p. 279.

CONSTANTINE.

THE Emperor Constantine is one of the few to whom has been awarded the name of "Great." Though this was deserved rather by what he did, than by what he was;—though he was great, not among the first characters of the world, but among the second; great like Philip, not like Alexander; great like Augustus, not like Cæsar; great with the elevation of Charlemagne or Elizabeth, not with the genius or passion of Cromwell or of Luther;—yet this gives us a stronger sense of what the position was which could of itself confer such undoubted grandeur on a character less than the highest. . . . .

But there is a profound interest in Constantine's imperfect complex character, which renders it peculiarly interesting as a subject of theological study. Over his virtues and vices the Pagans and Christians quarrelled

during his lifetime. Nor is his life without a special connection with the history of our own Church. To English students I cannot forbear recalling that he was, if not our fellow-country man by birth, yet unquestionably proclaimed Emperor in the Prætorium at York. He probably never visited our shores again. Yet the remembrance of that early connection long continued. It shaped itself into the legend of his British birth, of which, within the walls of York, the scene is still shown. His father's tomb was pointed out in York till the suppression of the monasteries. His mother's name lives still in the numerous British churches dedicated to her. London Wall was ascribed to him.

As he appeared in the council of Nicæa—handsome, tall, stout, broad-shouldered—he was a high specimen of one of the coarse military chiefs of the declining Empire. When Eusebius first saw him, as a young man, on a journey through Palestine before his accession, all were struck by the sturdy health and vigour of his frame; and Eusebius perpetually recurs to it, and maintains that it lasted till the end of his life. In his later days his red complexion and somewhat bloated appearance gave countenance to the belief that he had been affected with leprosy. His eye was remarkable for a brightness, almost a glare, which reminded his courtiers of that of a lion. He had a contemptuous habit of throwing back his head, which,

by bringing out the full proportions of his thick neck, procured for him the nickname of *Trachala*. His voice was remarkable for its gentleness and softness. In dress and outward demeanour the military commander was almost lost in the variety and affectation of Oriental splendour. The spear of the soldier was almost always in his hand, and on his head he always wore a small helmet. But the helmet was studded with jewels, and it was bound round with the Oriental diadem, which he, first of the Emperors, made a practice of wearing on all occasions. His robe was remarked for its unusual magnificence. It was always of the Imperial purple or scarlet, and was made of silk, richly embroidered with pearls and flowers worked in gold. He was specially devoted to the care of his hair, ultimately adopting wigs of false hair of various colours, and in such profusion as to make a marked feature on his coins. First of the Emperors, since Hadrian, he wore a short beard.

He was not a great man, but he was by no means an ordinary man. Calculating and shrewd as he was, yet his worldly views were penetrated by a vein of religious sentiment, almost of Oriental superstition. He had a wide view of his difficult position as the ruler of a divided Empire and divided Church. He had a short dry humour which stamps his sayings with an unmistakable authenticity, and gives us an insight into the cynical

contempt of mankind which he is said to have combined, by a curious yet not uncommon union, with an inordinate love of praise. He had the capacity of throwing himself, with almost fanatical energy, into whatever cause came before him for the moment. We have seen from his dress, and we see also from his language, that he was not without the wretched affectation which disfigured the demeanour of the later Emperors. Against one great old Roman vice, that of voracious gluttony, he struggled, but struggled in vain. It was only as despotic power and Eastern manners made inroads into the original self-control of his character that he was betrayed into that disregard of human life, in his nearest and dearest relationships, which, from the same causes, darkened the declining years of the Grecian Alexander, and the English Henry. . . . . .

Every student of ecclesiastical history must pause for a moment before the conversion of Constantine. No conversion of such magnitude had occurred since the apostolic age. None such occurred again till the baptism of the several founders of the Teutonic and Sclavonic kingdoms.

Like all such events, it had its peculiar preparations, and took its peculiar colouring from the circumstances of the time and the character of the man. He had the remembrance of his father Constantius—just

such a "devout" believer in Divine Providence as we find so common in the Roman army several generations earlier, in the many good centurions of the New Testament. He had a lively recollection of the Christian arguments used before Diocletian. His rival Maxentius was a fierce fanatical Pagan, armed with magical arts, as was supposed, against which any counter supernatural influences were much to be cherished. He was approaching Rome for the first time, and was filled with the awe which that greatest of earthly cities inspired in all who named its name, or came within its influence. It is needless to repeat at length the story which Eusebius gives on the testimony of the Emperor himself. That he was in prayer on his march;—that "about noon, as the day was declining," a flaming cross appeared in the sky with the words, "In this conquer;"—that in the night which followed he saw in a dream the figure of Christ bearing a standard, such as in Christian pictures is represented in the Descent to the departed spirits;—that on consultation with Christian clergy in the camp he adopted this sacred banner instead of the Roman eagles, and professed himself a disciple of the Christian faith. There are various versions of the story given, materially different from this, but it is clear that some such change, effected by some such means, took place at this crisis; and this idea is confirmed by the fact,

not only of Constantine's adoption of the Christian faith immediately afterwards, but by the specific introduction of the standard of the cross into the army.

And it is indisputable, that from that hour he went steadily forward in the main purpose of his life, that of protecting and advancing the cause of the Christian religion. Julian's face was not set more steadily backwards, than was Constantine's steadily forwards. The one devoted himself to the revival of that which had waxed old, and was ready to vanish away; the other to the advancement of that which year by year was gaining in strength and life.

It is not necessary to do more than enumerate the acts of Constantine's ecclesiastical legislation, in order to see the vastness of the revolution of which he was the leader.

In the year 313 was issued the Edict of Toleration. Then followed, in rapid succession, the decree for the observance of Sunday in the towns of the Empire, the use of prayers for the army, the abolition of the punishment of crucifixion, the encouragement of the emancipation of slaves, the discouragement of infanticide, the prohibition of private divinations, the prohibition of licentious and cruel rites, the prohibition of gladiatorial games. Every one of these steps was a gain to the Roman Empire and to mankind, such as not even the

Antonines had ventured to attempt, and of those benefits none has been altogether lost. Undoubtedly, if Constantine is to be judged by the place which he occupies amongst the benefactors of humanity, he would rank, not amongst the secondary characters of history, but amongst the very first. And here we may quote the striking remarks of Niebuhr—"Many judge of Constantine by too severe a standard, because they regard him as a Christian; but I cannot look upon him in that light. The religion which he had in his head must have been a strange jumble indeed. . . . . He was a superstitious man, and mixed up his Christian religion with all kinds of superstitions and opinions. When certain Oriental writers call him 'equal to the Apostles,' they do not know what they are saying; and to speak of him as a saint is a profanation of the word." . . . . .

What his personal convictions may have been, in regard to the peculiar doctrines which he successively attacked and defended, it is impossible to determine. But we cannot doubt his sincere interest in some at least of the questions which were raised. Like his nephew Julian, although with a far ruder education and less fantastic mind, he threw himself into the disputations of the time as a serious business of Imperial state. Not only did he at the festival of Easter spend the night in prayer with every appearance of devotion, and even

preside at the most sacred ceremonies, but he alternately, as student or teacher, took part in Christian preaching. If he did listen to the sermons of others, it was regarded as an act of the highest condescension. Eusebius has left us an account of one which he himself delivered to "the marvellous man," as he calls him, on the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It was in the Palace. There was a crowded audience. The Emperor stood erect the whole time; would not be induced to sit down on the throne close by; paid the utmost attention; would not hear of the sermon being too long; insisted on its continuance; and, on being again entreated to sit down, replied, with a frown, that he could not bear to hear the truths of religion in any easier posture. More often he was himself the preacher. One such sermon has been preserved to us by Eusebius. These sermons were always in Latin; but they were translated into Greek by interpreters appointed for the purpose. On these occasions a general invitation was issued, and thousands of people flocked to the Palace to hear the Emperor turn preacher. He stood erect; and then, with a set countenance and grave voice, poured forth his address; to which, at the striking passages, the audience responded with loud cheers of approbation, the Emperor vainly endeavouring to deter them by pointing upwards, as if to transfer the glory from himself to Heaven.

He usually preached on the general system of the Christian Revelation; the follies of Paganism; the Unity and Providence of God; the scheme of redemption; the judgment; and then attacked fiercely the avarice and rapacity of the courtiers, who cheered lustily, but did nothing of what he had told them. On one occasion he caught hold of one of them, and drawing on the ground with his spear the figure of a man, said: "In this space is contained all that you will carry with you after death."

If Constantine was intoxicated by his success at Nicæa, and by the enthusiasm of his ecclesiastical admirers, he can hardly be blamed. It is, probably, to this and to the demoralizing influences of his Oriental habits, that we must ascribe the melancholy fact that he was, by general consent, a worse prince at the close of his reign than at its beginning, when he was little better than a Pagan. . . .

There is no act of the life of Constantine so deeply instructive as his death. It was Easter, in the year 337. In the Church of the Apostles at Constantinople he had passed the night, with more than his usual devotion, in preparation for his Persian expedition. An illness supervened; he went to Helenopolis to try the mineral waters in the neighbourhood. The illness increased; a sinister suspicion of poison stole through the palace. He felt that it was mortal, and now at last he

determined on taking the step, long delayed, but not yet impossible, of admission to the Christian Church.

Incredible as it may seem to our notions, he who had five and twenty years ago been convinced of the Christian faith; he who had opened the first General Council of the Church; he who had called himself a Bishop of Bishops; he who had joined in the deepest discussions of theology; he who had preached to rapt audiences; he who had established Christianity as the religion of the empire; he who had been considered by Christian bishops an inspired oracle and apostle of Christian wisdom, was himself not yet received into the Christian Church. He was not yet baptized; he had not even been received as a catechumen. He, like many of his countrymen, united, after his conversion, a sincere belief in Christianity with a lingering attachment to Paganism. —He, like some even of the noblest characters in the Christian Church, regarded baptism, much as the Pagans regarded the lustrations and purifications of their own religion, as a complete obliteration and expiation of all former sins; and therefore, partly from a superstitious dread, partly from the prudential desire, not peculiar to that or any age, "of making the best of both worlds," he would naturally defer the ceremony to the moment when it would include the largest amount of the past, and leave the smallest amount of the future. To

him, as to all Christians of those times, baptism still preserved much of its original significance, which it has inevitably lost in the course of ages. It was still regarded as the solemn passage from one state of life to another; from the darkness and profligacy of the heathen world to the light and purity of the Christian society; a step taken, not as the natural accompaniment of birth and education, but as a serious pledge of conviction and of profession.

The whole event is related in the utmost detail. In the Church at Helenopolis, in the unusual posture of devotion, that of kneeling, he was admitted to be a catechumen by the imposition of hands. He then moved to a palace in the suburb of Nicomedia, and then calling the bishops around him, announced that once he had hoped to receive the purification of baptism, after our Saviour's example, in the streams of the Jordan; but God's will seemed to be that it should be here, and he therefore requested to receive the rite without delay. "And so," says his biographer, "alone of Roman emperors from the beginning of time, was Constantine consecrated to be a witness of Christ in the second birth of baptism." The imperial purple was at last removed; he was clothed instead in robes of dazzling whiteness; his couch was covered with white also; in the white robes of baptism, on a white death-bed he lay, in expectation

of his end. . . . . His own delight at the accomplishment of the ceremony was excessive; and when the officers of his army entered the chamber of death, with bitter lamentations, to make their last farewell, he bade them rejoice in his speedy departure heavenwards. At noon, on Whit-Sunday, the 22nd of May, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, and the thirty-first of his reign, he expired. A wild wail of grief arose from the army and the people, on hearing that Constantine was dead. The body was laid out in a coffin of gold, and carried by a procession of the whole army, headed by his son Constans, to Constantinople. For three months it lay there in state in the palace, lights burning round, and guards watching. During all this time the Empire was without a head. All went on as though he were yet alive. One dark shadow from the great tragedy of his life reached to his last end, and beyond it. It is said that the Bishop of Nicomedia, to whom the Emperor's will had been confided by Eustocius, alarmed at its contents, immediately placed it for security in the dead man's hand, wrapped in the vestments of death. There it lay till Constantius arrived, and read his father's dying bequest. It was believed to express the Emperor's dying conviction that he had been poisoned by his brothers and their children, and to call on Constantius to avenge his death. That bequest was obeyed by the massacre of

six out of the surviving princes of the imperial family. Two alone escaped. With such a mingling of light and darkness did Constantine close his career.

When the tidings reached Rome, the old metropolis steadily ignored the revolution that had passed over the world in the person of the deceased Emperor. He was regarded but as one in the series of the Cæsars. He was enrolled, like his predecessors, as a matter of course, amongst the gods of the heathen Olympus. Incense was offered before his statue. A picture of his apotheosis was prepared. Festivals were celebrated in his honour.

But in his own Christian city of Constantinople he had himself arranged the altered celebration of his death. Not amongst the gods and heroes of heathenism, but amongst those who now seemed to him the nearest approach to them, the Christian Apostles, his lot was to be cast. He had prepared for his mausoleum a church, sometimes, like that which he had founded at Rome, called the "Church of St. Peter," but more usually the "Church of the Apostles."

Thither the body was borne. Constantius was now present; and as it reached the church the prince (for he too was still an unbaptized catechumen) withdrew with the Pagan guards, and left the Imperial corpse alone, as it lay aloft in the centre of the church in its sarcophagus

of porphyry. Prayers were offered for his soul; he was placed amongst the Apostles; and he formally received the names which he had borne in life, and which then became so purely personal that they descended to his sons, "Victor, Maximus, Augustus."

So passionate was the attachment of the people of Constantinople to the tomb of their founder, that the attempt to remove it for safety to another church whilst its own was being prepared, provoked a sanguinary riot. The church became the royal burial-place of the Byzantine emperors. There they all lay in imperial state till in the fourth crusade the coffins were rifled and the bodies cast out.

So passed away the first Christian Emperor—the first Defender of the Faith—the first Imperial patron of the Papal See, and of the whole Eastern Church—the first founder of the Holy Places—Pagan and Christian, orthodox and heretical, liberal and fanatical, not to be imitated or admired, but much to be remembered and deeply to be studied.

Eastern Church, p. 185.

IVAN THE TERRIBLE.

MOSCOW, that marvellous city, is the very personification of the ecclesiastical history of Russia. It is indeed a personification of it even in the literal sense. "Our holy mother, Moscow," is the peasants' endearing name for the city; nay, even for the road which leads to it, "our dear Mother, the great road from Vladimir to Moscow." Hallowed by no Apostolic legends, not even by any Byzantine missions; cleared out of the forests which down to the fourteenth century overhung, and still have their names on, the banks of the Moskwa; with no other attractions than its central situation in the heart of the Russian Empire, it has yet acquired a hold over the religious mind of a larger part of Christendom, than is probably exercised by any other city except Jerusalem and Rome. Look at its forest of towers and domes.

springing like gaudy flowers or weeds—blue, red, green, silver, golden—from the wide field of green roofs, and groves, and gardens. It is a very Russian Rome, no doubt; but still, like it, the city of innumerable churches, of everlasting bells, of endless processions, of palace and church combined, of tombs and thrones, and relics and treasures, and invasions and deliverances, as far back as its history extends. Look further at the concentration of all this in the Kremlin. In that fortress, surrounded by its crusted towers and battlemented walls, are united all the elements of the ancient religious life of Russia. Side by side stand the three Cathedrals of the marriages, coronations, and funerals of the Czars. Hard by are the two convents, half palatial, half episcopal. Overhanging all is the double, triple palace of Czar and Patriarch. Within that palace is a labyrinth of fourteen chapels, multiplied by sovereign after sovereign, till the palace is more like the dwelling place of the Pope than of the Emperor; whilst the Tartar-like building in which these chapels are embedded, itself crabbed, ribbed, low-browed, painted within and without in the old barbaric grotesqueness of mediæval Russia, is encased with the external magnificence of modern civilisation and European grandeur. . . . . .

The political position of the Czar or Emperor is not within our province, but his religious or ecclesiastical

position transpires through the whole history of his church. He is the father of the whole patriarchal community. The veneration for him was in the middle ages almost, it is said, as if he were Christ Himself. The line of Grecian Emperors, so it was said even by Orientals, had been stained with heresy and iconoclasm: never the line of the orthodox Czars of Muscovy. "He who blasphemes his Maker meets with forgiveness amongst men, but he who reviles the Emperor is sure to lose his head." "God and the Prince will it, God and the Prince know it," were the two arguments, moral and intellectual, against which there was no appeal. "So live your Imperial Majesty, here is my head;" "I have seen the laughing eyes of the Czar:"—these were the usual expressions of loyalty. He was the keeper of the keys, and the body-servant of God. His coronation, even at the present time, is not a mere ceremony, but an historical event and solemn consecration. It is preceded by fasting and seclusion, and takes place in the most sacred church in Russia; the Emperor, not as in the corresponding forms of European investiture a passive recipient, but himself the principal figure in the whole scene; himself reciting aloud the confession of the Orthodox faith; himself alone on his knees, amidst the assembled multitude, offering up the prayer of intercession for the Empire; himself placing his own crown with

his own hands on his own head; himself entering through the sacred doors of the innermost sanctuary, and taking from the altar the elements of the bread and wine, of which then and there, in virtue of his consecration, he communicates with bishops, priests, and deacons. In every considerable church is placed a throne in front of the altar, as if in constant expectation of the sudden apparition of the Sovereign. In every meeting, council, or college, is placed the sacred triangular "mirror," "the mirror of conscience," as it is called, which represents the Imperial presence, and solemnizes, as if by an actual consecration, the business to be transacted.

In the cathedral of the Archangel Michael, within the Kremlin, lie, each in his place, their coffins ranged around the wall, the long succession of Czars, from the founder of Moscow to the predecessor of the founder of Petersburg. Round the walls, above each coffin, are the figures painted in long white robes, each with a glory round his head, not the glory of saintly canonisation, but of that Imperial canonisation of which I have just spoken. Twice a year a funeral service is performed for the souls of all of them. Of all those who there lie buried, under "that burden of sins,"—so the service solemnly expresses it,—"voluntary or involuntary, known to themselves or unknown,"—none more strangely and significantly indicates the mixed character of the Russian

Czar, or the hold which the office had acquired on the people, than he who, as the first crowned and anointed Czar of Muscovy, lies next the altar, in the most sacred place, Ivan or John IV., surnamed "The Terrible."

Without dwelling on the details of his life, his career has a dramatic interest of its own, unlike that of most of the great tyrants of the world. From a youth of barbarous profligacy he was reclaimed suddenly, and, as it would seem, entirely, by the joint efforts of his wife Anastasia, of the monk Sylvester, and of the noble Adasheff. For thirteen years under their influence he led not only a pure and good life, but a career of brilliant success long unknown in the Russian annals. "It was as if a cloud which had before concealed Russia from the eyes of Europe was suddenly drawn asunder, and revealed to them at the moment of their greatest need, against the aggressive power of the Ottoman Empire, a young Christian hero at the head of a great empire, to be the vanguard and support of Christendom." But this was only transient. At the end of thirteen years these good influences were partly withdrawn and partly crushed. He returned once more to far worse than his youthful crimes; insanity blended itself with furious passion, and, although sparks of religion still remained, at times bursting forth into fervent devotion, although noble schemes of civilization hovered before his mind always, and kept

his name in sight before the Western world, yet, if we may believe half the crimes laid to his charge, he stands unrivalled, at least amongst Christian sovereigns, in his pre-eminence of wickedness.

He is the first Russian prince who comes into direct contact with the West. He corresponded with and courted our own Elizabeth. It is interesting to reflect that probably he was the first great political personage who claimed and who received the promise of the right of asylum in England, in case of a revolution in his own country. There is something almost Shakespearian in the delineation which Sir Jerome Horsey (an Englishman) gives of the last time he saw the tremendous Emperor :—

"God would not leave this cruelty and barbarism unpunished. Not long after, he, the Emperor, fell out in rage with his eldest son, Charrowich [the Czarovitch] Ivan, for having some commiseration of those distressed poor Christians; and but for commanding an officer to give a gentleman a warrant for 5 or 6 post-horses, sent in his affairs, without the king's leave, and some other jealousy of greatness and too good opinion of the people as he thought, strake him in his fury a box on the ear or thrust at him with his piked staff; who took it so tenderly, fell into a burning fever, and died within three days after. Whereat the Emperor tore his hair and

beard like a madman, lamenting and mourning for the loss of his son. But the kingdom had the greatest loss, the hope of their comfort, a wise, mild, and most worthy prince, of heroical condition, of comely presence, twenty-three years of age, beloved and lamented of all men, was buried in Michaela Sweat (S. Michael) Archangel church, with jewels, precious stones, and apparel, put into his tomb with his corpse, worth 50 thousand pounds, watched by twelve citizens every night by change, dedicated unto his Saint John and Michael Archangel, to keep both body and treasure. . . . The old Emperor was carried every day in his chair into his treasury. One day he beckoned me to follow. I stood among the rest venturously, and heard him call for some precious stones and jewels. Told the Prince and nobles present before and about him the vertue of such and such, which I observed, and do pray I may a little digress to declare for my own memory's sake.

"'The load-stone,' he said, 'you all know hath great and hidden virtue, without which the seas that compass the world are not navigable, nor the bounds nor circle of the earth cannot be known. . . . . .

"'Behold these precious stones; this diamond is the Orient's richest and most precious of all other. I never affected it; it restrains fury and luxury, [gives ?] abstinence and chastity; the least parcel of it in powder will poison

a horse given to drink, much more a man!'—Points at the ruby. 'O! this is most comfortable to the heart, brain, vigour, and memory of man, clarifies congealed and corrupt blood.'—Then at the emerald. 'The nature of the rainbow: this precious stone is an enemy to uncleanness. The sapphire I greatly delight in; it preserves and increaseth courage, joys the heart, pleasing to all the vital senses, precious and very sovereign for the eyes.'—Then takes the onyx in hand. 'All these are God's wonderful gifts, secrets in nature, and yet reveals them to man's use and contemplation, as friends to grace and virtue, and enemies to vice. . . . I faint, carry me away till another time.'

"In the afternoon peruseth over his will and yet thinks not to die: he hath been bewitched in that place, and often times unwitched again; but now the devil fails. Commands the master of his apotheke and physicians to prepare and attend for his solace and bathing: looks for the goodness of the sign: sends his favourite to his witches again to know their calculations. The day is come; he is at heart whole as ever he was. About the third hour, went into his bath, solaced himself, and made merry with pleasant songs as he useth to do; came out about the seventh hour well refreshed; sets him down upon his bed; calls a gentleman whom he favoured, to bring the chess-board. He sets his

men; all saving the king, which by no means he could not make stand in his place with the rest upon the plain board: his chief favourite and others about him. The Emperor, in his loose gown, shirt and linen hose, faints and falls backward. Great outcry and stir. One sent for aqua vitæ, another to the apotheke for 'marigold and rose water,' and to call 'his ghostly father' and the physicians. In the meantime he was strangled and stark dead."

Louis XI. is a standing disgrace to the Roman Church. Antinomianism is the reproach of the lower and coarser forms of the Protestant Church. But these instances are exceeded both in the depth of their wickedness and the fervour of their zeal, by Ivan the Terrible. A single passage out of many will suffice. He retired sometimes for weeks together to a monastery, which he had built for himself near Moscow. He rang the bell for matins himself at three in the morning. During the services, which lasted seven hours, he read, chanted, and prayed with such fervour that the marks of his prostrations remained on his forehead. At dinner, whilst his attendants sat like mutes, he read books of religious instruction. In the intervals, he went to the dungeons under the monastery to see with his own eyes his prisoners tortured, and always returned, it was observed, with a face beaming with delight. . . . . .

But, moreover, terrible, loathsome, wide-spread as were his crimes and cruelties, he reigned not only without personal danger, but almost, it may be said, with personal popularity. When he offered to abdicate, when he drove off from the Kremlin in his sledges to his retreat at Alexandroff, the people were in despair. What would have seemed to us a deliverance beyond all hope seemed to them a calamity beyond all endurance. They could not live without a Czar; and when, as a Czar, he returned, to mangle, torture, and dishonour his subjects, he died, not by the hand of any assassin, but in the agonies of his own remorse. In foreigners, even then, he excited dread and indignation; and the English merchant describes how he "was sumptuously entombed in the Archangel church, where he, though guarded day and night, remains a fearful spectacle to the memory of such as pass by, or hear his name spoken of, who were entreated to cross and bless themselves for his resurrection again." But this feeling was one, with his own countrymen, not of unmingled horror. The epithet which we render "Terrible," in the original, expresses rather the idea of "Awful," the feeling with which the Athenians would have regarded, not Periander or Dionysius, but the Eumenides. His memory still lives amongst the peasants as of one who was a Czar indeed. The stories of his

nailing the hat of the ambassador to his head, and of his driving his huge iron walking-staff through the foot of one whose attention he wished to secure, are regarded rather as the playful condescension of some great Leviathan, than as the unfeeling cruelties of a wicked prince.

Eastern Church, p. 317.

EXPOSITORY.

DAVID AND HIS PSALTER.

THE position of David is virtually that of the Founder of the Jewish Monarchy. In this sense his name is repeated in every possible form. "The city of David,"—"The seed of David,"—"The house of David,"—"The key of David,"—"The oath sworn unto David,"—are expressions which pervade the whole subsequent history and poetry of the Old Testament, and much of the figurative language of the New. The cruelty, the self-indulgence, the too-ready falsehood, sufficiently appear in the events of his history. But there was a grace, a charm about him, which entwined the affections of the nation round his person and his memory, and made him, in spite of the savage manners of the time and the wildness of his own life, at once the centre of something like a court, the head of a new

civilization. He was a born King of Israel by his natural gifts. His immense activity and martial spirit united him by a natural succession to the earlier chiefs of Israel, whilst his accomplishments and genius fitted him especially to exercise a vast control over the whole future greatness of the Church and commonwealth.

The force and passion of the ruder age was blended with a depth of emotion which broke out in every relation of life. Never before had there been such a faithful friend, such an affectionate father. Never before had king or chief inspired such passionate loyalty, or given it back in equal degree. The tenderness of his personal affection penetrated his public life. He loved his people with a pathetic compassion, beyond even that of Moses. Even from the history we gather that the ancient fear of God was, for the first time, passing into the love of God. . . . . .

He is the "man after God's own heart," not in the sense of a faultless saint—far from it, even according to the defective standard of Jewish morality; still further from it, if we compare him with the Christianity of a civilized age; but in the sense of the man who was chosen for his own especial work—the work of pushing forward his nation into an entirely new position, both religious and social.

But the hold which David has fixed on the memory of

the Church and the world is of a deeper kind than any which he derives even from the romance of his life or the attractiveness of his character. He was not only the Founder of the Monarchy but the Founder of the Psalter. He is the first great Poet of Israel. Although before his time there had been occasional bursts of Hebrew poetry, yet David is the first who gave it its fixed place in the Israelite worship. There is no room for it in the Mosaic ritual. Its absence there may be counted as a proof of the antiquity of that ritual in all its substantial features. For so mighty an innovation no less than a David was needed. That strange musical world of the East,—with its gongs, and horns, and pipes, and harps —with its wild dances and wilder contortions—with its songs of question and answer, of strophe and antistrophe, awakening or soothing, to a degree inconceivable in our tamer West, the emotions of the hearer, were seized by the shepherd minstrel, when he mounted the throne, and were formed as his own peculiar province into a great ecclesiastical institution. The exquisite richness of verse and music so dear to him—"the calves of the lips"—took the place of the costly offerings of animals. His harp—or as it was called by the Greek translators, his "psaltery" or "psalter" or guitar—was to him what the wonder-working staff was to Moses, the spear to Joshua, or the sword to Gideon. It was with

him in his early youth. It was at hand in the most moving escapes of his middle life. In his last words, he seemed to be himself the instrument over which the Divine breath passed. United with those poetic powers was a grace so nearly akin to the Prophetic gift, that he has received the rank of a Prophet, though not actually trained or called to the office. . . . . By these gifts he became in his life, and still more in his writings, a Prophet, a Revealer of a new world of religious truth, only inferior, if inferior, to Moses himself.

The Psalter, thus inaugurated, opened a new door into the side of sacred literature. Hymn after hymn was added, altered, accommodated, according to the need of the time. And not only so, but under the shelter of this irregular accretion of hymns of all ages and all occasions, other books, which had no claim to be considered either of the Law or of the Prophets, forced an entrance, and were classed under the common title of "The Psalms,"—though including books as unlike to each other and to the "Psalter" as Ruth and Ecclesiastes, Chronicles and Daniel. But, even without reckoning these accompaniments, the Book of Psalms is, as it were, a little Bible in itself. It is a Bible within a Bible; in which most of the peculiarities, inward and outward, of the rest of the sacred volume are concentrated. As, on the one hand, we gratefully acknowledge the single impulse which brought

the book into existence, we recognise no less, on the other hand, the many illustrious poets whose works underneath that single name have come down to us, unknown, yet hardly less truly the offspring of David's mind than had they sprung directly from himself.

The Psalter, thus freely composed, has further become the Sacred Book of the world in a sense belonging to no other part of the Biblical records. Not only does it hold its place in the Liturgical services of the Jewish Church, not only was it used more than any other part of the Old Testament by the writers of the New, but it is in a special sense the peculiar inheritance of the Christian Church through all its different branches. . . . . .

And if we descend from Churches to individuals, there is no one book which has played so large a part in the history of so many human souls. By the Psalms, Augustine was consoled on his conversion, and on his death-bed. By the Psalms, Chrysostom, Athanasius, Savonarola were cheered in persecution. With the words of a Psalm, Polycarp, Columba, Hildebrand, Bernard, Francis of Assisi, Huss, Jerome of Prague, Columbus, Henry the Fifth, Edward the Sixth, Ximenes, Xavier, Melancthon, Jewell, breathed their last. So dear to Wallace in his wanderings was his Psalter, that, during his execution, he had it hung before him, and his eyes remained fixed upon it as the one consolation of his

dying hours. The unhappy Darnley was soothed in the toils of his enemies by the 55th Psalm. The 68th cheered Cromwell's soldiers to victory at Dunbar. Locke in his last days bade his friends read the Psalms aloud, and it was whilst in rapt attention to their words that the stroke of death fell upon him. Lord Burleigh selected them out of the whole Bible as his special delight. They were the frame-work of the devotions and of the war-cries of Luther; they were the last words that fell on the ear of his imperial enemy Charles the Fifth. . . . . .

There are doubtless occasions when the Psalmist speaks as the organ of the nation. But he is for the most part alone with himself and with God. Each word is charged with the intensity of some grief or joy, known or unknown. The doctrines of David strike home and kindle a fire wherever they light, mainly because they are the sparks of the incandescence of a living human experience like our own. The Patriarchs speak as the Fathers of the chosen race; the Prophets speak as its representatives and its guides. But the Psalmist speaks as the mouth-piece of the individual soul, of the free, independent, solitary conscience of man everywhere. Then there is the perfect naturalness of the Psalms. It appears, perhaps, most forcibly in their exultant freedom and joyousness of heart. The one Hebrew word which is

their very pith and marrow is "Hallelujah." They express, if we may so say, the sacred duty of being happy. Be happy, cheerful, and thankful, as ever we can, we cannot go beyond the Psalms. They laugh, they shout, they cry, they scream for joy. There is a wild exhilaration which rings through them. They exult alike in the joy of battle, and in the calm of nature. They see God's goodness everywhere. They are not ashamed to confess it. The bright side of creation is everywhere uppermost; the dark, sentimental side is hardly ever seen. The fury of the thunder-storm, the roaring of the sea, are to them full of magnificence and delight. Like the Scottish poet [Sir Walter Scott] in his childhood, at each successive peal they clap their hands in innocent pleasure. The affection for birds, and beasts, and plants, and sun, and moon, and stars, is like that which St. Francis of Assisi claimed for all these fellow-creatures of God, as his brothers and sisters. There have been those for whom, on this very account, in moments of weakness and depression, the Psalms have been too much: yet not the less in this vein of sacred merriment valuable in the universal mission of the Chosen People. And the more so because it grows out of another feeling in the Psalms, which has also jarred strangely on the minds of devout but narrow schools, "the free and princely heart of innocence" which to modern religion has often

seemed to savour of self-righteousness and want of proper humility. The Psalmist's bounding, buoyant hope, his fearless claim to be rewarded according to his righteous dealing, his confidence in his own integrity no less than his agony over his own crimes, his passionate delight in the Law, not as a cruel enemy but as the best of guides, sweeter than honey and the honeycomb —these are not according to the requirements of Calvin or even of Pascal: they are from a wholly different point of the celestial compass than that which inspired the Epistles to the Romans and Galatians. But they have not the less a truth of their own, a truth to Nature, a truth to God, which the human heart will always recognise. The frank unrestrained benediction on the upright honest man, "the noblest work of God," with which the Psalter opens, is but the fitting prelude to the boundless generosity and prodigality of joy with which in its close it calls on "every creature that breathes," without stint or exception, to "praise the Lord." It may be that such expressions as these owe their first impulse in part to the new epoch of national prosperity and individual energy ushered in by David's reign; but they have swept the mind of the Jewish nation onward towards that mighty destiny which awaited it; and they have served, though at a retarded speed, to sweep on, ever since, the whole spirit of humanity in its upward

course. "The burning stream has flowed on after the furnace itself has cooled." As of the classic writers of Greece, it has been well said that they possess a charm quite independent of their genius, in the radiance of their brilliant and youthful beauty, so it may be said of the Psalms that they possess a like charm, independent even of their depth of feeling or loftiness of doctrine. In their free and generous grace the youthful, glorious David seems to live over again with a renewed vigour. "All our fresh springs" are in him and in his Psalter.

Jewish Church, ii. 141.

THE CORINTHIANS.

CORINTH, at the time of the Christian era, was very different from the city of which we read in the narratives of Thucydides and Xenophon. When the native vigour of the other states of Greece had been broken by the general submission to Alexander and his successors, Corinth rose at once to that eminence to which the strength of her position as the key of the Peloponnesus, and the convenience of her central situation for purposes of communication and commerce, would naturally have procured for her. Accordingly, the last glory of the Martinmas summer of Greece, in the days of the Achæan League, was shed almost exclusively on Corinth. Here the nominal independence of Greece was proclaimed by Flamininus. Here also descended the final blow by which that show of freedom was destroyed by

Mummius. The greatness of the closing history of Corinth is best attested by the greatness of its fall. The triumph of Mummius was the most magnificent which the temple of Capitoline Jove had ever witnessed. As a storehouse of Grecian art and civilization, it seems to have been held equal to Athens itself. For months and years, it became the quarry from which the Roman nobles adorned their villas with marbles, paintings, and statues. The mass of gold, silver, and bronze, melted down in the general conflagration, was so great that the rich material formed from it was currently known in the empire under the name of "Corinthian brass." A still stronger proof of the importance of the city was furnished by the precautions which the conquerors took against its again becoming the centre of that national life of which it had been the last home. The inhabitants were entirely disarmed, and, for a hundred years, it was literally a city of ruins.

The recollection of its greatness in the last days of Greece, as well as the natural advantages of its situation, caused Julius Cæsar to select it as the site of a Roman settlement, which he established under the title of "Colonia Julia Corinthus," or "Laus Juli Corinthus," in the same year (B.C. 46), in which, in pursuance of his usual policy, he founded a similar colony at Carthage.

This "New Corinth" accordingly became, like its predecessor, but by a more direct and formal acknowledge-

ment, the capital of the whole of the Southern division of the Roman province of Greece, known by the name of "Achæa."

This peculiarity in the political position of Corinth, which naturally drew the steps of the Apostle to its walls, lends a peculiar interest to the two Epistles addressed to its inhabitants. When labouring there, he was labouring not merely for Corinth, but for the great people of which it was now the representative; the Epistles which he wrote to the Christians of Corinth were, in fact, Epistles to the whole Greek nation: they included within their range, not merely Corinth the Capital, but Athens, the university of Greece; and spoke not only to those who had listened to him in the house of Justus and Gaius, or the synagogue of Crispus, but to those who had heard him beneath the shade of the Acropolis or on the rock-hewn seats of the Areopagus. In the Epistles to the Corinthians we are allowed to witness the earliest conflict of Christianity with the culture and the vices of the ancient classical world; here we have an insight into the principles which regulated the Apostle's choice or rejection of the customs of that vast fabric of heathen society which was then emphatically called "the world;" here we trace the mode in which he combated the false pride, the false knowledge, the false liberality, the false freedom, the false display, the false philosophy

to which an intellectual age, especially in a declining nation, is constantly liable; here, more than anywhere else in his writings, his allusions and illustrations are borrowed not merely from Jewish customs and feelings, but from the literature, the amusements, the education, the worship of Greece and of Rome. It is the Apostle of the Gentiles, as it were, in his own peculiar sphere, in the midst of questions evoked by his own peculiar mission, watching over churches of his own creation; "if not an Apostle to others, doubtless to them," not pulling down, but building up, feeling that on the success of his work then, the whole success and value of his past and future work depended. "The seal of his Apostleship were they in the Lord."

It is important to bear in mind this general character of the Corinthian Church, in order that we may appreciate more particularly the peculiar circumstances under which the Epistles were written. It is not necessary to describe at length the outward aspect which the city of Corinth presented at the time of St. Paul. . . . . We know to a certain extent what it was, from the detailed description of it by Pausanias, one hundred years later. At present one Doric temple alone remains of all the splendid edifices then standing; but the immediate vicinity presents various features to which the Apostle's allusions have given an immortal interest. The level plain, and the broken

gullies of the isthmus, are still clothed with the low pine, from whose branches of emerald green were woven the garlands for the Isthmian games, contrasted by the Apostle with the unfading crown of the Christian combatant. In its eastern declivities are to be seen the vestiges of that "stadium," in which all ran with such energy as to be taken as the example of Christian self-denial and exertion. On the outskirts of the city may be traced the vast area of the amphitheatre, which conveyed to the Corinthians a lively image of the Apostle's "fightings with beasts," or of his "being set forth as the last in the file of combatants appointed unto death," a spectacle to the world, to angels, and to men. We have but to restore those now desolate spots with the long avenues of statues, and the white marble seats on the grassy slope of the hill, and the temples, whose beauty made the name of Corinthian buildings proverbial for magnificence, and which, standing as they did in their ancient glory amidst the new streets erected by Cæsar on the ruins left by Mummius, may well have suggested the comparison of the "gold, silver, and precious 'marbles,'" surviving the conflagration, in which all meaner edifices of wood and thatch had perished. It is not so easy to imagine the internal as the external aspect of the city. That it was again a flourishing town is clear, though no doubt less remarkable for its wealth than in its earlier days. . . . .

With the confluence of strangers and of commerce, were associated the luxury and licentiousness, which gave the name of Corinth an infamous notoriety, and which, connected as they were in the case of the Temple of Aphrodite with religious rites, sufficiently explains the denunciations of sensuality to which the Apostle gives utterance in these Epistles more frequently and elaborately than elsewhere. On the other hand, it was celebrated for maintaining the character of a highly polished and literary society, such as furnishes a natural basis for much both of the praise and blame with which the first epistle abounds in regard to intellectual gifts. "At Corinth, you would learn and hear even from inanimate objects,"—so said a Greek teacher, within a century from this time,—"so great are the treasures of literature in every direction, wherever you do but glance, both in the streets themselves, and in the colonnades; not to speak of the gymnasia and schools, and the general spirit of instruction and inquiry."

Thus far it was merely the type of a Greek commercial city, such as might have existed in the earlier ages of Grecian history—and such it was at the time when the Apostle entered its walls. From the wealthy and luxurious inhabitants themselves, that visit could have attracted but little attention. A solitary Eastern traveller (for St. Paul was alone when he arrived) would be lost at once in

the constant ebb and flow of strangers crossing each other at the Isthmus. But by the Apostle his arrival must have been regarded as of supreme importance. It was the climax, so to speak of the second, and in some respects the greatest, of his journeys . . . . .

It is not necessary to dwell at length on the details of his preaching, further than as they illustrate his general conduct and the allusions of these Epistles. Here, as elsewhere, he first turned to his own countrymen. It was, apparently, the absence of a Jewish synagogue at Athens, as a basis of operation, that made his sojourn there so intolerable to him. The house of Aquila and Priscilla, always (1 Cor. xvi. 19) open to strangers, provided him with an abode; and there, in company with them, he maintained himself by manual labour in the trade of tent-making, which he had learned in his childhood in his native city. For some weeks he taught in the synagogue, apparently as a Jew; warned, perhaps, by his experience in the Northern Cities, of the danger of exciting an opposition from the Jews before he had established a firm footing. But, on the arrival of his two companions from Macedonia, probably with the tidings of the zeal of the Thessalonian Christians, which incited him to write to them his two earliest Epistles,—he could no longer restrain himself, "he was pressed in the spirit," and "testified to the Jews that Jesus was the

Messiah." Instantly the same hostile demonstrations, the same burst of invective, which he had encountered at Thessalonica and Berœa, broke out in Corinth also. But he was now determined to stand his ground; and, instead of giving way to the storm and leaving the place, he fulfilled the precept of the Gospel, partly in the letter (Matt. x. 14), partly in the spirit; he stood up in the synagogue, and, in the face of his indignant countrymen, shook out from his robes the dust, not of the city, where he determined now more than ever to remain, but of the synagogue, which he was determined now finally to abandon, and, leaving the responsibility on themselves, declared his intention of "going henceforth to the Gentiles." He had not far "to go." Hard by the synagogue itself, was the house of a proselyte, Justus, which he turned immediately, so to speak, into a rival synagogue. His congregation consisted partly of the Jews who were struck by his teaching, amongst whom was to be reckoned Crispus, the ruler of the synagogue, whom he baptized with his own hands: But it included the increasing number of Gentile converts, amongst whom the household of Stephanas were the earliest. In the midst of this mixed audience he "sat," after the manner of the Rabbis, and taught with unabated fervour "the Cross of Christ." The only further interruption he sustained from the hostility of his countrymen was the tumult, headed by Sosthenes,

the successor of Crispus; but this was baffled by the imperturbable indifference of the proconsul Gallio, who, in accordance with the principles of the Roman law, as well as with the philosophical calmness of his own disposition, positively refused to hear a case which appeared to him not to fall within his jurisdiction.

How critical this epoch was considered in the Apostle's life, is evident from the mention of the vision which appeared to him on the night of his expulsion from the synagogue, in which "the Lord exhorted" him to lay aside all fear, and to speak boldly. The promise to the original Apostles, "I am with you," was distinctly addressed to him, combined with the declaration that the reward of his labour would be great,—"for I have much people in this city." Such a consolation was only vouchsafed to the Apostle, as far as we know, thrice besides. Once in the Temple at Jerusalem, shortly after his conversion; once in the fortress of Antonia; and once in the terror of the Shipwreck. The language used in the vision, implies both the anxiety under which he laboured, and the importance of his not giving way to it; as though he felt that he was now entering on a new and untried sphere, and needed especial support to sustain him through it.

That the result justified the experiment is known to us from the First Epistle. To a degenerate state of

society, such as that which existed in the capital of Greece at that time; to a worn-out creed, which consisted rather in a superstitious apprehension of unseen powers than in any firm belief of an overruling Providence; to a worn-out philosophy, which had sunk from the sublime aspirations of Plato and the practical wisdom of Aristotle into the subtleties of the later Stoics and Epicureans; to a worn-out national character, in which little but the worst parts of the Greek mind survived,—the appearance of a man thoroughly convinced of the truth of his belief, dwelling not on rhetorical systems, but on simple facts, and with a sagacity and penetration which even the most worldly-minded could not gainsay, must have been as life from the dead. There were some converts doubtless from the wealthier citizens; but the chief impression was produced on the lower orders of society: "not many mighty, not many noble, not many wise," but slaves and artisans formed the class from which the Christian society at Corinth was mainly drawn. Through all these converts ran the same electric shock; they were a distinct body. . . . . To the Apostle himself they looked with a veneration which must have been long unknown to any Grecian heart. No other Christian teacher had as yet interfered with his paramount claim over them; he was "their father;" and by his precepts they endeavoured to regulate the whole

course of their lives. It was after eighteen months' residence amongst such followers that the Apostle took his departure. . . . . .

The first Epistle to the Corinthians was sent from Ephesus, or from some spot in the neighbourhood of Ephesus, at the close of the three years spent there by the Apostle. It must have been written in the spring, as Pentecost is spoken of as not far distant; and, if so, the allusions it contained to the Jewish passover become more appropriate. It was written, with the exception of the few last lines, not by the Apostle's own hand, but by an amanuensis; not in his own name alone, but in that of Sosthenes also. This, then, is the group which we must conceive as present, if not throughout, at least at the opening of the Epistle. There is Paul himself, now about sixty years of age, and bearing in the pallor and feebleness of his frame, traces of his constant and recent hardships; his eyes at times streaming with tears of grief and indignation; the scribe, catching the words from his lips and recording them on the scroll of parchment or papyrus which lay before him. Possibly Sosthenes was himself the scribe; and if so, we may conceive him not only transcribing, but also bearing his part in the Epistle; at times with signs of acquiescence and approbation, at times, it may be, interposing to remind the Apostle of some forgotten fact, as of the baptism of the household of

Stephanas, or of some possible misapprehension of what he had dictated. . . . . .

He opens his Epistle with that union of courtesy and sagacity which forms so characteristic a feature in all his addresses, and at once gives utterance to expressions of the strong thankfulness and hope, excited by all that was really encouraging in the rapid progress of the Corinthian Church.

The preface is immediately succeeded by the statement of his complaints against them. Having there dismissed the immediate grounds for censure, he proceeds to answer in detail the questions contained in their letter. . . . . .

Before he is done with the discussion of these questions he bursts forth into the fervent description of Christian Love, which, as it meets all the various difficulties and complaints in the whole course of the Epistle, must be regarded as the climax and turning point of the whole. With the exception of one severe expression, which seems to betray the anxiety and indignation working within (1 Cor. xvi. 22), it is concluded with the usual calmness and gentleness of the Apostle's parting salutations.

St. Paul's Epistles to the Corinthians, p. 1.

PRACTICAL.

HEAVEN.

WHAT do we mean by "heaven?" What is "the kingdom of heaven," whether below or above? What do we mean when we speak of "a heaven upon earth?" We mean, and the Bible means, many things. Things "which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard;" "unspeakable words which it is not lawful for a man to utter." But we all mean this, and the Bible teaches us this, and it is far beyond what was known by our heathen forefathers: "*In heaven there is no sin.*" They believed, that in the other world, after a short respite of peace and love, the powers of evil would again break out more strongly than ever, and that everything good would be trampled down and destroyed, even more than upon earth. To us, the hope of heaven is the hope that the evil which vexes and tempts and defiles and deceives us

here, will never appear before us again. Whatever good we are doing here, whatever good we see others doing here, will be continued there. Whatever evil we have done here, whatever others do to us here, will, if by God's grace we reach that better land, be left behind us never to be seen again.

Let me tell a tale which is perfectly true, and though it relates to one humble calling, has its lesson for all.

It was about thirty years ago, or more, when stage-coaches still ran, that an excellent old clergyman, who had a keen observation of the world, was travelling on the top of the coach from Norwich to London. It was a cold winter night, and the coachman, as he drove his horses over Newmarket-heath, poured forth such a volley of oaths and foul language, as to shock all the passengers. The old clergyman, who was sitting close to him, said nothing, but fixed his piercing blue eyes upon him with a look of extreme wonder and astonishment. At last the coachman became uneasy, and turning round to him, said, "What makes you look at me, sir, in that way?"

The clergyman said, still with his eye fixed upon him, "I *cannot* imagine what you will do in heaven! There are no horses, or coaches, or saddles, or bridles, or public-houses in heaven. There will be no one to swear at, or to whom you can use bad language. I

cannot think what you will do when you get to heaven."

The coachman said nothing, the clergyman said nothing more, and they parted at the end of the journey. Some years afterwards the clergyman was detained at an inn on the same road, and was told that a dying man wished to see him. He was taken up into a bed-room in a loft, hung round with saddles, bridles, bits, and whips, and on the bed, amongst them, lay the sick man.

"Sir," said the man, "do you remember speaking to the coachman who swore so much as he drove over Newmarket-heath?" "Yes," replied the clergyman. "I am that coachman," said he, "and I could not die happy without telling you how I have remembered your words, '*I cannot* think what you *will do in heaven.*' Often and often as I have driven over the heath I have heard these words ringing in my ears, and I have flogged the horses to make them get over that ground faster, but always the words have come back to me, '*I cannot think what you will do in heaven.*'"

We can all suppose what the good minister said to the dying man. But the words apply to every human being whose chief interest lies in other things than doing good, and being good, and who delights in doing and saying what is evil. There is no making money in heaven,—there is no promotion—there is no gossip—there is no

idleness—there is no controversy—there is no detraction in heaven.—"*I cannot think what you will do when you go to heaven.*" Let these words ring in our ears, and tell us as we read that nothing except goodness gets into heaven.

Good Words for 1861.

THE CONFLICT OF THE SOUL.

WHAT is meant when the Apostle refers us for our safeguard against evil, not to the love of the Father or to the grace of Christ, but to our communion with the Holy Spirit? He means this—that there is a power not out of ourselves, but within ourselves, resting on no external proof, but on its own internal evidence, deep seated in our innermost conscience and consciousness, which is no less than the power and presence of God Himself. Those good thoughts which dart across our souls, we know not whence or how; those flashes of a better light than that which we meet in common every-day life; those tender emotions and noble instincts which shrink from the presence of everything base, or treacherous, or impure; that stern voice of conscience, which rules, and condemns, and approves what we do,

and think, and say;—these are not the mere passing, fleeting results of this earthy human frame; they are the breathings, the messages, the expressions, the intimations of the near presence of Almighty God, the Lord of heaven and earth. If we listen to them, we are on His side; if we refuse to listen to them, we place ourselves on the side, it may be, of success now, but of total, hopeless failure at the end.—In that wonderful account of the first battle of the Crimean war, which many of us, I doubt not, have lately read (Kinglake's History of the Invasion of the Crimea) it is maintained that "the turning moment of a fight is a moment of trial for the soul, and not for the body; and it is, therefore, that such courage as men are able to gather from being gross in numbers can be easily outweighed by the warlike virtues of the few. . . . . According to the grand thought which floated in the mind of the churchman who taught the Russians" (so the historian of the battle draws out this remarkable thought) "their form of prayer for victory, there are angels of light, and angels of darkness and horror, who soar above the heads of the soldiery destined to be engaged in close fight, and attend them into battle. When the fight grows hot, the angels hover down near to earth, with their bright limbs twined deep in the wreaths of smoke which divide the combatants. But it is no coarse bodily help which these angels bring. More spiritual than the old

Immortals, they strike no blow, they snatch no man's weapon, they lift away no warrior in a cloud. What the angel of light can bestow is valour, priceless valour—a light to lighten the path to victory, giving men grace to see the bare truth, and seeing it, to have the mastery. To troops who are to be blessed with victory, the angel of light seems to beckon and gently draw them forward to their destined triumph." Such is the account given of an actual battle by an eye-witness, who had the genius to see into the inner causes of success and failure. But, if it be true of the conflict of physical forces in war, how much more is it true of the conflict of the moral forces in the soul? There, indeed, it is no external agency which will help us; it is the Holy Spirit of God working with and through our spirits. It is not on physical force, or worldly station, or applauding multitudes, no, nor even the oracles of human authority, however venerable, nor the advice and support of friends, however dear, that we must lean on in the last resort. We must lean on God and on our own souls; on God in our own selves; that is on the strength and the light which can be given only by the indwelling of the Divine Spirit itself, not in the mere outer chambers of our opinions, or our manners, or our language, but in the very innermost sanctuary of all, our hearts, our consciences. Give us this, O God, and Thou givest us everything. Give us Thyself to enlighten,

elevate, strengthen. Give us Thyself not in nature only, not in history only, not in thy fatherly love only, not in Thy redeeming grace only, but in thy close communion and fellowship with our souls, and minds, and judgments. Make our wills strong with the strength of Thy will; make our hearts holy with the freshness of Thy holiness; make our judgments independent with the independence of Thine own eternity. Make our souls, in their search for truth, to be "safe under Thy feathers, for Thy faithfulness and Thy truth shall be our shield and buckler." This, and nothing less than this, we ask of Thee in all time of our tribulation, in all time of our wealth, in all our thirst for knowledge, in all our sense of ignorance, in the war which we have to fight, in the decision which we have to decide, in the solution which we hope to find for our thousand difficulties;—this is what we have to seek. Within ourselves, not without ourselves, in the court of our own consciences, which is the throne of the Holy Spirit of God, must each decision be made for good or for evil in that struggle, which gives its true value to life and to death across the dark river and through the tangled thicket, and midst the flying shots, and up to the distant height, where we shall stand at last victorious through the might of that Blessed Spirit, which is indeed "our refuge and strength, our very present health in trouble."

Forgive me if I venture to explain this figure of the

apostle, "Grieve not the Spirit," by an illustration, which draws out in a living image the thought which lies hid in his emphatic phrase.

There is a well-known German picture, representing a young man playing at chess with the Tempter of his soul. He is intent on his game; his head is leaning on his hand; he sees only the moves of the pieces immediately before him; he thinks that he still has the play in his own grasp. Opposite to him sits the exulting Fiend; there is a look of triumph over the easy prey; already piece after piece has been taken; here a good deed is gone; there a prayer has been removed; there an act of faith; there an act of love; there an act of hope. A few more successful moves on the Tempter's side, and the game is won—and the soul is lost.

But there is yet another figure, which gives to the scene at once a deeper pathos, and also a ray of hope. Behind the young man, unseen by him, unnoticed by the Tempter, stands the Guardian Angel. The wings are spread for flight; the face is already turning away. It is a face not of anger, not of disappointment, not of despair, not of resistance, but of profound compassion and grief. That picture represents to us well the state of many amongst ourselves; it represents also the meaning of the mournful, strange, almost singular expression of the apostle, "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God." . . . . .

A lost opportunity; a lost life; a loss which, in the sight of God, leaves a scar on the face of the whole generation—this is indeed a blow to the Spirit of truth, and the Spirit of goodness. We do indeed, as we come across such cases as these, seem to hear, not indeed the one piercing lament that mourns over one lost soul, but something which is more pathetic still—"the long sorrowful wailing sound" which is described after a hard fought battle, "as though it had been wrung from the heart of brave men defeated;" the tokens observed with bitter grief by the historian of the last days of Jerusalem, the awful signs of Departing Deity, when through the Temple courts was heard, or thought to be heard the motion, the sad despairing cry, as of a great multitude, saying, "Let us go hence." . . . . .

It is well for a moment to be recalled not merely to the serious, but to the tragical side of human sin; to be reminded not only of the anger and the love, but the grief of Him whose Spirit is not merely despised and outraged, but vexed and grieved as with a father's or a mother's grief, as one by one His armies of good thoughts, and noble words, and just intentions, seem to be withdrawn or driven off either from the individual soul, or from the collective spirit of man. "The Lord *repented* that he had made man, and it *grieved* him at his heart." Not only once, but often in the course of history, must this Divine repentance have brooded over the

world, and the heart of God been grieved at the failure of the noblest characters, at the waste of the fairest opportunities, at the relapse and retrogression of a whole nation, a whole generation, a whole race of mankind from the mission which lay before them. "My Spirit shall not always strive with man." Such is the result which the sacred writer ascribes to this Awful Penitence of God—these great opportunities for good come once in a man's life, and do not return. They come once in a century, nay, we may almost say, they come only once in an age. The generation, the century, the age itself, may be like that unconscious victim of the Tempter's arts, it may oppose to the Spirit of God no violent resistance, nothing but the force of inertness, of inactivity, of incapacity, the *vis inertiæ* of human nature. But the effect is the same. "The Spirit is grieved," "vexed," thwarted, driven away by the unsympathetic, unrecognizing, unconscious opposition, and the opportunity comes no more. These, and such as these, are the sad freaks of human nature that make angels weep. This, and such as this, was the prospect which drew tears from the eyes of Him whose Spirit we seek to win. "He, when he beheld the city, wept over it, and said, If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong to thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes!" . . . . .

Sermons.

THE BEAST IN MAN.

EVERY man, it has been truly said, has a "beast" within him, which he must tame, and guide, and control. By many figures is this represented to us, both in Scripture and in familiar language, so as to make all animated nature a parable, a satire on human crime and sin. "The great adversary," who lurks within the heart of each of us, is still, as of old, like the insinuating serpent, "more subtle than any beast of the field," or the fierce lion roaring for his prey, stalking about, or "seeking whom he may devour." There is the tiger in man, and in vast masses of men, which is maddened by the sight of its own cruelty, which, when once it has tasted blood, knows not where to stop. There is the senseless imitation of what we do not understand, repeating phrases by rote, reproducing, as if it was our own, the wisdom or the folly of those above or around us, the exact likeness of what we see in the gestures of the ape or the speech of the parrot.

How striking, also, is the resemblance both of nations and individuals, as the Bible tells us, to "sheep which have gone astray," foolishly following, each in the other's track, each running where the other has leaped before, lost, scattered, bewildered, "as sheep without a shepherd." There is the look which once seen can never be forgotten, of the hardened malefactor, caught at last in his own trap—with the ferocious glare, the restless movement, the desperate cunning, of the savage animal turning to bay against his pursuers. Gluttony, drunkenness, sensuality—nay, even long indulged selfishness or indolence—do indeed, in the strong, but not too strong, language of common life, turn a man into a "beast." . . . . .

We are, indeed, the lords of the creation.—Look even at the outward appearance of man, what a rebuke it administers to all the grovelling weaknesses of our lower nature! That wide capacious brow and head teeming with the organ of thought within; that upturned countenance, "looking before and after,"—what an onward, upward, heavenward course does it open to us; what a prospect before—what a retrospect behind—what a wide horizon round us (not seen even by the outward eye of any other creature) of hopes and fears, and endless aspirations! Our tears and laughter,—what an infinite capacity of pure joy, of pathetic sorrow, is wrapped in those two simple physical emotions peculiar to ourselves alone! Our articulate

speech—to what community, to what sympathy, to what accumulation of experience does this point, as the inheritance of the whole race and of every portion of it! Our hands, how their very joints and fingers beckon us on to the active works by which life is ennobled, and sweetened, and glorified, and express by their delicate touch that most refined development of humanity to which our later age has given the name of "tact." Our feet, on which alone of created beings, we stand erect and firm—what steadiness, what uprightness of purpose do they imply in the inner life of which they are the support and stay! Every downward course into mere animal pleasure, every crooked walk, the idle hand, the senseless speech, the hesitating step—every one of these is a reversal of the order of our nature. It is a treason against that virtue which many of us prize above all others—*manliness*. "To be manly," "to be like a man," "to act like a man," "to be a man,"—words often used, simple as they are, how much they involve! what a world of folly, meanness, selfishness, levity, cowardice, flies before them! When the Apostle wishes to impress on his converts his whole desire for them, he says, "Stand fast in the faith, *quit you like men*."

Sermons.

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